



RONALD
McLEOD

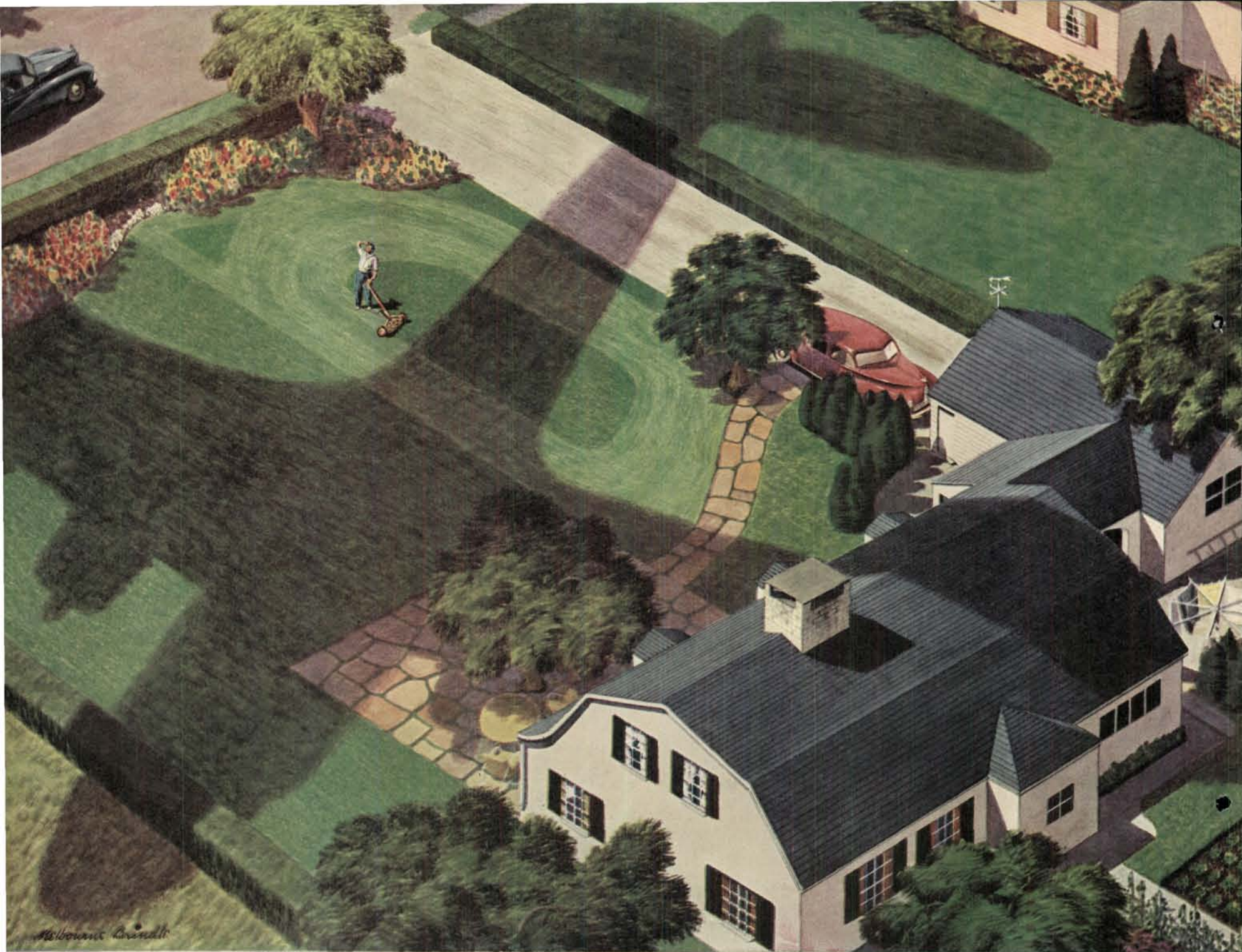
Race Riots Coming BY WALTER DAVENPORT

HOW "EQUAL"
ARE WOMEN?

SEP. 18, 1943

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JAKE KUEHN
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An ocean has entered your front yard

Even though you may live in an isolated village, your front yard is now "coastline" on the universal sea of air.

This air-ocean is ready to create a new world for you. It is a world in which space has lost its power to keep you isolated and tied down. You must begin to think of time in terms of 300-and-more miles per hour. Continents will be closer to you than "the city" was to your grandparents. All peoples will be your neighbors. All good things everywhere can be yours to enjoy.

All because of the miracle of Air Transportation.

We repeat the words Air Transportation, although you may think of the airplane as a weapon. That is because this air-ocean is today forced on us as the crucial battlefield.

That is the very reason why we Americans must look at this war in terms of a great new national doctrine, a freedom which now is the beginning of all freedoms: Freedom of the Air.



FREEDOM OF THE AIR

Just as pirates of old violated Freedom of the Seas, so today have gangster fleets threatened Freedom of the Air, seeking control of it to enslave the peoples and lands beneath.

To drive them from the skies, America alone will make more planes this year than

all our enemies combined. They will be flown by the flower of American manhood. They are being built by an aviation industry that has reached out to embrace the automobile makers, and the furniture makers, and every other industry whose skills and facilities could be integrated into the making of planes. Thanks to the genius of its leaders and to the skills of millions of workers, the job is being done.

And when it is done, and Freedom of the Air prevails, the ocean in your front yard will become a universal skyway. Planes will resume their true function—as a means of transportation in a splendid new age of wings which will bring the world and everything in it ever closer to you.

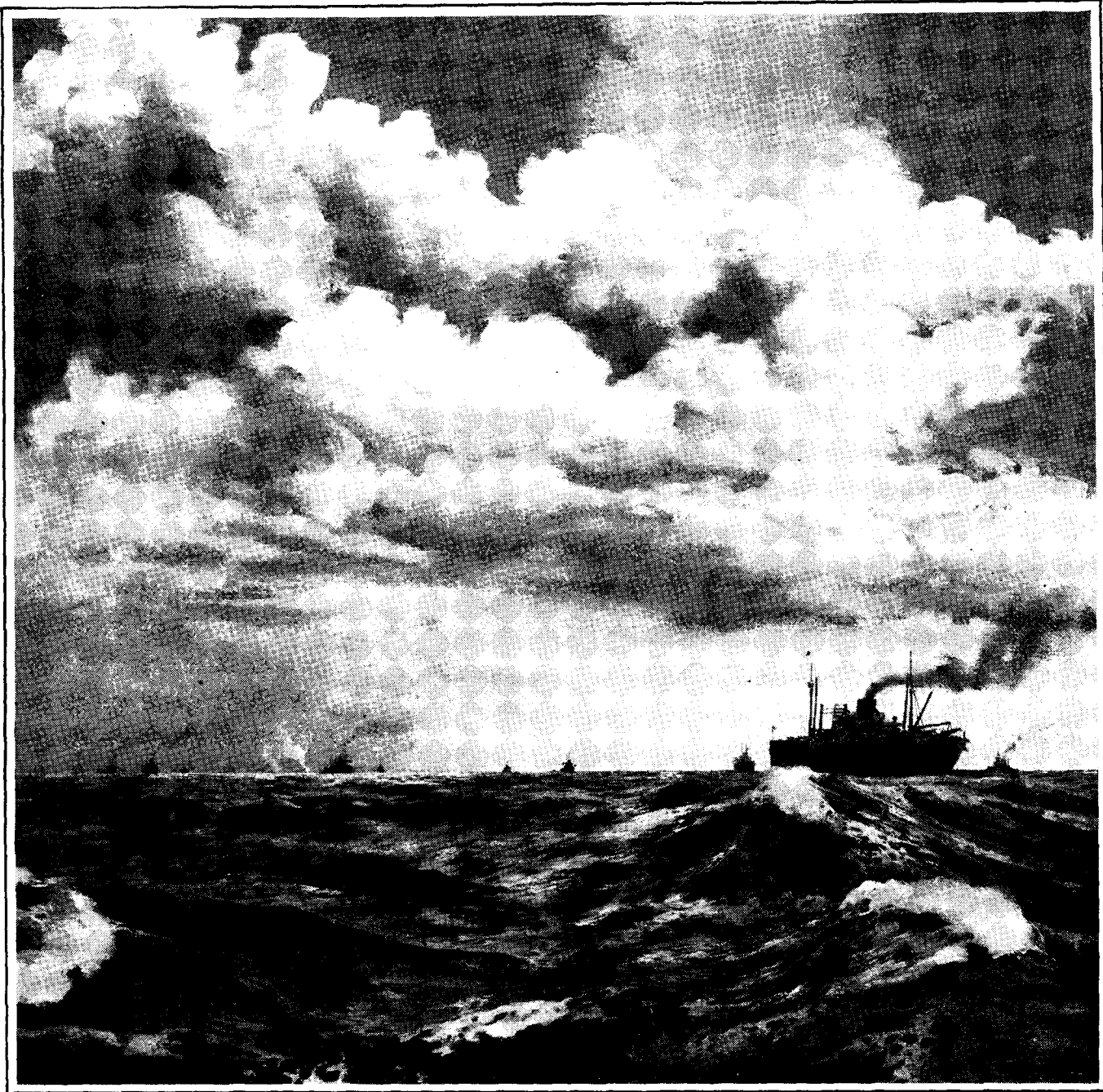
ALCOA ALUMINUM



The metal that flies Best



FREE. Global Map. New, exclusive, beautifully colored. Air routes, flying distances, air insignia 46 countries, silhouettes for spotting, formations, stunting maneuvers, rank and organization insignia, etc., etc. Size 24 x 33½. Write Alcoa Map Dept., P. O. Box 16, New York City.



Dependable Navigation on the High Seas

WHEN the U. S. Navy asked the Chrysler Corporation if it could build the famous Sperry Gyro-Compass, the manufacturing job was promptly referred to the Dodge Division, where precision craftsmanship has been the rule for a quarter century.

The Sperry Gyro-Compass is one of the

most intricate and precise products in the world, made up of more than ten thousand precision parts. It was Dodge that supplied men and ways to make them, in quantity production, to the urgent demands of the war.

Just as the Gyro-Compass finds and holds true North for the better, safer naviga-

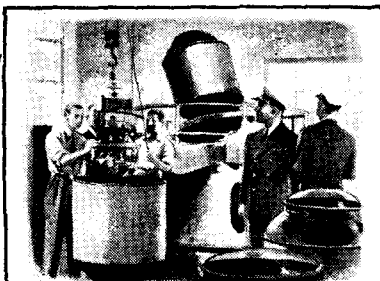
tion of ships at sea—Dodge dependability of workmanship remains, always, the true compass course for Dodge in every task assigned and accepted, in time of peace as well as war.

Today finds this Dodge dependability thoroughly represented on the many battlefronts of the world. Parts of great guns for attack and defense, and tough combat vehicles on which much of the army's mobility and activity depends are also the war-time products of Dodge. Dodge, today, means total war production.

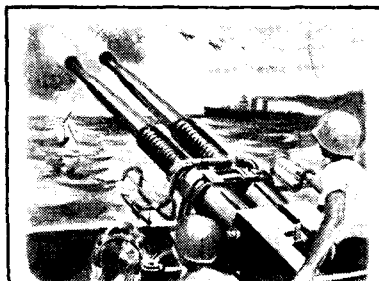
Listen—to Major Bowes every Thursday, 9 P. M., E. W. T.

DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



The Sperry Gyro-Compass, as made by Dodge, is now going onto the proud ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine.



Bofors anti-aircraft cannon, now brilliantly standing off enemy attack on land and sea, receive many of their basic parts from Dodge.



Dodge combat vehicles were the first ashore in Africa and the first to penetrate the wilderness road to Alaska.

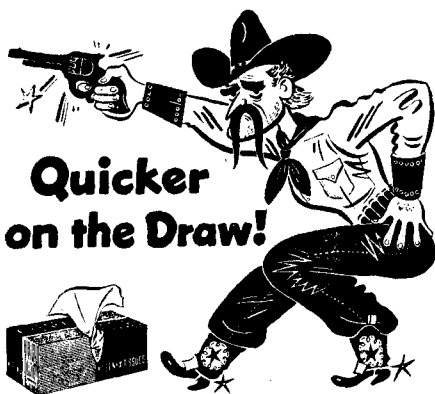
WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY

Absent-minded



But **KLEENEX** TISSUES help keep me on the job! I use them during colds and say goodbye to sore nose misery! (from a letter by P. S., Thomaston, Ga.)

PROTECT THE OTHERS! KLEENEX HELPS CHECK SPREAD OF COLDS. USE A TISSUE ONCE—THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL!



Quicker on the Draw!

With the **KLEENEX** Serv-a-Tissue Box you pull a tissue and up pops another—not a handful as with ordinary boxes. Saves tissues—saves money! (from letter by B. W., Galveston, Tex.)

TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS Kleenex

AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois

TEST FOR TISSUES!

HOLD **KLEENEX** UP TO A LIGHT—YOU WON'T FIND HOLES OR WEAK SPOTS! REGARDLESS OF WHAT OTHERS DO, WE ARE DETERMINED TO MAINTAIN **KLEENEX QUALITY** IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

An' I won't stop 'till I get Delsey' again—it's soft like Kleenex

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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HERBERT ASBURY Articles
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ALLEN MARPLE Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
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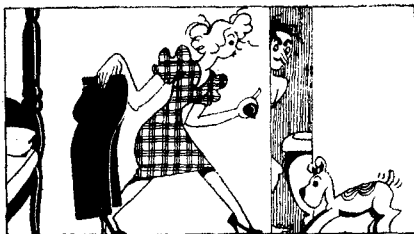
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ANY WEEK

THIS column's sex component this week has as its heroine one of those unhappy creatures who have recently been indicted by our government as traitors. For a pitiful wage (which they probably don't collect) they chose to remain in Germany and broadcast Hitler propaganda instead of coming back to their native shores (an emotional way we have of speaking of the United States) to be decent nonentities. We have it from a newspaperwoman assigned to interview Jane Anderson, who, after having been rescued by our State Department from a Spanish Republican firing squad, came home to rake in large fees for telling American audiences how much Franco loved America and loathed Hitlerism. Miss Anderson told our newspaperwoman that she should remain to meet her husband, the Marquis de Blanc y Blanc who was at the moment taking a bath. The marquis, explained Miss Anderson, was an enormously wealthy supporter of Franco and, like Franco, doted on democratic institutions, particularly American ones. But she had some trouble fetching the marquis out of the bathroom. Finally, there was a whispered conversation through the bathroom door. Then Miss Anderson dug under the mattress and found the wealthy gentleman's pants where they had been placed for pressing. "It's one of his democratic gestures," explained Miss Anderson. "In Spain he has plenty of pants and a private presser."



OUR Jim (Old Snapper) Marshall notifies us from his prune ranch in Los Gatos, California, that he has found a Democrat who can blow square soap bubbles and will probably be nominated for Vice-President next year. Mr. Marshall says, too, that in Seattle, Washington, Western Union messengers are now known as communication carriers. But what Mr. Marshall doesn't know is that in Washington, D. C., switchboard operators are known as telephonists with the accent on the second syllable, and that a couple of them are alleged to have taken a day off not long ago to organize the Daughters of Alexander Graham Bell, Inc. Nor does he know that

Mr. Ed Weikel of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, is merely waiting for Congress to reconvene to place before it a bill permitting a President to serve as many terms as he is foolish enough to want. But there's a catch in it. Under Mr. Weikel's bill, the President would get a wage of \$100,000 a year the first two terms. In all terms in excess, he'd have to pay \$100,000 a year.



THAT makes us even with Mr. Marshall and free to notify you that we took our watch to be mended and almost came up with a race riot. The watch repairman was not in, but his Negro janitor was. After rummaging around, the colored man emerged from the cubicle where sick watches are kept and said, "Sir, the idea that your watch could be repaired is entirely unfounded." So we took the watch anyway, and he's wrong. It now loses only one hour a day.

LIKE you, we've been reading a lot about the way Jap soldiers kill themselves rather than be taken prisoner. We've just received a letter from an American soldier who has seen quite a number of dead Japs but has talked to only one prisoner—one of a batch of eight. "One of them talked good English," says our soldier, "although he used to work in Hollywood. He told me that Jap soldiers are all scared of being thought afraid. Therefore they kill themselves to prove that they aren't." Our soldier says that the captured Jap told him that there had been fifty-five Nips in his detachment before it had been put out of action. "We lay there two days surrounded by you Americans—two days arguing what we could do." Our man asked him what they had agreed upon. "Nothing," said the Jap. "We were too scared to think."

AND Mr. Edward T. Barton of San Francisco has been doing some diligent scouting for this department. While having a snack in a Montgomery Street restaurant he let his eyes rove a bit. It did his appetite no good. On the wall he saw: "We reserve the right to serve refuse to anyone." . . . W. D.

THIS WEEK

SEPTEMBER 18, 1943

SHORT STORIES

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KATHRYN FORBES

"Hurry-Up Charlie." He didn't look much, but he was the best worker in the wh shipyard. Page

EDWARD and ROSE PRICE

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Hitting Hitler's Oil Barrel. The bombing of Ploesti by the Ninth Air Force caught Nazis where it hurts most. Page

HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

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RONALD McLELL

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THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR CAR AND BATTERY

★ ★ ★

A Message from the Manufacturer of Delco Batteries

★

How Vital Are Private Cars to the War Effort?



The fact is that four out of five people in America *must* depend on private cars for essential transportation. What does "must" mean? It means that public transportation facilities, already loaded to capacity, can handle only 20 per cent of the traffic. The rest, 80 per cent, is carried by automobile.

Your car has become an essential link in essential transportation. Use it wisely, care for it well—and *don't neglect the battery. It is the heart of your car!*

What Are the Fundamentals of Battery Care?



Maintaining the life and dependability of a battery calls for service to both the *inside* and *outside*. "Inside" service consists of adding water periodically to keep the electrolyte at proper level, and making hydrometer tests to determine whether the battery is properly charged or requires recharging. "Outside" service means cleaning the battery top, inspecting cables, keeping connections clean and tight, and making sure the battery is securely fastened in its carrier.

How Can You Help Keep Your Battery Charged?



In days of normal driving, you didn't have to worry much about the "charge" in your battery. The generator had plenty of opportunity to keep it charged. Today that opportunity is

limited by rationed driving, and a few common-sense rules on battery use are necessary. *Don't* use your car radio indiscriminately, and never for any length of time with your motor off or idling. *Don't* use the upper beam of your headlights when the lower beam will do; the lower beam draws less current. *Don't* use your car heater excessively this winter; you'll still be more comfortable than the boys on the fighting fronts!

How Often Should Your Battery Be Checked?



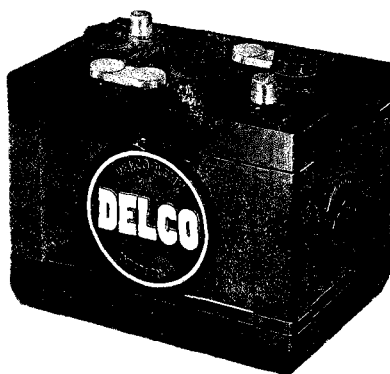
To understand the need for regular battery inspection, you must first realize that the *chemical condition* inside your battery determines the amount of electric power available. When your battery is low on water, or when it is undercharged, the chemical condition becomes "unhealthy." Less power is available, and serious damage may be done unless the condition is corrected. That is why batteries should be checked at least once a month. It requires only a few minutes to have your battery service man take a hydrometer reading and add water when needed.

34,000 DELCO BATTERY DEALERS

ARE WORKING TO MAINTAIN ESSENTIAL TRANSPORTATION



In your own community is a Delco battery dealer who will help you make your present battery last. The service he provides is designed to conserve materials for the fighting fronts... and to safeguard wartime transportation against unnecessary battery failures. Do your part. See him regularly.



PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

DELCO BATTERIES
for all makes of
CARS ★ TRUCKS
BUSES ★ TRACTORS

Delco batteries provide all the long life and dependability that can be built into a battery. They are serving America well both at home and on the fighting fronts.



Back the Attack—
WITH WAR BONDS

Delco-Remy ★ ★ wherever wheels turn or propellers spin ★



Want to swap your easy chair for a fox-hole?
No-o-o? He didn't think you would. Just a doughboy's little joke.

But it's a joke with a grim undertone of continuous misery and privation, punctuated by sudden death.

It's a laugh more on us than on him . . . and it turns into a wry grimace when home front "hardships" are mentioned.

Not that he has much time to think about such things. He's too busy saving *our* hides.

Well, that's his job, you say? Forget it.

Winning this war fast is an all-American job. We'll win it if we're all in it.

That kid in the fox-hole wants to win so he can come back to his home, his job, his girl. Are you doing all you can to make his tough, dirty task easier? Are you buying War Bonds to help bring him home *safe* and *soon*?
It's *our* money or *his* life . . . now! . . . today! . . . this minute!

CONTRIBUTED TO THE THIRD WAR BOND DRIVE BY THE CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D
MAKERS OF 'VASELINE' PRODUCTS



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

On Easter of 1943, Gordon Richards, famous British jockey, rode "Scotch Mist" to victory at Windsor to win his 2,750th race, breaking the all-time record set 57 years ago in England by Fred Archer, the greatest jockey in turf history.

At the Armored Research Laboratory in Fort Knox, Kentucky, scientists test soldiers to determine their reactions to noise, gas and gun fumes and all kinds of climates under various conditions. Two recent studies show that a soldier can be acclimated to desert heat in five days and that a large man, during six hours' work under a desert summer sun, may lose as much as 2.25 gallons or nearly 19 pounds of perspiration.

The metal tape on which sound is recorded magnetically in various machines may be used scores of times and without manual clearing, as each recording is automatically "erased" when a new one is made on it.

Up to June 30, 1943, the Officer Candidate Schools of the Army had prepared for Commissions and graduated about 206,000 men, including one lieutenant-colonel, 16 majors, 2,400 captains, 39,000 first lieutenants and 164,000 second lieutenants. —By Henry Schluter, New York City.

The corporation that operated the New York World's Fair in 1939 and 1940 still exists with a skeleton staff and probably will continue to function for many more months because some of its bonds have not yet been presented for payment and several small liability cases are not yet settled.

Now available is a new "ration stamp counter," a scale that enables a person to count loose stamps accurately in batches by weight from 40 to 400 times faster than individually by hand.

The only time that an object may be placed on the American flag is when it is draping the casket of a war veteran, and the only objects that may be so used are his helmet, sword and the floral tribute from the one who was closest to him in life.

The U.S.S. Harmon is the only American warship that has ever been named in honor of a Negro. He was Leonard Roy Harmon of Cuero, Texas, who lost his life aboard the U.S.S. San Francisco in the battle of Guadalcanal on November 13, 1942, when he "deliberately exposed himself to enemy gunfire to protect a shipmate."

America's used-clothing business, comprising a score of wholesalers and 3,000 retailers, is now having the greatest boom in its history. One of its new customers is the federal government, which has purchased so far approximately \$750,000 worth of dresses, suits and overcoats for distribution among the destitute families of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, as a gesture of good will.

The United Nations Commission for the Investigation of War Crimes has the names of more than 10,000 Nazis, most of whom are destined to be tried by the Allies not only for having violated the laws and customs of war, but for atrocities against millions of civilians in the occupied countries. —By James E. Rice, Jr., Springfield, Illinois.

Hairdressers claim, and some medical knowledge tends to confirm the fact, that they sometimes cannot produce a successful permanent wave when the hair and skin are in a certain abnormal condition which exists during pregnancy, and for several weeks after an operation for which ether was used as the anesthetic.

Cereals and vegetables are a quicker and more economical source of human food energy than the meat they indirectly produce when fed to livestock. For example, seven pounds of corn eaten by a person as corn meal contain 11,900 calories, whereas the same quantity fed to a hog produces one pound of pork, which contains only 1,900 calories.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

Vehicles of Victory . . . Transports of Tomorrow



Superhuman Powers at his Command ... "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

He is only a boy of twenty, this radioman in a U.S. Bomber. Yet he represents an advance in human powers far beyond any normal evolution of his years. For in "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix, he and his pilot have at their command such superhuman perception and precision control as no man or boy ever knew before.

The built-in "brains" of their planes provide superhuman "senses." Bendix Radio* devices fix the course, link squadron-mates with ground crews, and project sight itself through distant space. Pioneer* instruments register every flight condition. Friez* automatic weather stations report the storms ahead. And beyond the supercharged cabin, Eclipse* generators, Scintilla* magnetos, Stromberg* automatically adjusting, non-icing injection carburetors and many other auxiliaries, stand watch on watch unfailingly... engine-men of "The Invisible Crew."

Born of the Bendix engineering mind and the craftsmanship of many thousand Bendix workers, "The Invisible Crew" is ever growing... taking over multiple tasks... making our fighting men freer in the exercise of their own daring skill. Thus do our planes, ships and combat cars move swiftly forward... Vehicles of Victory that are the Transports of Tomorrow!

SOME FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE INVISIBLE CREW

PIONEER*—Flight and Navigation Instruments and Aircraft Equipment.
BENDIX RADIO*—Aircraft Radio Equipment for Navigation, Detection, Communication and Direction Finding, and Radio Compasses.
STROMBERG*—Automatically adjusting Aircraft Injection Carburetors, standard of the industry.
SCINTILLA*—Aircraft Ignition and Diesel Fuel Injection Systems.

BENDIX* PRODUCTS—Vacuum and Hydraulic Controls, Stromberg Automotive Carburetors, Universal Joints and Aircraft Landing Gear.
ECLIPSE* AVIATION—Aircraft Starters, Generators and Superchargers, Operational Auxiliaries.
FRIEZ*—Weather, Meteorological... and Flight Recording Instruments.
BENDIX MARINE*—Signal and Control Systems, Navigational Aids.

PRECISION
EQUIPMENT BY

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

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**BUY AT LEAST ONE
EXTRA \$100 WAR
BOND THIS MONTH**
*You owe it to yourself—to
America—to that special
man of yours in uniform*

SEA POWER, TOO
**is fire-power, man-power
and horse-power!**

Torpedoes! Depth charges! Machine guns and quick-firing cannons! What fearsome "wallops" are packed into those incredible, P-T boats! The enemy has seen them sink his proudest warships and flash away in an impudent roar of magnificent American engine power!

What makes them most formidable—the fury of their fire-power, the audacity of their hardy young crews, or their blinding speed? Who could say? All honor to each!

And all honor to American engineering, which created the P-T boat and our other engine-powered weapons of sea, sky and battlefield!

Making, by millions, the Sealed Power piston rings that safeguard precious engine power, is our assignment in the war for liberty. It is a distinction—an honor—to serve.

And transportation for workers, raw materials and finished war products is an essential part of the war effort. Sealed Power piston rings, individually engineered for cars, trucks and tractors, are serving on the home front too, by providing proper oil control, saving gas, reducing wear and lengthening engine life.

Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Scrap metal is needed for every gun, tank and ship. Send your scrap to war.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves

Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts © 1943 Sealed Power Corp.



WING TALK



Taken near Mt. Rainier, this is the first close-up picture of the external racks that boost the B-17's bomb load to 10 tons

IF YOUR coalbin holds 10 tons and you've laid in your winter supply, go take a look at it. That mass of weight represents the B-17's new bomb capacity, made possible by supplementary, external racks for limited range operations. In the extraordinarily detailed picture above, the forklike fingers of this new carrying arrangement can be seen on the bottom of the fuselage near the wheels. The talons of the Fortress grow larger.

Also shown in this picture are half a dozen of a Fort's thirteen .50-caliber machine guns. Maybe you can find more. Starting at the nose there are three operated by the Bombardier and Navigator to ward off frontal attacks. In the top power turret are two guns used by the First Engineer for frontal, lateral and rear attacks. Behind this turret, but not shown, is one operated by the First Radio Operator for targets above the ship. In the belly turret, which here resembles a partially retracted landing wheel, are two used by the Second Radio Operator for underneath attacks. Through the oblong door just behind the fuselage insignia the Second Engineer and First Radio Operator poke their waist position guns. And at the rear the Tail Gunner and Photographer each man a gun. These lethal weapons are installed at the Boeing factory. The Army Air Forces install gun No. 13 where it will do the most good. Usually in the nose.

MANY of our fliers are feeling the R.A.F. influence in the matter of radio communication. Here was the basic pattern for our old radio procedure:

"El Paso tower from Navy 28777—position ten miles west of field—request landing instructions—go ahead."

"El Paso tower to Navy 28777—traffic pattern—circle field to left at 1,000—land on runway 17—go ahead."

"El Paso tower from Navy 28777—Roger (O. K.)."

Now things are different. For example: "El Paso, this is Navy 28777, position ten miles west of field (the wags say air-drome)—request landing instructions—over (sometimes it's *ovah*)."

"Navy 28777, this is El Paso tower—runway 17—over."

"El Paso tower, this is Navy 28777—wilco (will comply)."

"Navy 28777, this is El Paso tower—Roger and out."

Any misunderstanding used to call for a "Repeat, please." Now it's "Say again." "Props in low pitch" are "Airscrews in fine pitch," and gasoline becomes petrol in extreme cases. This will help make up for the slang our fliers teach the R.A.F. boys.

SOMETIMES that souvenir of a trans-ocean air journey—a one-dollar bill autographed by fellow passengers, otherwise known as Short Snorters—gets lost, strayed or snatched. Anyway, the Short Snorter bill that fell into the hands of Dr. R. A. Fargher, of La Porte, Indiana, is back home again. No sooner had Wing Talk revealed Dr. Fargher's find than half a dozen readers advised us that the bill belonged to Mr. Ed Johnson, district manager of TWA at Kansas City. We introduced Mr. Johnson to Dr. Fargher by remote control, the latter was reimbursed by the former and the case is closed—until Mr. Johnson loses the certificate again.

Perhaps now is the time to try to restore other wandering certificates to their rightful owners. Mrs. Malinda Cutter, a cashier of Barstow, California, has what she thinks is a genuine S.S. bill. There are eleven signatures on it, but many are faded. Partly legible are the following names: Howard E. Arp, Jan P. —, David B. Lehman, —, L. Taylor, J. Wenzel, Charles L. —.

Mr. Ralph E. Perkins, Fort Wayne, Indiana, has a bill dated 3-6-43 and signed by S/Sgt. D. Lantz, Pfc. W. H. Reese and Sgt. Chas. A. Cutter of the 729th Railway Oper. Bn., Co. C.

A young lady in Lewiston, Maine, has one marked "Short Snorter, A.F.B. 11-21-42." The two signatures, she reports, look like K. N. Holdredge and D. W. Fox. Perhaps you know one or more of these men. Meantime, they are out of luck if any men challenges them to produce these bills.

FROM the depths of the Packaging Section of Washington's Pentagon Building, comes a slight criticism regarding our advocating, some time ago, that newspapers and other reading matter should be wrapped around articles sent overseas. "We have found," writes Mr. R. M. Alexander, Office of the Chief of Ordnance, "that newspaper and other like matter is very harmful to the contents of overseas boxes, as the acid contents of the paper will cause corrosion of critical metal surfaces. Also, the paper acts as a sponge and absorbs and holds moisture, which causes further corrosive action. I know your suggestion was intended to help the boys Over There, and it can be followed if proper care is exercised. Here are some rules: (1) Don't permit newspaper to contact any metal surface, (2) don't use excessive amounts in any one container, and (3) if possible, wrap papers in an envelope or wrapping of waterproof paper well sealed before placing around package content."

★★★

GURNEY WILLIAMS

I'VE GOT 36 SECONDS...

It's queer, up here . . .

Falling through space, time runs out quick
and your mind does tricks.

One second I'm gripping my gun while
shrapnel snarls in my face, and the next—
I'm back home in bed and Mom's calling,
"Wake up, wake up, you sleepy head!"

It's queer, up here . . .

One second I'm watching the earth and
the enemy come rushing up, and the next—
—I remember it's that long-ago-day in
September when Joe Clark caught me
climbing his apple tree and a dead branch
broke and I fell.

It's queer, up here . . .

But as time flows past and hell slides
nearer, I can see things clearer. And with
only 36 seconds to go, I know all at once

what I didn't before . . .

I'm not just a kid anymore. I know why
I'm fighting this war!

I'm fighting this war for my right to live
like a man, to work like a man, to think
like a man—not to be herded around and
driven like a sheep to the grazing ground.

I'm fighting this war for my right to be
let alone . . . to do what I've dreamed of
doing in a land where my future's my own
—not to be led by the nose to a trough
and a bag and a stall.

I'm fighting for the right to come home
again to simple things . . . like taking my
girl to a movie . . . or seeing a baseball
game . . . or going to church . . . or driving
my car to work.

I'm fighting for the America my folks and

I have always known . . . where each year
has always brought us new and better
things . . . where there's freedom of oppor-
tunity for all . . . and it's every man's right
to rise, to stand, to go ahead on his own!

That's what I'm fighting for. Keep it that
way until I come back!

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building
2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines for
Navy Vought Corsair fighters . . . making
intricate Hamilton Standard propellers and
many other important items of ordnance . . .
readying our production lines to build
Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces
. . . doing our part to keep America a land of
freedom and opportunity where every man
can go as far, can rise as high as his
strength and ability will take him.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing

ENLIST NOW! BACK THE ATTACK—WITH
WAR BONDS. THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE.



NASH 
AUTOMOBILES **KELVINATOR** 
REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES



**Joe needs
the Long Distance
lines tonight**

He has a promotion to report. Or a week-end leave coming up. Or it's his mother's birthday.

Evening is about the only time he's free to call and it's important to him.

Will you do your best to avoid Long Distance calls after 7 at night, for the sake of millions of Joes — and Josephines? They'll appreciate it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





COLLIER'S

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 18, 1943

PHOTO ASSOCIATION, INC.

A race riot in its first stage. The mob forms, talks itself into unreasoned fury, then rushes into unreasoned action. Here hoodlum whites chase a Negro boy across Detroit's jammed Woodward Avenue

RACE RIOTS COMING

America's Negro problem—a study in black and white that will reward careful reading by every thoughtful American

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

This picture did much to further the Negro cause. A colored man is held by unconcerned Detroit cops while a white man slaps his face



DETROIT FREE PRESS

AFTER considerable research, we're convinced that in all the United States, there is not one honest person who wants to start or even see a race riot. We were going to say "decent," but that too easily compared adjective doesn't cover. However, we are going to have more race riots. Any nation as insistent upon warfare between its blacks and whites as we are, is certain to succeed. The vast honest majority cited above is still shuddering over Detroit. Unfortunately, they are not expending a single shudder in advance on future Detroit.

Among the reasons for race riots to come, there will be nothing new. Perhaps one or two of them will be traceable to Axis agents, although it is not easy to see why such hangable tramps should waste time starting them when we loyal Americans do it so well without outside assistance. Perhaps some Negro, in uniform or out, drunk on resentment and gin,

will touch off a couple. Maybe a few will be started by whites who, goaded by a sense of inferiority and insecurity, will make their protest with automatics, against black competition in industry. As far as we're concerned at the moment, the way such riots will start doesn't matter.

What we're occupied with now is that since Detroit, as before Detroit, neither federal nor local government, North or South, has done anything to remove the fundamental causes for race riots or to correct any of the conditions that generate them.

And before we go any further, we deny the inevitable accusation that this article is an argument for intermarriage. Moreover, it is not a starry-eyed vision of some sweet by-and-by when we shall all be socially color-blind. A couple of hundred years from now, our descendants will laugh themselves sick at us and our strikes, wars, race riots and economic nonsense.

Since Pearl Harbor, we've had several race riots. Their immediate causes are well-known: The refusal of Northern Negro soldiers to observe the unwritten race restrictions of Southern towns, the housing atrocities, the rising Negro resentment against economic discriminations real and fancied, the increasing white resentment of the black man's invasion in force of industrial employment which was once all the white man's and of the threat the latter sees therein to his postwar security.

It's the Negro's War, Too

More fundamental, however, is the Negro's rapidly increasing solidarity behind leaders and spokesmen who are reminding him daily that this is his war as well as the white man's, that he is helping to win it, in uniform or overalls, that the benefits of victory must be shared by him.

The blows and shots which touched off

the riots in Alexandria, Louisiana; in Beaumont, Texas; in Detroit and in New York's Harlem bear the same relation to their fundamental causes as Pearl Harbor had to our war with Japan. They were only sparks from an overcharged situation.

The Harlem affair in particular provides all the symptoms the government should require if it is to do something curative. Actually, it was not a race riot in the sense that it was a battle between whites and blacks. Even those in the hotel lobby where the affair started can't agree on so trivial a matter as who struck first, who said what.

That a white cop and a black MP should tear into each other and start a night of murder, rioting and looting by Negroes, many of whom hadn't even heard of the affair in the hotel, ought to make it clear that we have a problem to solve.

(Continued on page 79)



HEEL OF HONESTY

BY STANLEY FRANK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

When chiseler meets chiseler—who gets cut up? Read the answer in this biting story of love on the cuff

THROUGH extensive experience in the art of artifice, Joe Bolton spotted her immediately as a phony. Girls as attractive as that were not in the habit of running around New York unescorted, unless they were on the make. Her laughter was too quick and indiscriminate, her animation was laid on with a trowel, and she was too obviously French even at a party for the Fighting French.

Bolton studied her performance with professional interest and decided her extravagantly volatile gestures were the giveaway. That business of shrugging the shoulders was typically Gallic, and just the sort of thing a dame from Brooklyn or Baltimore would feature in the act. They were very fine shoulders, however, and although there was more than met the eye, Bolton had to admit that what the eye did see was very pleasant indeed.

He accepted another highball from a waiter and then, remembering this was only a cocktail party and not a dinner, took two canapés. He stood in a corner of Mrs. Rysdale's elegant drawing room, watching the girl give out with the per-

sonality. Mrs. Rysdale advanced upon him. Mrs. Rysdale was pompous, patronizing and not quite bright, a deficiency compensated by a large trust fund left by her late and briefly lamented husband.

"Who," Bolton asked, "is the fresh talent?"

Mrs. Rysdale followed his glance toward the tall, dark girl with the shoulders.

"I believe she just arrived in this country by Clipper from Lisbon," Mrs. Rysdale said. "Her name is Maris Molineau. French, wouldn't you say?"

"She's so French her mother must've been frightened by the Eiffel Tower," Bolton gravely assured his hostess.

Mrs. Rysdale laughed vaguely. "Would you like to meet her?"

"In time, in my own way," Bolton said.

Passage by Clipper from Lisbon meant money and influence. He could be wrong about the girl, but her name gave him all the reassurance he needed. Maris Molineau was the clumsy invention of an amateur phony who probably was called Mary by Mr. and Mrs. Maloney, her doting parents. In Bolton's book, it was even money that the only body of water she had traversed recently was the East River, via Brooklyn subway.

He circulated among the people, brandishing his meal ticket in high society. He turned on the charm to those who didn't know him well and he made caustic cracks to those who did. Wryly insulting humor

was Bolton's card in the free loaders' union, as much as his regular features, his ability to dance well and his availability at all times when an extra man was required.

Bolton was a bum with a certain air of distinction, but a bum nevertheless; cynicism was his buckler against the insults encountered in the pursuit of his trade and he employed it to disarm opponents, after the fashion of a street fighter who knows the effectiveness of the first blow.

Mrs. Rysdale announced, in a cultivated squeak, the entertainers who were supposed to stimulate the sympathy of her guests for Fighting France. Bolton timed his approach behind the former Mary Maloney to coincide with the appearance of the inevitable French chanteuse who sang in the inevitable husky, toneless style traditionally affected by chanteuses, followed by the recitative delivered in carefully broken English with much fluttering of the hands and eyelashes.

"You can tell she's French," Bolton said in a penetrating whisper above the polite applause, "by the frog in her throat."

The people reproved Bolton with stern looks, but the girl's shoulders quivered as though she were suppressing a giggle. Another giveaway; a foreign dame wouldn't know the slang expression. Or, he reflected with satisfaction, have that good a sense of humor. Bolton liked girls who were fast on the pickup of gags, particularly his own.

The blow on his head stunned Bolton momentarily, and that was all the strong-arm squad needed. His arms were pinned back by an authoritative hand, and a knee in the rear sent him toward the door

The orchestra swung into a rumba and he asked the girl if she cared to dance. She looked at him with cool appraisal for a moment, then nodded and accepted his restrained embrace. Bolton discovered she had very fine eyes and that she used perfume persuasively. He gave her a good workout, trying his most subtle and complicated gyrations, and she followed him effortlessly and knowingly.

"They must have a new boy at Arthur Murray's," he said finally.

"I beg your pardon?" Her voice was surprisingly full and warm, and she spoke without the trace of an accent, French or Brooklynese. He had expected a nasal intonation, at least.

"I mean you rumba extremely well," he told her.

"Thank you. I lived in Rio for a year. I had expert instruction."

He nodded approvingly. The girl had poise; her offhand reference to Rio would fool anyone but a kindred heel. He tried a tricky turn, but in the middle of it he released her suddenly and doubled up rigidly for a moment, then began to fumble with his shoelace. He straightened slowly and flexed his shoulders.

"Sorry. I slipped. Shall we continue?"

THE orchestra broke into a Show Boat medley and again the girl responded to his lead with fluent perfection.

"You like him, le jazz hot?" he asked.

She smiled. "Do you always speak so cryptically, Mister—?"

"Bolton, Miss Maloney."

She took it with a straight face. "I see you know my name, but not quite correctly. It is Molineau."

"How stupid of me. I thought you were Irish."

"That is a compliment. The Irish are a very imaginative race."

"Romantic, too," he murmured, but she let the cue drop where it fell. Presently she was humming, with the music.

"This Show Boat score takes me back fifteen years," he said. "It must be a sign of age, but I don't remember the words, do you?" Bolton disliked girls who competed with the orchestra while they danced, but he had a motive in asking her to sing.

She hummed a little louder, and nicely, too, but she didn't go into the words until the end of the last chorus and then she sang them softly and with the studied stage enunciation. . . . "But Ole Man Ribber, he jes' keeps rollin' along." Bolton was amused by her self-betrayal and the success of his stratagem. He derived as much pleasure from unmasking fellow phonies as he did from deflating stuffed shirts.

"You give it the authentic Robeson treatment," he observed.

"I heard him sing it at a concert in Paris," she laughed, "but I fear the song takes me back a number of years, too. I was a little girl living in New Orleans when it first was popular."

"Rio, New Orleans, Robeson in Paris. Do you meet all trains?"

"My father was in the French consulate. We lived everywhere. Tananarive—that is in Madagascar. Hanoi—"

"French Indo-China," he cut in sardonically. "Isn't it wonderful how the war has expanded our knowledge of geography?" He was positive the girl was giving him the business, but it was a good act.

The shadow of a smile vanished from her face. "You are fortunate," she said slowly. "The war has reduced my orbit."

It was getting a bit too thick for Bolton
(Continued on page 84)

THE people of Germany have now learned, through the terror-filled hours of sleepless nights and days, that air mastery—the annihilating blitz weapon of the Nazis in 1939 and 1940—has been taken over by the Allies. They know now that their adversaries have learned how to use the devastating knock-out punch, and that these punches are steadily being rained against Naziism's solar plexus, the morale of the German people.

The most terrible of these punches has been the flood of nitroglycerin and phosphorus that in five days and nights destroyed Hamburg.

There are now in Sweden and Denmark eyewitnesses of the greatest havoc that ever smote any human settlement. The majority of these are the four hundred Danish workers who managed to escape Hamburg with smoke-blackened faces, not having taken off their clothes for eight days.

These refugees cannot regard you calmly. They wander around as if seeking shelter. Their hands shake. Offer them food and they refuse it. They appear sick. But they beg for cigarettes and, after the first puff, as if released from a vise, they begin to describe their experiences. Their words come jerkily. Only later, after checking the Danes' descriptions against those of Swedish, Swiss and German eyewitnesses, can one obtain a complete account of what happened in Hamburg during the last days of July.

The first attack was delivered on the night of July 24th. The attack was concentrated against antiaircraft batteries, with excellent results. Most of the batteries were silenced in a few minutes. Then, say these eyewitnesses, came an absolute novelty in the history of bombing—bearing witness to the scientific care devoted to planning the attack. Special reconnaissance planes appeared over the city, picking out certain industrially important sections with green flares dropped by parachutes. These flares hovered like bunches of grapes in the air and aided the bombers coming in afterward to drop their explosives in a square around the section thus marked, so that buildings for whole blocks collapsed and all roads and communications between that section and the remainder of the city were choked off. This was not done to prevent the inhabitants from getting out, but to hinder the transfer of firemen and fire-fighting equipment from other sections in the effort to save war-important buildings and their contents.

Homes Burn to the Ground

"Not once, but dozens of times I saw firemen concentrate their efforts to save everything from the burning courthouse while dwellings a few blocks distant burned down without the fire brigade even going there," said a Basle merchant I have known for a long time but who, being obliged to return home via Germany, must remain anonymous.

When communications were thus closed, there began a rain of incendiaries that spread fires over such a large area that practically the whole section was drowned in flames. The work of air defense on this and the following nights was enormously hampered by this simple but effective means which, as far as I know, was applied here for the first time.

Mrs. Antoinette Johansson, a German woman nearing seventy who had lived all her life in Hamburg and who is the wife of a Swede now a refugee in Malmoe, Sweden's southern port, refers to "sheets of paper, black on one side and dazzling silver on the other, dropped by thousands from the bombers." The other twenty-five Hamburg Swedes who have arrived here attest to the correctness of her statement. Air-defense searchlight beams were re-

flected all ways from these sheets, thus being prevented from reaching the raiding aircraft with full intensity and making the job of locating them much more difficult.

The first assault was directed at the inner town. Many who have visited Hamburg's big amusement center in Saint Pauli probably wonder sadly why it was bombed. Yet it was necessary. Imagine Coney Island with all amusement stalls removed—what remains? The amusement park in Saint Pauli was an enormous field over 600 yards long and 400 yards wide. It requires little imagination to see it as a splendid airfield, and that's why it was bombed.

The Germans declare that practically all hospitals were hit, but naturally we are skeptical of Goebbels' secret weapon—the British *eneiefedo*—invented by Goebbels. It seemingly drops silently to the ground and creeping toward the nearest hospital, destroys it. But after talks with many eyewitnesses, I can say quite correctly that some hospitals in Hamburg, as well as in many other cities, have been damaged. But this is not because the British and Americans lacked consideration for defenseless sick people, but rather because the Germans lack such consideration.

Ambushed in Churches

It has been revealed by over thirty eyewitnesses from western Germany that the Germans concentrate antiaircraft batteries near hospitals and churches, knowing that the Allies are unwilling to bomb such targets. This naturally means immense dumps of ammunition also located there.

A Swedish seaman whose ship occasionally put in at Hamburg asked antiaircraft gunners near Grosse Saint Michaelis Church why they were stationed there. "Because the British always attack cultural monuments," was the reply. Anglo-American planes, fired on by guns located there, attempted to silence the batteries, and naturally the buildings near by were damaged or demolished.

The free port, covering an area of more than 3,500 acres, naturally was not spared during this 90-minute attack, but not until the next raid on Sunday—a day raid—was the most devastating blow directed at this pride of Hamburg.

That Sunday, Hamburg displayed an unusual appearance. Even in the forenoon, giant clouds of smoke and dust enveloped the whole town, darkening the sky. Water from burst mains flooded the streets. Then the sirens screamed, and a big formation of American bombers reduced to ashes the continent's biggest shipyards—Blohm & Voss, Vulkanwerft and Howaldswerft—where the biggest steamers are built, repaired and docked. The alert lasted until 4 P. M. After it, telephone communication no longer existed. After the all-clear, when Hamburg's inhabitants left the shelters, "No one knew any longer where he was," *Bruesseler Zeitung's* correspondent reported. Monday night, during the fresh British attack, the big gas plant in the harbor section received a direct hit. That terrible explosion deprived the city of gas.

That evening, none among Hamburg's 1,700,000 inhabitants was willing to retire to bed, for the R.A.F. had dropped leaflets promising a repetition of Sunday's raid on Tuesday. Hamburgers, from whom Hitler was once compelled to admit he had received most "no" votes, always listen to the British radio and they know,

(Continued on page 77)

By matching sections of its reconnaissance photos (note pins) the R.A.F. obtained this picture of the complete devastation of over four miles of Hamburg's water-front section. Arrow points to the totally destroyed shipyards that were the most important on the continent

THEY SAW HAMBURG DIE

BY WALTER TAUB

MANAGER CZECHOSLOVAK PRESS BUREAU IN STOCKHOLM
CABLED FROM STOCKHOLM

Eyewitness accounts of men and women who escaped the holocaust of Hamburg picture the utter horror of a great city's destruction, its people terrified beyond endurance and too dazed for panic. It's a clear preview of what is happening to German morale

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES



The Story Thus Far:

CRUELLY deserted by Theo McSween, who had refused to marry her after running away with her, Mary Goodnight, an Oregon girl, dies in Nevada. Mary's brother, Frank, learns what has happened. He leaves his home, with the firm intention of finding McSween and killing him. He goes to the frontier town of Sherman City.

In Sherman City he joins up with his friend, Niles Brand, who had been Mary's fiancé. Niles tells him that McSween is living in the hill country, not far away; he says that trouble is brewing between the "desert crowd" (cattlemen led by a man named Harry Ide) and the "hill crowd," led by Hugh Overman, owner of the "Sun Ranch."

Goodnight is no Caspar Milquetoast. Within a short time, he has made a number of enemies—including "Boston Bill" Royal, an overbearing brute who works for Overman; and within a short time, he has met two attractive girls: Rosalia Lind, an orphan, who owns the town's one hotel, and Virginia Overman, Hugh Overman's daughter.

Through the friendly offices of Virginia, Goodnight gets a job at "Sun." Then comes a series of tragedies. Someone—some hidden killer—shoots Niles Brand, wounds him badly. Hugh Overman is shot to death, under mysterious circumstances. McSween, too, dies—Goodnight corners him in a near-by town and shoots him; kills him. . . .

Realizing that, if she is to hold the ranch—with unscrupulous men all around her—she must have someone who is very strong to help her run it, Virginia makes Goodnight her foreman. This infuriates Boston Bill (who had hoped to take over the ranch, in time); and, in an angry mood, he makes a secret deal with Harry Ide—a deal in which he and Ide agree not to molest each other, in any way. . . .

Following a visit to Sherman City, Goodnight spends the night at Rosalia's home. Niles Brand, still weak, is recuperating in the adjacent hotel.

In the morning, Goodnight rises, leaves his room, encounters Rosalia. The girl, he notes, is unusually serious. "Niles," she says abruptly, "was killed last night. Somebody got to his window and shot through it. He was asleep."

THE Wild Bunch

BY ERNEST HAYCOX
ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

IV

GOODNIGHT stood wholly still; Rosalia saw his lips stretch thin and very tight. His eyes changed, opening full on her with an expression she could not fathom and never afterward understood; but at the moment it was as though he hated her and wished to kill her.

She dropped her eyes out of pity and heard him draw a long breath. Afterward he turned from the room. She followed him to the porch and watched him walk across the yard toward the hotel, very slowly, with his head down and his shoulders sloped. He went into the hotel.

Bob Carruth watched Virginia rush out on Boston Bill's heels. She kept calling to him; she tried to catch his arm as he reached his horse. He swung around her, his stirrup grazing her as he rushed on

Syd came along the back side of the hotel, intending to follow Goodnight. She checked him with her hand. She murmured, "Stay out of there." Syd moved away into the alley. Rosalia waited, her shoulder touching the two-by-two post. She waited with her eyes fixed to the hotel doorway into which he had gone, patiently and darkly foreboding and inexpressibly sad. Her mouth lay long and loose and she could easily have cried. What prevented her was her will and her fear for him. When he came out of the hotel five minutes afterward she was in this same position. He had closed up entirely; he was soft and painfully quiet with his words.

"You have any idea who did it, Rosalia?"

"Yes," she said. "I know."

He waited and his eyes begged her, but his rigid training in minding his own counsel told him well enough the question was foolish. He gave her time to speak, if she chose to speak, hopefully waiting.

"There were three men in town all night," she said. "Two from the desert and one from the hills. That's why Syd came to the saloon to meet you. I knew they were here. We had somebody watching Niles' window and somebody in the hotel, across from his room. But the man watching the window stepped away at three o'clock to get a cup of coffee."

He said, "What'd they want Niles for? He wasn't in any of this. He was out of it." He thought of it slowly, his mind reaching forward and around the whole thing. She saw the truth of the matter come to him in slow stages, forming around his mouth and darkening his expression. "They were after me. They thought they were shooting me when they killed Niles."

"Yes," she said, not wanting to say it.

He drew in his breath; he (Continued on page 26)



How "Equal" are Women?

By Amram Scheinfeld

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

AT THE last Congressional elections, fifty-three per cent of the votes were cast by women. At the next election, the women are certain to have a much larger majority. Even when all our soldiers come home, women in the United States will be able to outvote men. They can get anything they want for themselves—if they can get together on what they want.

That's why our worried lawmakers, facing the problem of what to do about the proposed Equal Rights Amendment

now before Congress, are asking, "Just what do women want?"

That question has a lot of angles.

In America today, the old boundaries between the sexes are constantly being broken down, and the importance of biological sex differences is being considerably diminished. Women—even mothers—have vastly more opportunity than ever before to participate in the outside world of work that once belonged exclusively to men. More and more women are becoming their own providers and protec-

tors; they are choosing to earn their own livings.

This new group of women has every right to challenge the outmoded laws, rules and codes of conduct that stand in the way of their happiness—which is exactly what they are doing. But when they ask for "full equality," the questions arise: How far can this be achieved through legal action? And, do *all* want it?

First is the fact that most of the discriminations or "inequalities" against which women protest are in jobs, profes-

sions, or in the social world, and cannot easily be attacked or overcome through legislation.

Next, the attitude of individual women toward "equality" with men, or their desire for it, may depend largely on whether their chief interest is in a job or career, or in their home.

The best illustration of how women are divided among themselves is furnished by their reaction to the Equal Rights Amendment. As originally proposed, it read:

(Continued on page 73)

While women argue among themselves about legislation for their "rights," Nature stands pat on some legislating she did a long time ago



HERMAN THE SHERMAN

BY BEN MERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



The colonel forgot to hang on. When the jeep hit the bank of the wadi, he caromed off on his beezer in the anthill. Not hard, but hard enough to let the ants know he was there

Car, motorcycle, or tank—if it ran on gas, Pfc. Burkitt could make it do tricks. Here's how a taxi jockey soured a kraut

Anthill-by-the-Sea,
Tunisia, April 6.

Magistrate Thomas O'Toole,
Office of the Provost Marshal,
Oran, Algeria.

Dear Judge: I been wondering why you never answered my letters, and today I found out why. The lieutenant says he read in Stars and Stripes that you gave Bronx Traffic Court the heave-ho last September, and that you've been a major in the M.P.s ever since. But I'll still call you Judge. A guy can never tell when the war might end.

Well, Judge, being in the M.P.s still keeps you in the law-and-order business, so I guess it's still my job to tell you how I been getting along. That was our probation agreement the day you gave me a suspended sentence for hooking Patrolman Burgo's pants with the fender of my cab. Remember?

Honest, Judge, I don't know what to

say. But it's a cinch somebody is nuts, because the colonel is going to hang a medal on my breather tomorrow.

Usually, Judge, medals is okay. I remember how good it made me feel the day Police Commissioner Blight gave me one for conking a stick-up guy with a lug wrench. But this here one the colonel is giving me is different. The colonel says it's for valor. But, Judge, you always called it reckless driving. And with you it would give six months in the crier.

The first thing I thought when it happened was, "The colonel's smart." Then I remembered he ain't so smart. Because only last month he fired me as his chauffeur—and chucked me back in a tank—for bouncing him out of a jeep on his kisser. He forgot to hang on when I took a short cut across a wadi. What did he expect, knee action?

Then I thought about you, Judge. But, honest, I'm not so sure you know the score, either. You really don't understand me or the other boys who used to hack on the Grand Concourse in the good old Bronx. I been thinking it over ever since I stopped reporting for probation in person.

For instance, remember the time I went up a one-way street the wrong way, and Hizzoner the Mayor was coming down the other way. Did I smack him, or back

up, or tie up traffic? No. All I did was hop the sidewalk and drive around him. For that, it cost me fifty bucks.

Or when I turned over Sam Schnauzer's cab with my bumper—or even when I did that job on Patrolman Burgo's pants? That wasn't reckless driving. That was talent. I guess you never understood that, Judge. Neither did the colonel when he gave me the gate. I wasn't just taking him for a ride. I was giving him special service.

IT HAPPENED like this: "Drive to Staff Headquarters in a hurry," he tells me. A hurry is a hurry, so I took the short cut across the wadi. Always when I'm by myself I drive that way. It's faster and very recreational. I take stones and put them on the hood. Then when I bounce down the wadi and go up the other side, the stones sail off and smack a big anthill which lives there. I never miss, Judge, and the ants come out and applaud with razors and drills.

Judge, these are some ants. Big like cockroaches. And the hill where they're tenants is the size of a kitchen.

So with the colonel, it happened like with the stones. When I hit the bank of the wadi, he caromed off on his beezer in the anthill. Not hard, but hard enough to let the ants know he was there.

First thing he did was retreat into his cap and into the wadi at the same time. But the ants beat him to both places. Then he tried to counterattack by smacking himself hard over the dome with the cap. This gave him a headache. Or maybe it made him see these here desert mirages, because he began to yell for reinforcements.

I was the only reinforcement around, so I hustled down into the wadi.

"Corporal Burkitt reporting, sir," I said.

The colonel was sitting on a rock in a couple of directions at the same time. With one hand he was shooing ants off his polished dome; with the other he was tightening his belt to keep any more from marching down his pants. He was very red, and I was afraid he was strangling himself in the middle.

"Look, Colonel," I said, "once when we lived in Bensonhurst we got ants in the sofa. Everybody said we should throw out the sofa, but we didn't."

I could see the colonel was interested even if he was too busy twisting on his axis to say so.

"We took gasoline and spilled it on the sofa," I said. "It didn't smell so good, and nobody wanted to sit on the sofa for a long time. But the ants moved out. So I think . . ."

(Continued on page 58)



CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

VII

The Story Thus Far:

THE death of Griselle Mountjoy's grandfather, with whom she has lived ever since her mother and father died, leaves her alone in an old house not far from Washington, D. C.

General Andrew Cruickshank, her grandfather's best friend, persuades her to come to California, where he is living. There, in Berkeley, she enters the University of California as a student; and she makes her home with the Cruickshanks—Dr. Sam Cruickshank, the general's nephew, and his wife, Mollie, who run a boardinghouse for girls.

Back East, Griselle had met, and fallen in love with, a Californian, Alan McIntyre, a captain in the U. S. Army Medical Corps. He had given her no encouragement. Still, when he shows up in Berkeley, Griselle is thrilled.

Unfortunately Alan loves someone else—the general's niece, Mitzi Armitage. Mitzi already has a husband: a lieutenant in the Navy. But she loves—Alan! . . . Captain McIntyre is a thoroughly decent sort. He tries to make himself believe that he loves Griselle, not Mitzi; he actually asks Griselle to marry him. But, a short time later, he weakens—writes Griselle a letter informing her that he had made a "mistake." Then he goes away, reports for duty in some far-distant place. Griselle does not let this affect her growing friendship with Alan's mother and his crippled younger brother, Steve.

Old General Cruickshank likes Alan. But he is deeply disturbed by what is going on. He makes an important decision: to alter his will (in which Mitzi presumably is sole beneficiary) so that others may share in what he leaves!

Both Griselle and Mitzi know, vaguely, of what he is planning to do. It is a matter of indifference to Griselle. But Mitzi gives it considerable thought. Her husband, David, has been reported missing. He left but little provision for her, and although she is now free to marry Alan, she dreads being a poor doctor's wife. One day, when she is alone with Griselle, she speaks of the general's "heart trouble," and certain pills that he takes every night at bedtime.

Griselle stares at her. Mitzi hesitates. "I was thinking," she says slowly, "that if Uncle Andrew did die quietly in his sleep they'd blame it on an overdose of the pills."

"THAT'S silly talk," Griselle said coldly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You'd no more do anything like that than I would."

"Anything like what?" Mitzi demanded, instantly roused to anger. "I'm not thinking of murdering him, if that's what you mean! But if he *did* take an overdose before McMurray comes back with a crazy new will—which Uncle Andrew is too old to know how to write anyway—"

"His mind," Griselle said mildly, as Mitzi paused, "is as clear as a bell. And why you should grudge Aunt Mollie some of his money, when she and the doctor have worked so hard all these years, is more than I can understand!"

"Oh, I don't! You make me tired!" Mitzi said in exasperation. "Everything makes me tired! I don't know why everyone should begin picking on me. Uncle Andrew maunders along about my settling down and having a lot of babies—on *what*? He'd love to see me in a two-dollar kitchen apron—"

"One eighty-nine," substituted Griselle, passing a truck and feeling mingled triumph, relief and scare as she did so. "Anyway," she added consolingly, "you have the Cruickshank emerald."

"It's gorgeous, too," Mitzi said sulkily. "I took it into Shreve's this morning to have it reset, and they say it's a rare stone. He knew all about it; he looked it up. It's going to be perfectly stunning and I'm going to tell people it's my engagement ring. Alan won't care, and it will—well, it'll—"

"Impress people," Griselle supplied.

"It's all for the credit of his family!" Mitzi answered quickly.

Maybe they don't care for exactly that sort of display, Griselle thought. But she did not

say it aloud, and when she spoke again, it was on another subject.

"Some day next week Mrs. McIntyre and Steve and I are going up to see my ranch."

"I was going up to stay with Marie-Thérèse this week," Mitzi said complainingly, not interested in the proposed expedition; "but I hate to go away and leave Uncle Andrew right now, because," she went on impressively, "I honestly do not think he is responsible."

"If I were you, I'd stop worrying about that—you'll get plenty—and it's horrible to think of your policing him," Griselle said without rancor. "Let the poor old man do what he likes with his money. The government will get a third of it anyway."

"Oh, it's all very well for you!" Mitzi retorted sharply. "But I've always been given to suppose that Uncle Andrew's money was coming to me."

"Who told you it would? He didn't."

"No; he didn't. But it was always taken for granted," Mitzi said with dignity. "My father told me once he was sure it would be left to me."

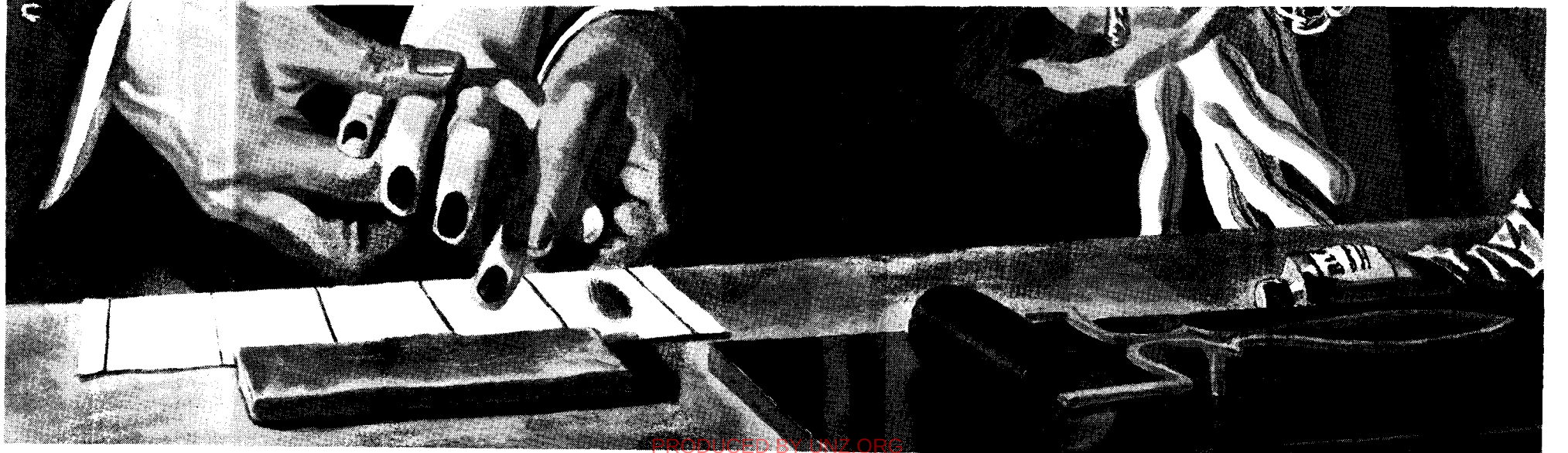
Griselle said nothing.

"STEVE, what did you think of Mitzi?" Griselle asked that same evening, when she had walked under the trees of the dark night streets for a few minutes with him and his mother.

"Beautiful," Steve said. "Nattier. Greuze."

"You can see what he sees in her," Alan's mother conceded. (Continued on page 36)

They all went to the coroner's office. Mitzi maintained a complete silence, even while she was being fingerprinted





The paratrooper dines on K rations. He sits atop a hill, so that anyone who approaches must come from below. His long knife is strapped to his right calf. It can be used in the blink of an eye

by air, and landing, at night, in clouds of parachutes and swarms of gliders. These air-carried forces then will be in a position to assist seaborne invaders not only by harassing the rear of the foe's first lines, but by standing in the way of his attempts to bring up reserves. Sicily proved it can be done.

These men also were to show that an airborne force can assail and capture an enemy's strategic strong points, can man his bridges and his highways, can dominate his high-banked rivers and, after this has been achieved, can fight off his counterattacks, can parry his thrusts at main bodies of invading troops; can, in a word, prevent the enemy from wiping out American beachheads.

One thing more these paratroopers were to prove: The American soldier is the best night fighter in Europe. Not only is he superior to the German and Italian when the moon is dark and the sky overcast, but he prefers to fight at night.

Army with Wings

About half the strength of the 82d Division parachuted into Sicily the night of Friday-Saturday, July 9-10th. The balance of the division's combat elements landed in gliders on the night of Sunday, July 11th. Only "several hundred" air-troopers were killed, according to Major General Joseph M. Swing, who was sent to North Africa late last June to help General Dwight D. Eisenhower co-ordinate the airborne phases of the invasion with the operations of seaborne troops. General Swing recently returned to his post as commander of the 11th Airborne Division now training at Camp Mackall, North Carolina.

On this job, the American airtrooper differed from all who preceded him by carrying all his fighting equipment with him. That is, it was either landed on his person or sent to earth in separate parachutes. This included his rifle, his .30-caliber machine gun, his 60- and 81-millimeter mortars, his 37-millimeter antitank gun, his light, specially built 75-millimeter howitzer, his bazooka. At Crete, the Nazis sent heavier equipment by sea. The U. S. paratrooper knocked out German tank after tank, some of them big Mark VI's with weapons that, with the exception of the little 75, were incapable of penetrating the frontal armor of the bigger Nazi machines.

American troops that landed in Sicily, even though they landed in a 35-mile wind, were a complete fighting force with equipment and soldiers trained for every combat task—infantry and artillery (parachute and glider), engineers, signal, medical, quartermaster and ordnance units.

Before the take-off for Sicily, transports of the Troop Carrier Command (in which soldiers of the combat team were carried into battle) were dispersed over ten landing fields in a triangular area some forty-five miles on either side and embracing the Tunisian towns of Kairouan and Enfidaville in the interior, and Sousse on the seacoast. The area was well within the range of Axis bombers, a circumstance which called for scattering the big carriers as widely as possible, so that the enemy would be afforded the poorest possible target.

The opening phase of the air invasion took place on the night of Friday-Saturday, July 9-10th. The first troop carriers started down their runways on schedules carefully worked out, so that when they got into their tight formations over tiny

Paratroops Behind Nazi Lines

BY ROBERT DEVORE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA

If it weren't for the American airborne troops behind the Sicilian lines, the Nazis might have blistered Patton's Seventh Army off the beaches. But the cloud kids, fighting their first real fight, were back there, playing bazooka solos on Mark VI tanks and blocking roads and bridges until the big guns moved up

THERE was feasting in the city of Kairouan in northeast Tunisia on the night of July 8th. One might have allowed himself to imagine that suddenly someone had called off the war—on the eve of the invasion of Sicily. There was merriment in Kairouan that night, as officers and men of a combat team of the 82d American Airborne Division followed big mouthfuls of juicy and fortifying steak with draughts of red and comforting wine. A few hours away in the time sequence of these men lay the Italian

island outpost and bitter battles each knew he would have to live through—or die. Yet only the present was real, and the present was gay. Sicily was still a vague nightmare.

They remembered only yesterday, and the three months preceding, when they had nothing to eat but canned rations—no red, fresh beef. They had spent those months at Oudjda, north of the African desert and a thousand miles west of Kairouan, where the section of Sicily they were to attack—its roads and pillboxes—had been reproduced in life size and where the combat team rehearsed on this stage the battles of tomorrow when a nightmare was to become a reality.

Major General Matthew B. Ridgway, commanding the 82d, also remembered three months of canned rations and was conscious that the Lord only knew how many more months of them were to come. He ordered \$1,000 worth of beef and wine bought from regimental funds—a pound of beef and a bottle of wine for every man.

It might have occurred to some of these soldiers that men condemned to die customarily are proffered fine food and drink on the eve of their execution. Yet, in

the next few days, the men now feasting, who would drop from the night clouds over Sicily, were to prove that paratroopers don't have to die.

In this country and abroad, the paratrooper is a precocious fatalist who assumes that dying is entirely a matter of fate's whim. No amount of argument will convince the 19-, 20- and 21-year-old wonders otherwise, for a sudden gust of wind, a stump or boulder, unseen at night, can break a paratrooper's leg or take his life. The paratrooper knows he is brave. He proves it every time he jumps.

The air soldier flaunts his contempt for death in the swagger of his walk, his cocksure speech, the ferocity with which he trains and fights, and in his songs: "Gory, gory, what a hell of a mess he made. He ain't gonna jump no more" (sung to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic), or "Airborne, we fly the sky, paratroopers do or die—mostly die."

During the first few days of the invasion, virtually all combat elements of the 82d Division were put into Sicily by air. What the next big push will bring is any layman's guess. But it is easy to imagine, not one, but two, three and, perhaps, four, divisions flanking Axis front defense lines

Kuriate Island, the ships would be flying in a sequence that would enable paratroopers to land in proper military order. An airborne division goes into battle just as a division on land moves into enemy territory—infantry first, artillery and other supporting units in the rear.

"The combat team flew into Sicily, just like a division moving down a road," General Swing explained. "The planes made their rendezvous at Kuriate Island without mishap, formed their air columns and moved across the Mediterranean, first eastward to Malta, then in northerly direction until a landfall was made on Sicily, then northeast along the southwest Sicilian coast, out of range of shore defenses, until the air fleet reached a point opposite Gela, where the convoy made a right turn directly into the island. The route was approximately 300 miles long, or about 150 miles longer than a direct course."

It was necessary to select such a route to keep our planes out of the way of our own fighters then over Sicily, while at the same time making certain that the paratroopers were landed the number of hours ahead of the main forces required for softening up enemy defenses.

Throughout the entire crossing, the planes flew in tight formation, 200 feet above the water, to insure maximum security against enemy fighters.

But the minute the transports crossed the Sicilian beach in the vicinity of Gela, where the troops were to jump, enemy fighter and searchlight opposition was encountered. Very few American planes were hit, however, but from those that were struck by hostile fire, the majority of our troopers bailed out without injury.

In one of the crippled transports rode a platoon in charge of a lieutenant of the 370th Field Artillery. The plane had climbed to about 500 feet, the altitude from which the jumps were made, allowing about fifteen seconds to elapse between the start of the jump and the time the trooper came to earth. An anti-aircraft shell hit the plane as the men were in jump position. The lieutenant was crouched in the open door, his men in a tight, grim little row behind him, their "static" lines hooked to the cable so that each chute would be yanked open as they tumbled groundward.

The lieutenant calmly unhooked his static line, moved his men out ahead of him. They lived to fight on the ground. He died in the crash.

Surrounding the Enemy

With two exceptions, the majority of airborne units were dropped at their appointed places in the cactus and vine-covered mountain country north and east behind Gela, where, after thirty hours of savage fighting, they captured and held positions commanding the Gela-Vittoria road (the only good coastal highway on the island), also roadways converging on Gela from the interior, over which, because of the roughness of the terrain, the enemy was required to bring up his reserves.

Whether dispersed or not, none of the units was "lost" in the sense that it didn't know where it was, or that its landing was of no value to the main attack. All components were dropped behind the enemy's coastal defenses. All therefore posed a threat to the foe's rear while the First, Third and Forty-fifth American Divisions launched assaults from the sea, the First coming ashore in front of the coastal hills near Gela, the Third landing on the First's west flank while the Forty-fifth fought its way on the east flank to Scoglitti.

Sicily's beaches are narrow and are dominated by high hills from which it would have been possible for a defender to blister the landings with light and heavy artillery, and even machine guns. One of

The setting sun was fat and golden in the west when our paratroopers boarded their big plane in Tunisia for the vertical envelopment of Sicily

the missions of the airborne troops was to keep the foe from making full use of his advantageous defense positions by constantly menacing his rear. The enemy's resistance was light, partially because strong airborne forces were behind him.

The other mission of the paratroopers was to prevent the 15th German Panzer Division from coming forward from reserve positions in the interior to help drive the seaborne American divisions into the sea.

While German armored troops in some instances were able to send spearheads to the sea, they were not in sufficient force to hurt the mass landings. The failure of German armor in the early phases of the invasion was due to a large extent to the tremendous fighting power displayed by American air soldiers who had never been in battle before.

Fight to the Finish

A half-battalion of infantry floated down some distance from its objective—but still behind the coast defenses—landing in the hills north of Niscemi. Before officers of these companies could consider what it was best for them to do, the enemy provided the answer by surrounding their positions in superior strength.

In this predicament, there was only one course of action. That was to dig in on the heights and fight. They fought like madmen. Some died. Many survived. None was taken prisoner. And while they were unable to lend direct support to principal airborne components nearer Gela, their performance was tactically valuable. The enemy had to send troops up the Niscemi road to get at them, and such was the resistance of the Americans that considerable bodies of Axis soldiers had to be diverted for the attack.

The second "lost" detachment consisted of two infantry companies that landed near Marina di Ragusa. They, too, found themselves in the midst of an enemy whose great numerical strength they prudently avoided meeting in a frontal attack. They chose, instead, to hack away at small hostile units. At this, they were eminently successful. Lacking a long-range transmitter of their own, they captured a German radio. Transmitting on the Nazi wave length, their first message requested orders for the disposition of 400 Italian prisoners.

Officers and men of the 82d Division were familiar with the military landscape in the vicinity of Gela. This section of Sicily had virtually been re-created near Oudjda, the North African invasion rehearsal area nearly 1,500 miles from the island. By aerial photographs and other means, the precise nature of the topography of the land and of the military installations was reproduced, in miniature, on sand tables, and also in full size on the North African landscape. Sand tables showed what the Gela section looked like from the air. To make the soldier on the ground as familiar with his battlefield as he was with his own home town, Army bulldozers sliced up the countryside around Oudjda into roads, hills and pill-boxes as nearly as possible as they were to be found in Sicily.

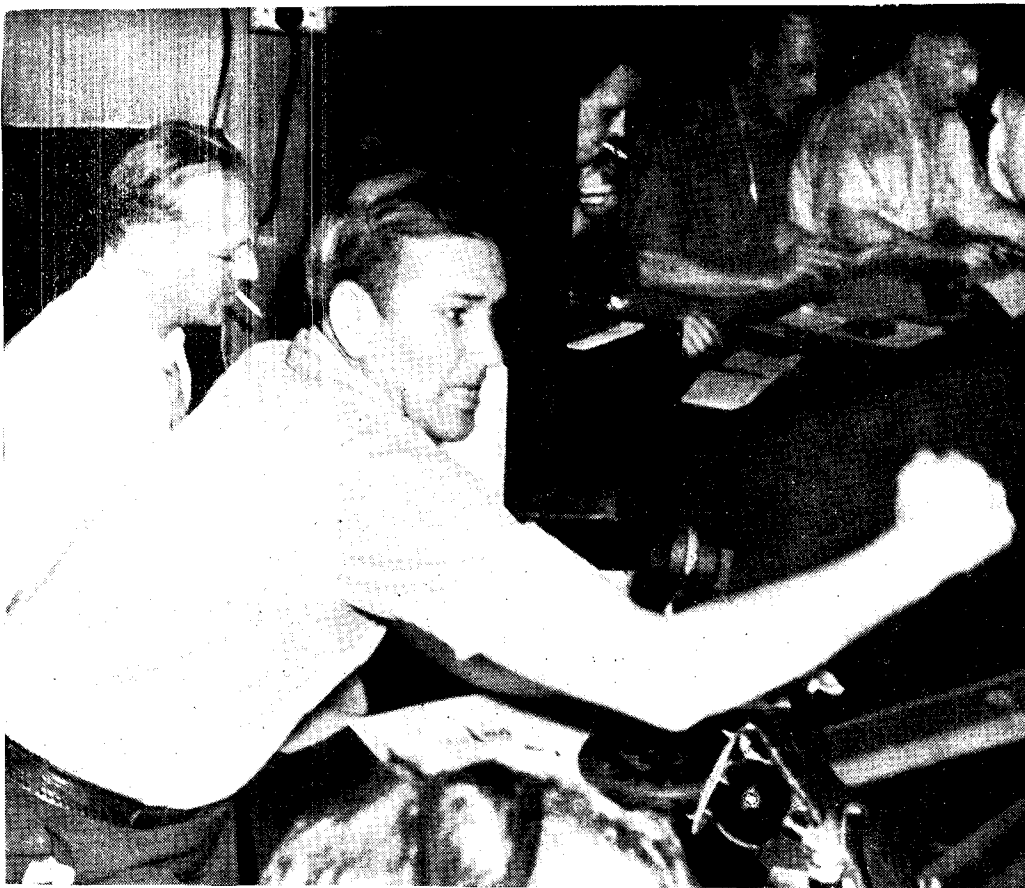
Here, for three months, paratroopers
(Continued on page 54)

The corporal found one of his men without a first-aid kit. It's being strapped to his arm. Contains bandage, gauze, sulfa tablets, antiseptic, tourniquet. The "buck" carries more items than a department store



"Sicily below!" Gloved, loaded with equipment, the paratrooper leaps into the black velvet sky. His heavier accessories—field guns, ammunition, food—will follow him





THE DEAN MURDER CASE

By Bill McGoogan and Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EUGENE TAYLOR

If it ain't properly no murder, the professors think it is, even though Dizzy don't

PROMINENT educators will tell you that Jerome Herman Dean has corrupted the youth of four Middle Western states to a point where the cause of pure English has been set back at least a century. They will call it murder. Mr. Dean is the celebrated "Dizzy" Dean of baseball fame, now a sports radio broadcaster in St. Louis.

"He slud into third and was throwed out," cries Dizzy gleefully into the microphone, and English teachers wearily start all over again with their little charges.

Dizzy covers the games of the St. Louis Cardinals and Browns and has brought to radio a casualness that elates millions of listeners. He is frank, he is to the point, he is utterly without inhibitions.

"Excuse me, folks," he said one night. "I jest had a nice, long, cool drink of beer and I liketa belched right into this dern' thing."

Whereupon, Johnny O'Hara, his associate on the broadcasts, reached over and tapped Diz on the arm. "Careful, Diz. That didn't sound very gentlemanly."

"Why not?" Diz came back. "I belched, but I apologized, didn't I? What else can you do when you belch but apologize?"

"Waw! Waw!" howled the audience down through the Ozarks and into the reaches of the Upper Kaw.

The possibility that Mr. Dean may create a new language is not to be lightly dismissed. When he says, "That was a foul ball, folks, and the runners has returned to their respectable bases," he is putting words into the mouths of the younger generation that no amount of rattan-switching may get out. The further information that the "pitcher is standing very confidential out there on the mound" will only add to the danger.

Most important in Dizzy's influence is the fact that he has one of the best radio voices in existence. It is rounded and mellow and forthright. He is said to get \$10,000 a season for his radio work and he picks up another \$600 or \$700 every Sunday, playing ball. There are no Sunday broadcasts, and the arrangement keeps Diz a contented boy.

"That boy looks mighty hitterish to me up there at the plate," says Diz happily, and another word goes into the dictionary.

His broadcasts are informal to the point of license. He leans out of the booth on top of the stands at Sportsman's Park and yells at the players down below.

"Look out, Cupper (Cooper), the hit-and-run's on!" he howled one day, and Al Lopez of Pittsburgh stepped out of the batter's box and looked up angrily, for indeed the hit-and-run *had* been on, and Diz had no intention of allowing his boys to be taken unawares.

Dizzy's desire to see the Cards win causes him to growl, shout, close his eyes to plays and even to yell advice during his daily broadcasts. His syntax is sinful

His trouble with proper names has become legendary. Musial always turns out to be "Moo-zell"; Brecheen is metamorphosed into "Burseen"; Dahlgren is always "Dahlgram"; and the Cooper boys turn into "Cupper." The one that nearly drove him mad, however, was Krakkaus, who was with the Browns last year before going into the Canadian army. Diz tried it doggedly a dozen different ways and finally compromised on "Kraky."

"I hope that boy likes the army so good, he won't come out till he's a gen-rul," said Diz in relief, when Kraky went marching off to the wars.

His pet peeve is broadcasting games from a ticker, which is done sometimes when the St. Louis teams are on the road and there is no game at home. On one occasion when he was covering a Labor Day double-header from Pittsburgh, he blew up.

"Folks, we ain't gettin' this stuff the way we're handin' it out to you," he said. "They send a few words from the ball park, and we imagine the rest. It's a lotta bunk." The last came in a moan to his listeners, who were elated to hear over the air what they had always secretly believed.

Loyal to His Pals

His honest desire to see the Cardinals win has caused him great concern. He sits in the booth during trying moments and breaks pencils into bits as the battle swings back and forth. He doesn't like to broadcast innings in which the Redbirds have trouble, and he has been known to sit with his eyes covered, not wanting to witness the carnage.

"He swang and missed," he will say hopefully, when the enemy is at bat with the bases full, and then, "Oo-o-o-h!" in a tortured voice, showing that disaster has overtaken his favorites.

"He was out by a heifer step," he will say, to show that the margin was close, and another word will be canonized. His earthy phrases arise from his background as a farm boy and as a present owner of a stock-breeding ranch near Dallas.

He refers to Ted Williams, the great Boston hitter, as "Loose Goose" Williams, and when he returned lately from a visit to his farm, a second possession, he made mention of the excellent time he had enjoyed at his Arkansas penthouse.

"You want to know what that is?" he asked, confident that his followers indeed were interested. "That's a hogpen with Venetian blinds."

When a game is dull, he fills in the pauses with snatches of hillbilly songs, a feature that has brought insistent calls for a full concert of such dillies. But as a rule, he sticks to his last, alternating innings with Johnny O'Hara and employing the leisure between stints in exchanging repartee with his associates and in yoo-hooing to players and friends below.

He is completely opposed to reading the commercial part of the broadcast and now has a second helper for that chore. A third helper furnishes whispers audible to the radio audience anent interesting statistics, and Diz dutifully repeats them. But it is known to all who have encountered the great man that he is dumb like

(Continued on page 76)





"But Elmer protested Elsie, 'you can't blame Congress for the shortages'"

"Who said anything about shortages?" snorted Elmer, the bull. "I'm here to demand an investigation. I just heard that all supplies of dairy products for civilian use are to be curtailed!"

"My goodness," giggled Elsie, the Borden Cow, "you misunderstood. The man said *curtailed*, not *curdled*. You know how some radio announcers mumble."

"Let's not bandy words," bellowed Elmer. "Whatever he said, I want an investigation."

"Don't get excited," soothed Elsie. "Let me explain. Last year all of us patriotic cows gave more milk than we ever did before. This year, we hope to give even *more*. But there are just so many cows in the country and thousands of dairy hands have gone to war and into war plants. So it's hard to increase milk production and we have a shortage."

"Verrrry logical," sneered Elmer. "We're short of milk because we have more milk than ever before. That makes about as much sense as one of Hitler's speeches!"



"You didn't let me finish," smiled Elsie. "The point is that we need more milk than we have. You see, much of the milk we produce now goes to our armed forces

and our allies. Men in the service drink more milk than they did as civilians, you know. But in spite of that, there should be enough pure, wholesome Borden's Milk for children, and probably a fair supply for adults."

"I don't know what you call a fair supply," muttered Elmer, "but I'm not a fellow to grumble about hardships. If milk runs short, I'll just eat ice cream."

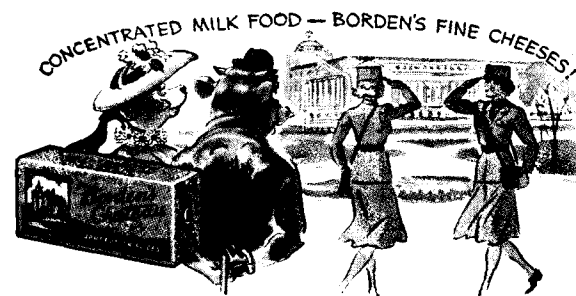


"Oh, but Borden's Ice Cream will be much scarcer than milk," explained Elsie. "We can't get as much cream, because it's needed to make butter for our soldiers. And the milk must be used to make other concentrated dairy foods."

"That's a new one on me," puzzled Elmer. "I thought I'd heard you brag about everything under the sun made from milk. But you never mentioned concentrated dairy foods before."

"Silly," snickered Elsie. "a concentrated dairy food is a food like Borden's Fine Cheese. And, by the way, there's less cheese for civilians, too. Great quantities of it are needed for our Armed Services—because cheese is such a grand, easy way to feed milk nourishment to fighting men."

"Gee whiz," grumbled Elmer, "a cheese shortage, too. Thank goodness they don't need milk in the bread-



baking business!"

"But they do," sighed Elsie. "Bakers use lots of Borden's Powdered Milk in breadmaking. It's the milk that helps make bread so nutritious. So everyone is working to overcome a shortage in powdered milk, too."



"See here," spluttered Elmer, "the war can't have anything to do with *that*. Guns use an entirely different kind of powder."

"Of course they do," chuckled Elsie, "but powdered milk saves shipping space. So it's needed for the men overseas. The same thing is true of Borden's Evaporated Milk—it's valuable food in concentrated form that helps ease the strain on shipping. That's why there's



been less evaporated milk for folks here at home."

"I never thought of it that way," admitted Elmer. "But after hearing you talk, I suppose Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is hard to get because every cook in the army is using it to make desserts."

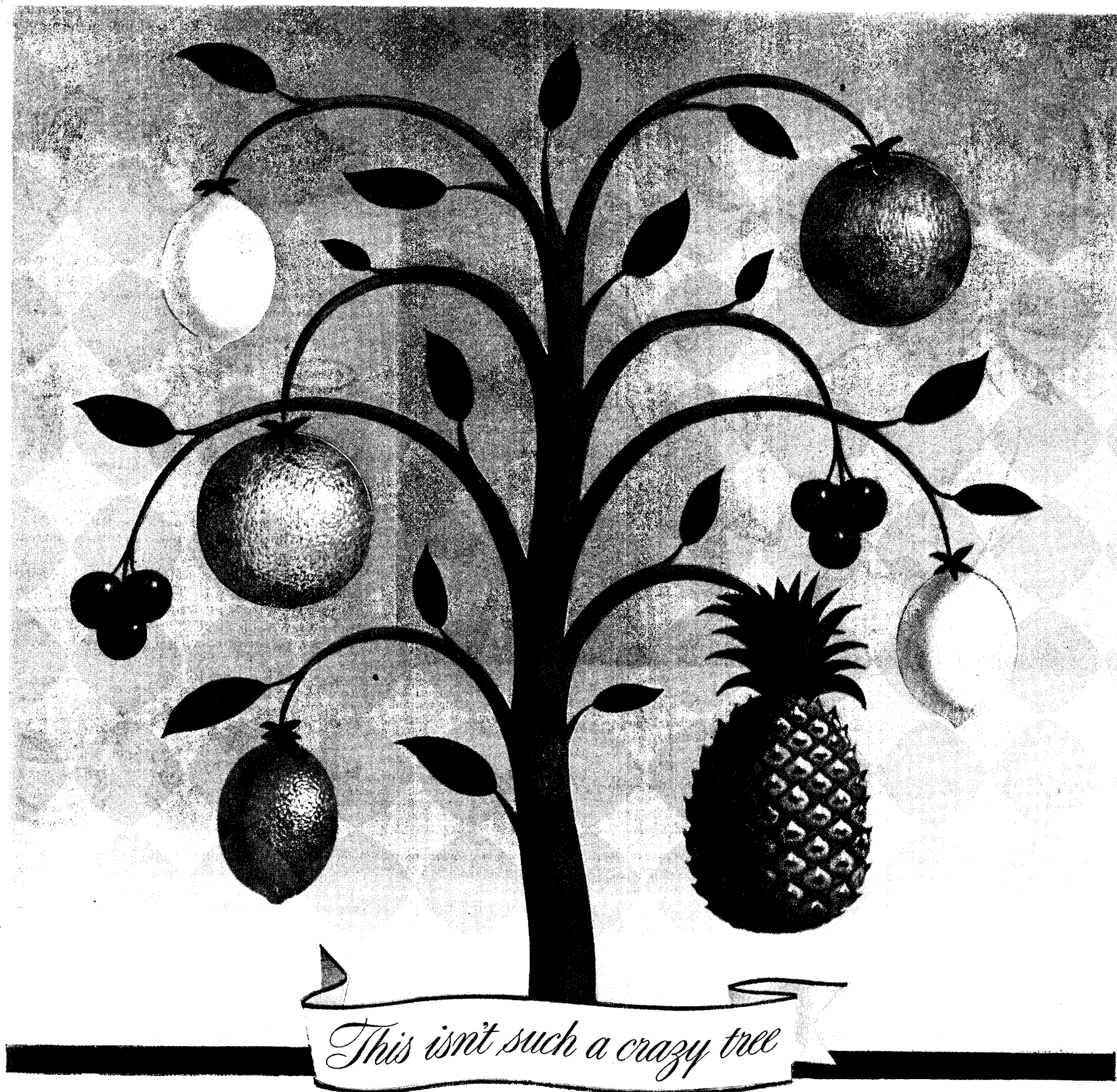
"Heavens, no," laughed Elsie. "With Eagle Brand we have a milk shortage, a sugar shortage, and a tin-can shortage to worry about. So the government has just had to limit production."

"Hmm," mused Elmer, "looks to me like it's a case of eat less of some foods now or eat crow later. And if doing without will help win this war a little sooner, I'm all for it."

"And that," beamed Elsie, looking at Elmer with new respect, "is certainly no bull."



©The Borden Co.



Maybe this tree, bearing, (1) Limes, (2) Lemons, (3) Cherries, (4) Oranges, and (5) Pineapples, seems a little crazy at first.

But it would be mighty sane . . .  and convenient, too, if you could  have one like it in your back yard.

And though even Luther Burbank couldn't have made you a  handy tree like this . . .

Life Savers  bring you these flavors—and *very* delicious too—in an even handier form called  Five Flavor. TRY SOME!



Still only 5¢

If you can't always get the Life Savers flavor you want . . . it's because our soldiers and sailors and marines are getting all the Life Savers *they* want.

"HURRY-UP CHARLIE"

BY KATHRYN FORBES

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Old Charlie had a heart as big as a ship's boiler and a nose for other people's troubles. When he nosed into troubles of his own, he found friends in surprising places

THE first night old Charlie came to work in the marine paint department, I remember thinking to myself: It isn't bad enough to be bossing the graveyard shift; now the front office is sending me dead ones.

Maybe I didn't look too pleased.

Charlie tried to straighten the stoop in his back, tried to put a little sparkle in his faded eyes.

"I can paint good, mister," he said. "Used to paint my own house, come every spring."

Scotty, my quartermaster, winked at me.

I looked at the neat little business card Charlie handed me.

"Charles Brandon & Sons," it read. "Fine Shoes for Discriminating People. Salinas, California."

"My own business," he explained proudly. "Had it for over twenty years."

"That's fine," I said, "fine. But look, Dad, you shouldn't be trying to work in a shipyard. Now, why don't you go back to your nice little store and—"

"Want to work here," old Charlie said stubbornly. "I want to work on ships."

I tried again. "Painting ships is no easy job, especially here on graveyard. We're the last craft to work; we're under the toughest kind of pressure. We're out on those ways in all kinds of weather. We're—"

"I want to work on ships." Charlie handed me his timecard.

I sent him over to the shop man to get a locker.

"Put him in the plate shop," I told Scotty. "Start him priming shell plates."

It was the easiest job I could think of.

AT LUNCHTIME—four o'clock in the morning to us—I met Scotty coming out of number two hold.

"How's the new man working out?" I asked.

"Charlie?" Scotty grinned. "He's the hurryingest old monn I ever see. Wouldna' say how much worrk he's getting done, but he's certainly busy doing it. He does nae walk, he *runs*. Groomer's got him nicknamed already. Calls him 'Hurry-Up Charlie.'"

I had to laugh. Groomer was great on nicknames. He was my best leaderman; a crabby chip-on-his-shoulder sort, but his men swore by him and he could get more work out of them than any boss in the yard. His disposition had never been sweet; it was downright sour since he'd tried to enlist and been turned down.

As we sat around eating our lunches that night, Groomer started sounding off, as usual. He always begins: "The trouble with this country"—(or the Navy or the Army or the Administration)—"is—" And he goes right down the line, proving his point. A lot of it's hooey, sure. But

sometimes he sounds so logical, it makes you shiver.

This night he took to grumbling about the British. Somebody'd told him that our boys in Ireland weren't getting a square deal and he was sore about it.

I tried to head Groomer off. I knew I'd have a bad time with Turkey-Neck Jensen for the rest of the shift. His oldest boy is in Ireland and talk like that is just enough to get Turkey-Neck started on one of those drinking sprees of his. We'd be lucky if he got back to work in a week. I crossed my fingers.

Groomer complained on, giving incident after incident. The men moved uneasily.

"Now that's a funny thing," old Hurry-Up Charlie piped. "Where in Ireland did you say these boys are quartered?"

Groomer gave him a look and named the place.

Charlie whipped a letter out of his pocket and started reading it aloud. "From

my wife's nephew," he explained. "He's in this very place Mr. Groomer mentions."

It was the kind of a letter a kid would write. Full of corny jokes about Irish stew; but mostly about the good times he and his buddies were having, how fine the people were treating them.

It made you feel good, listening to it. I heard Turkey-Neck give a big, relieved sigh. I uncrossed my fingers.

Groomer looked sour. "Maybe I nicknamed you wrong," he said to Charlie. "Maybe you ought to be called 'Know-It-All Charlie.'"

Old Charlie smiled innocently. "Do you always nickname people in the shipyards? If so, I've thought of one for you, Mr. Groomer."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, sir. I think you should be called 'Rumor Groomer.'"

The men got a kick out of that. For months they'd been trying to think of

a nickname for Groomer, and here was a honey. They were still joshing him when the back-to-work whistle sounded.

Scotty stayed to get work orders for the spraymen.

"Pretty quick on the trigger, our Hurry-Up Charlie," I said.

"Aye," Scotty said. "But it may be he was nae so smart to tangle with Groomer."

Then Scotty gave me a funny look and said: "Would ye like to know something, Joe?"

"What?"

"That letter the old mon was reading—the one from the lad in Ireland. I looked over his shoulder. Joe, it was naught but a shoe advertisement."

WELL, anyhow, we didn't hear any more sniping from Groomer. Every time he'd start sounding off, one or another of the men would yell, "Rumor Groomer!" and he'd shut up.

(Continued on page 51)



We got a big kick out of watching old Charlie's face when each new ship went down the ways. "There she goes!" he would yell out. "We've sent another ship!"

NOT TO FORGET

BY EDWARD AND ROSE PRICE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



Is a man unfaithful to a first love when he finds room in his heart for a second? The time came when Johnny Marin had to decide that perplexing question for himself

HE DIDN'T stop at Grewe's store once in six months, preferring, for the one reason he would not admit to himself, to make the longer trip to Newmarket for his needs. Now, saving gas and rubber, he drew up to and stopped there, on the way to Hill's farm, hoping John, not Mrs. Grewe, would be there. It was the women of the town who kept him lonely.

Mrs. Grewe was there, and Mrs. Lockett, and another he supposed he should know.

"Well, Johnny Marin!" she exclaimed. "I see you pass by every week, and I say to my husband, 'Now, why doesn't Johnny Marin stop here the way he used to when Polly was alive?' Why, I can see you now, the two of you, coming in, laughing and talking, to get some ice cream to bring up to her father's."

"We-ell—" Johnny began, awkwardly. "It seems like only yesterday," Mrs. Grewe went on. "And if I've said it once, I've said it a thousand times to everyone, 'There's the man who married the loveliest girl in the county.' My! Your Polly was pretty, John Marin."

There it was again, that undertone of accusation, and Johnny said, "Yes, she—"

Mrs. Lockett put in, "Let's see. The baby would be around four, now?"

"This March past," Johnny said. The woman he supposed he should know said, "Four years. You've certainly been faithful to her memory, Mr. Marin." The way she said it, Johnny figured it a grudging and doubting concession.

"Look, Mrs. Grewe," he said, harshly, "could I get a pound can of that Stockman tobacco? I'm in kind of a hurry."

He paid and went out. As he started the car, he heard, "Well! Like the old saying, 'Man gets and forgets; woman gives and—'"

The burn of his ears had cooled by the time he reached Hill's, and he sat in the old familiar kitchen, on the late Saturday afternoon, and watched Kathie wrap the big brown loaves he was to take home.

Kathie came outside with the box that held the bread and gave it to him. "Here you are, Johnny. Good night," she said and placed her hands on his chest

She had Polly's quick, graceful way of walking, of bending to the table, and when she turned to face him she was the only person in Leetown who didn't remind him of Polly.

She was dark, and deeply quiet; Polly had been gold and laughter. And she had never seen or known Polly; Mr. Hill's sister had taken her from the drabness of a city tenement, a few years back, to be company for her, and to help around the house.

Kathie was pretty enough, Johnny acknowledged, even her snub nose, but she was not what Polly's loveliness had been, the wonder and admiration of five towns. And part of that wonder, to him as to everyone, was that Polly had loved and married and—well, yes, people said—died for him.

There were the memories of their little year together that must always be with him, he thought. The murmurs in the night, in the cool gloom of their bedroom, her voice at the piano, singing the songs his mother had sung there, and Polly moving about the kitchen at home as Kathie moved about this one.

He cleared his throat, softly. "Old Brooks turned up this morning," he said, irrelevantly. He chuckled, filling his pipe. "Spring is here, then, when he comes back. When the sap starts running, no county farm can hold him long. Lazy old dog, I don't see why I—"

"Pa Hill says your mother liked him around the house."

He said, thoughtfully, "That's right. Polly thought a deal of him, too."

KATHIE had wrapped his week's bread, packed it in a carton. "The spring is so late, this year. Johnny, when next you come, I wish you'd notice if the new shoots of skunk cabbage have sprung up at all in that far lot of yours. You know how Pa Hill wants a mess of the greens the minute they're out. Bitter stuff, ugh! Good for his nerves, he says, though."

"I ought to plow that piece," he was reminded and then he grinned. "But I'll let it lay for Polly's pa." Behind the grin, she saw the hurt and lonesomeness that stayed fresh and raw.

Kathie said, "Old Brooks will be company for you, Johnny, and you'll get a change from your own cooking. You ought to get a woman in, Johnny."

Then, beneath the glow from the stove's heat, a sudden flush deepened on her face as he looked at her.

She went on, hurriedly, "Mrs. MacGonagle, for instance. She kept house for old Horace, until he died, and took good care of him. She might—"

"I need no woman's care," Johnny said. "Arch and young Whitehouse both live at home; Brooks sleeps over the woodshed; I only keep two rooms open."

He went to the car, but turned and waved back to her before he reached it. Passing the store, he waved to John Grewe, standing before it with two or three others. He could guess what John would be saying.

"There's Johnny Marin, farms on the back river road. Married the nicest girl you ever laid eyes on. She died—"

Old Albert Brooks was on the stone stoop, honing a scythe, as Johnny drove in. "That's not scraping the henyard," Marin pointed out.

"You're right, Johnny boy, you're right," Brooks said, cheerily. "But my back ached, boy, and I always break in gradual. As long's a man's doin' something, I say, he's putting in his time."

(Continued on page 68)



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The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 14

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let it softly out. "You know who did it," he said, and again waited with his hope. "I know," she admitted. "But I'll not tell you."

He spoke in a mild tone, as though it was something which interested him but did not stir him: "I'll find out."

"I suppose you will. Now you've got something to do, haven't you? You've got another chore. I'm sorry for you."

He bent his head, puzzled. "Why?"

"The end of the first chore left you empty. How do you think this one will leave you, if you live through it?"

"Strange talk," he murmured. "Very strange. What would you have a man do?"

She shook her head and the softness and the sadness went out of her face; she had been a woman anxious to please him and she had been a woman whose spirit was warmth and color, whose voice carried out to him the resonance of her wanting, her depths, her dreams, her hungers. She had been soft and giving; she had watched him to find his mood so that she might fit herself to it. Now she stood straight before him and had her say: "Nothing but what you must do, Frank. No man can go back on himself. You'll hunt and you'll fight and you won't rest until you've balanced the ledger for Niles." She paused. When she spoke again her voice was sharper: "I'm not arguing against you, am I?"

He shook his head and turned off, walking around the corner of her house to the street. After he had gone she went into the kitchen and stopped there. She thought, No use arguing now. But if he kills another man out of revenge he'll be an outlaw the rest of his days. If there were a way—

SUNLIGHT reached the town. A storekeeper swept the litter of his shop onto the sidewalk, a woman threw open her second-story window and tossed a pail of water onto the street, and the gray old man, Gabe, sat against the base of The Trail, half keeled over but not quite fallen. He had his hat over his eyes. He removed the hat to catch a look at Goodnight.

Goodnight said, "When did you leave the street to get that cup of coffee, Gabe?"

"It was Syd. Around three o'clock. And he didn't leave for more than five minutes. He heard the shot. He came around the hotel corner and saw the fellow fading up beyond the corral. He took a shot and missed. Fellow was on a horse by then, going up the hill road."

"On a sorrel gelding?"

"Who could see a color on a black three-o'clock mornin'?"

"Stockin'-legged front feet?"

Gabe gave him a blue, disillusioned stare. "You're askin' too many questions," he said and added something else in a lower voice that Goodnight didn't hear.

"What was that?" said Goodnight.

"I said," growled the old man testily, "you oughta get out of the country."

Goodnight drifted away and turned to the stable. He came to his horse and slid into the stall. He stood there, not sure of his next move, one hand on the big horse's back.

The horse stirred and looked at Goodnight. He ran his palm along its shoulders. He remembered Niles saying, "Better get some sleep. We can play rummy tomorrow." Niles was the last tie he had. These two—his sister and Niles had come out of the past with him, out of his boyhood; they had been together, the three of them particularly close. He remembered how much he had wished that his sister would marry Niles, as Niles had wished. It seemed it would work that way, until McSween came along. He remembered—and

this was again a knife slice through him—that when he returned from Nevada with the news of her death he had found Niles playing solitary pool in Cochran's saloon. Niles said nothing, turned, racked his cue and walked out of the saloon. A little later Goodnight had found him behind the city corral, crying.

That was over. These two fine parts of his life were cut out of him.

I GOT up and ran forward. He was just goin' past.

"Where was his horse?"

"Down there in front of McDarmid's house. Syd shot once, but then this fellow was aboard and runnin' for timber."

"You saw him?"

Goodnight had heard this talk break against him, had heard single words of it as he struggled with his own thoughts. Now, suddenly, he caught that last question and grew attentive. There was a delay and afterward a sly, slow answer: "Maybe I did. He was a tall man."

"With a big nose?"

"The nose," said the other, "might have been a big one."

That was all. One of the men came forward through the stable's gloom and saw Goodnight. He stopped and a queer expression jumped over his face. He watched Goodnight get his gear and slap it on. "You just come in here?" he asked.

"Just came in."

"Hear anything?"

"A big wind," said Goodnight. "A big wind comin' over the mountains." He rode out and paused to give his horse a drink and afterward urged the horse around the corner of the Texican and stopped in front of Rosalia Lind's house. He was about to get down when she appeared at the front door. He straightened back in the saddle, removing his hat and holding it. "This may sound queer to you—but I don't want to stay here. Will you take care of Niles?"

"Yes," she said.

He rode to the porch and he reached into his pocket and handed down a letter to her. "Put that in his pocket. I found

it in my sister's coat in the hotel room in Nevada. She wrote it to Niles but she hadn't mailed it. So I took it."

"You never gave it to him?"

"Some day I meant to, but that day never came."

"But why not, Frank?"

"He was in love with her. Whatever she said—whether she had no regrets or whether she wished it had been different—it would have still cut him up. He was cut up enough. I figured to wait until he got used to the idea of Mary being gone."

"You haven't opened it?"

"It was from Mary to Niles," he said. "Maybe it's best the way it came out." He shrugged his shoulders, slowly adding, "From Mary dead, to Niles dead." He drew up his reins, turning the horse, and rode away.

He moved up the trail, along the gulch, into the forest-shadowed road, the strong smell of pine coming down about him at once. Night's coolness still held and night's shadows lingered in the long vistas. He felt better with the timber around him and the town behind; but at the same time caution came back to him and therefore he heard the waking echoes of riders upgrade long before he saw them. He went steadily on and started around a curve of the road and met them there, Virginia Overman and Bob Carruth.

THEY ran down upon him and came to a sharp stop. Bob Carruth said with some evidence of irritation: "Don't you know better than to ride down this road like a dreamy parson?"

It was a strange concern, coming from so hard a customer as Carruth. But it was stranger still when Virginia murmured in one long outflow of breath, "You're alive!" She crowded her horse near him and put out her hand, touching his arm.

"Am I supposed to be dead?" he asked.

Carruth eyed him closely. "Then who was killed last night in town?"

"How would that news get to Sun so fast?"

Carruth shrugged the question aside as being wholly immaterial. "Who was it?"



"You poor boy—I suppose you're starved for the sight of a woman"

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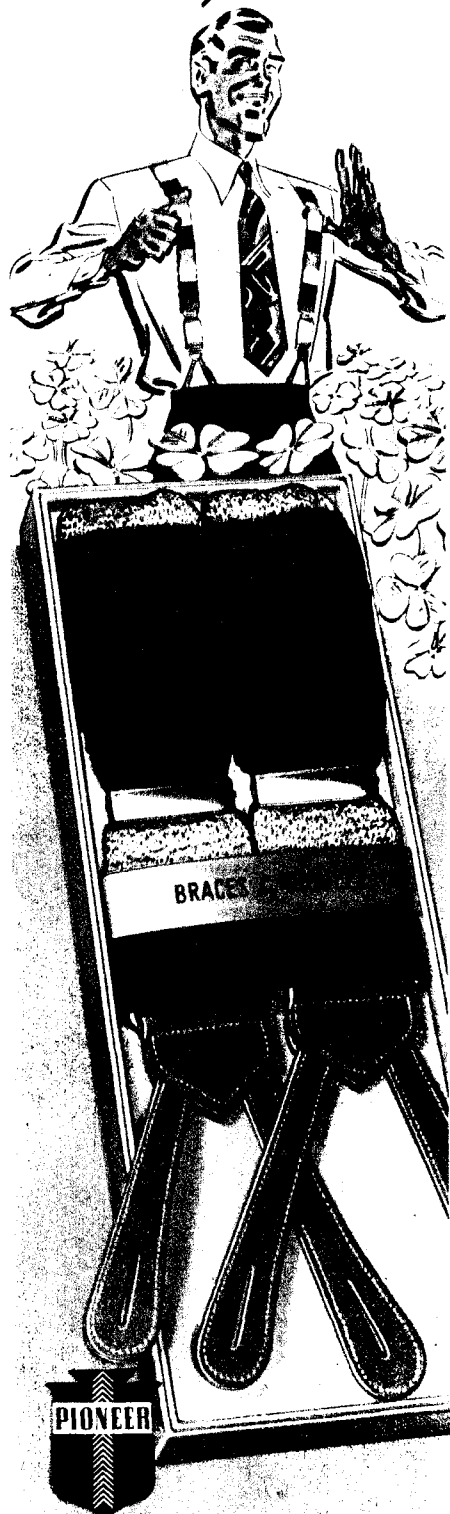
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"A friend of mine."
"Must of been a twin for likeness," commented Carruth, "or they'd never made that mistake."

"Who are you talking about?"
Carruth closed his strong fleshy lips and said nothing more. Virginia Overman meanwhile dropped her arm. He watched her smile and her self-possession return; and afterward, as a contradiction, he saw her reserve rise against him. "You're a troublemaker. Can't you ever stop hunting it? Coming back to the ranch?"

"Yes."
"I'm going into town," she said. "Wait for me."

"I'll go with you," said Carruth.
"No, stay with Frank."
Carruth sighed. "Well, all right. But buy me a pint."

She swung and broke the horse into a canter, sitting in easy balance and swaying slightly, and so passed around the bend. Carruth dismounted and pulled his horse into the timber, Goodnight following. They rested back on the ground, a small lane between the trees giving them a view of the road.

"How'd the news of the shooting get to Sun?" asked Goodnight. "It happened at three o'clock. It's eight now. Five hours. Somebody had to carry it through in a hurry."

Carruth had been lying back full length. He sat up now and brought his hands sharply together, the sound of that impact going on and on through the timber. He grinned. He said, "News travels that way," and dropped back again.

VIRGINIA put up her horse before the hotel and went inside. She said to Barge Baxter, who ran the place, "Get me a pint for Bob Carruth, Barge," and waited until he had left the lobby. Then she turned down the hallway, let herself into the rear yard and arrived at Rosalia Lind's porch. She knocked at the open doorway. Her breath quickened and her lips moved together, but this excitement passed and when Rosalia came from the front of the house and faced her, Virginia was composed.

"I wished," she said in an inexpressive voice, "to say something to you."

Rosalia said, "Come in," and turned back. She walked into the living room, Virginia following. She turned, facing Virginia, and for a moment she watched the other girl. There was no question of her feelings; she showed her dislike and she revealed it when she spoke:

"Glad you came. Sooner or later I would have had to come to you."

Virginia said, "Who was the man killed?"

"Niles Brand, Frank's friend."

Virginia frowned. "I didn't know about him. How did he get into it?"

"It wasn't Niles they were after."

"That's what I wanted to know," said Virginia Overman. "The bullet was meant for Frank, and hit this other man?"

"Yes," said Rosalia.

"Was Frank in the room at the time?"

"No. He slept here last night."

Virginia showed the effect of the answer by a flattening of her lips. She had been hurt, and the knowledge of that pleased Rosalia and made her smile.

"Was Boston Bill in town last night?" Virginia asked.

"Yes," said Rosalia.

"When the shot was fired?"

"Yes."

She watched Virginia's expression change again. Her mouth lost its firmness, while her lips came apart slightly, and she seemed to be struggling with fear. She lost color and her eyes grew round. She shook her head, speaking in a fainter voice: "You're to blame for it."

"I thought you might mention that," said Rosalia.

"You are," repeated Virginia. "Bill's been down here before. Visiting you. I always knew that, for when he came back he never was quite the same toward me."

"He's been down here," said Rosalia. "He's that kind of a man, thinking himself very charming. I suppose he thought a woman couldn't resist him. That's his weakness, among other weaknesses. But he never came into my house at my invitation. He walked in of his own accord, and he soon walked out. I don't think he knows how close he came on one or two occasions to being shot by my people. He has never been in Sherman City without being watched every step of the way. If I had ever encouraged him he never would have come back to you. I wouldn't worry about that, Virginia. He got no help from me. I thought him a fool. If your tastes are different, you're welcome to him."

"You're to blame," repeated Virginia. "When he knew Frank Goodnight was seeing you it made him jealous. He came to town last night and shot the wrong man."

"He can thank God he didn't shoot Frank," said Rosalia. "Do you think he would be alive now?"

"Ah," said Virginia. "That's the way of it."

"Yes," said Rosalia.

Virginia's voice grew scornful: "So he sleeps in your house. Is that the way you hold a man?"

"It would be nice to know—if I held him."

"Why else did he come?"

"He was drunk," said Rosalia. "Not knowing there were three men in town waiting for him. I brought him here." She paused, and went on: "You came here to ask me to let him alone, didn't you?"

"I did," said Virginia, "but I suppose it was a foolish hope. You'd do anything to injure me."

"Now I'll say something you won't understand. If you keep him on Sun he'll soon go bad, doing your dirty chores."

"I have got to defend myself against Harry Ide. Is that a dirty chore?"

"You've got Boston Bill and all the men you need."

Virginia shook her head. "I'm not sure about that."

"What you mean is that you are not sure of Boston Bill," pointed out Rosalia. "I can see all the way through your cold heart. You use Frank to whip Bill. Bill is cool to you and you think perhaps another man will waken him."

Virginia stared at her, revealing nothing. Virginia said, "Maybe."

"Or perhaps you wish two to choose from. That would please you a great deal. All you've had up there so far have been bad ones, not worth a second notice. Yes, I think there is perhaps something in your mind. As I said, you're stone cold, afraid to give, or too selfish."

"I think," said Virginia, "I know a better way to handle this. I'll have Bob Carruth tell Frank about you."

"He knows now," said Rosalia.

A STORM, a fury, an actual hatred came across Virginia's smooth, beautiful face. She pressed her mouth together, making it small, making it unlovely. She said, "What have you done to him?"

"I've kissed him," said Rosalia.

"I can do that," said Virginia. "Or any woman."

Rosalia showed a gleam of interest in her eyes. "Why don't you? The comparison might show him how cold you really are. It would tell him more about you in a minute—"

"Yes," said Virginia, "I think I'll have Bob Carruth speak to him."

"And what could Bob say?"

Virginia turned, walking to the door. She swung there, a suppressed triumph on her face. "I think anything he said of you would be true. But true or not, a word from a man to another man, a change of his tone, can damn any woman."

"Goodbye," said Rosalia and watched Virginia Overman go away. She stood still, weary to the bone from the meeting. She had matched the iron in Virginia Overman, she had struck as she had been struck, and now the letdown was something in her flesh and nerves. Virginia would do as she said she would do. She would send Carruth to Goodnight with some story or other and that would be enough. A woman's reputation never stood up under that kind of attack.

Then she thought, "If he believes the story it will mean that I was never anything to him but a woman who kissed him. But if he has any tender thoughts about me—"

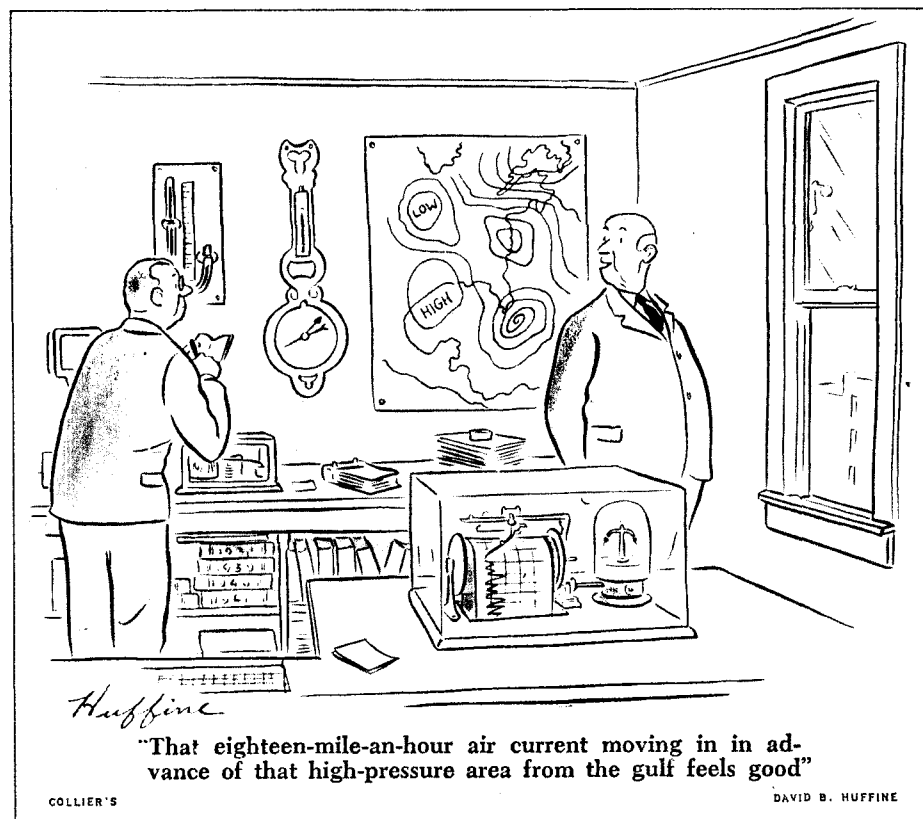
Syd came to the doorway, knocking. He said, "She don't know it but there's eight of Ide's men in town, watchin' her."

"They'll leave her alone," said Rosalia.

"But whut they in town for?" suggested Syd. "Somethin's boilin' up."

"Something's always boiling up," she said. "Go on away, Syd!"

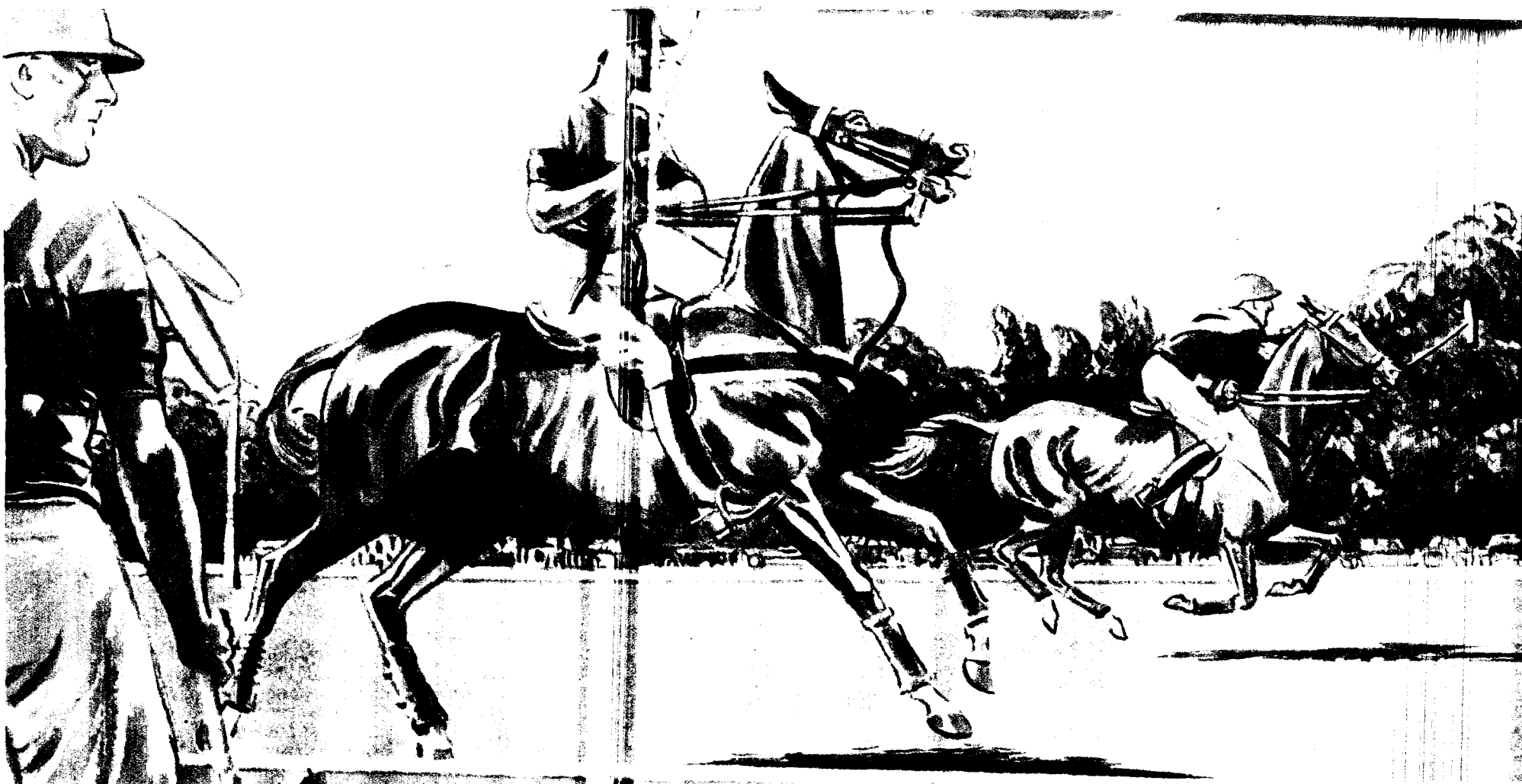
Virginia met Goodnight and Carruth



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on the road and the three went along at a climbing walk, saying almost nothing. At noon they came into Sun yard, both men stopping at the bunkhouse. Virginia continued to the porch of the main house, but before she went inside she turned and looked back. Goodnight had a fair picture of her at the moment, sunlight strong against her, lightening her hair. She glanced directly at him, asking for his attention and holding it; her lips were long and full and shaped in a half-smile for him. She knew how she looked to him, for she saw the reaction on his face and she thought, "I can make him forget."

Bob Carruth started to turn away, but he turned back and stared at her, impressed by what he saw. He cast a quick side glance at Goodnight, and then looked keenly again at Virginia. He was a smart, practical man and all this he had seen before; and knew now what it was for. He cut behind Goodnight, bent for the mess-room, realizing that had he gone in front of Goodnight, spoiling the effect she was creating for Goodnight, he later would have caught it from her. She was a woman who wanted her own way. He grinned to himself.

The effect of it rolled powerfully through Goodnight. He didn't know why and he didn't ask himself why. Simply she stood in the sunlight, rounded and tall, a woman untouched and warming before his glance and opening to him—graceful and lovely and attractive to him. It was all there in that single sunlit picture.

He heard her voice call to Carruth: "Step in a moment, Bob."

Carruth dragged his spurs over the yard, raking up little snakeheads of dust. He followed Virginia into the big room of the house; he took off his hat and watched her with his wary eyes. She faced him and looked at him a thoughtful moment. "You've been here a long while, Bob. You're the only one I can really trust."

"I knowed you when you could just hang on a horse," he said. But to himself he reflected, "She wants somethin' of me." He knew all the signals. When she wanted something of a man she was always nice; she always made the man feel she was interested in him. He had seen her do it many times.

"I need a little help," she said. "You're the only one who can do what I wish."

"Do what I can," he said.

SHE watched him steadily, holding him to her with her eyes. "This Lind woman has seen him. He stayed in her house last night. You know her kind."

Carruth dropped his glance and felt embarrassment; it was unseemly to be discussing it and therefore he said nothing.

"She hates me and she's trying to pull Goodnight off Sun, knowing we're fighting for our lives. She wants to cripple us." She waited until he lifted his glance again. "I think she's on Harry Ide's side of the fence. I've suspected it for a long while. We can't afford to have Goodnight go, Bob. He's the sort we need."

"What sort?"

"He's not afraid to use a gun."

"No," admitted Carruth, "he ain't afraid of that. But you got a lot more help, if you need it. I'd guess Boston Bill would take the job any time you said so."

"You know Boston Bill," she said.

He scratched the back of his head, wondering how she meant that. She observed his uncertainty and added, "If we ask a favor of him he'll move in for good. We'll never get rid of him."

He put a point-blank question at her: "Always looked to me like you encouraged the man. Don't you want him?"

She looked at him with a poker expression. "I'd never let Bill think that I needed anything from him. He's too sure of himself as it is. That would make him worse. If he comes to me, he comes on his hands and knees."

"Well, now, about Goodnight—"

"Sometime today when you are together, just drop the hint that many men in the hills have slept in Rosalia's bed."

Tough a customer as he was, Carruth blushed. She waited for an answer. Not receiving it, she spoke more insistently: "It's true enough. Why look so odd about it?"

He said doggedly, "I don't know that it is true. Neither do you. In fact, it ain't true. She's a straight woman."

"Bob," she said, now severe, "who are you working for?"

Now he lifted his eyes, driven against the stubborn wall of his principles. "If a man spoke of any woman like that, in my presence, I'd bat his ears down to his boot tops. Any man speaking of any woman. I be durned if I do it. I will say furthermore, Virginia, I'm ashamed to hear it from you. You ought to go wash your mouth with soap."

She was silently and enormously angry with him. But she spoke as if none of it mattered: "Forget it, Bob."

He shook his head and turned out of the room. The two other Sun men—Tap and Slab—were in the mess hall with Goodnight. Bob Carruth joined them and ate his quick dinner. Nobody said a word. Tap and Slab ate, rose and departed, and Goodnight soon followed. Carruth filled his coffee cup a second time from the big pot on the table and nursed it between his hands, drinking like a Chinaman. He was greatly disturbed; he had been left with a bad feeling. Virginia was a headstrong girl, a dominating type of young woman, always cold-blooded about getting her way. That was nothing new to him; he had always known it. But this was a different thing. It wasn't clean.

He sighed and rose from the table and walked into the yard. Tap and Slab sat on the shady side of the bunkhouse. Goodnight had gone on to the corral. He crossed the yard toward Goodnight, shaping up a smoke as he traveled. He stopped at the corral, stretching his lips back from his teeth as he inhaled the cigarette smoke.

"Frank," he said, "I'm never a hand to like another man very much. Not my style. But I like you as well as any. Here's my advice, which I wouldn't bother to give anybody else. Get off the ranch. You ain't got a high card in your hand."

"Always had luck in the draw. Anyhow, it's too late to leave."

"Why?" asked Carruth. But in a moment he heard the first advance echoes of a party coming down the hill. He said, "You got good ears," and swung about, waiting. It was Boston Bill's outfit, he guessed, and a big one from the sound it

made. A man's "Hyee," came on ahead, quite loud in the heat-stretched air and a moment later the party broke out of timber into the yard, Boston Bill at the head.

He was always a smart one. His glance swept the yard, saw Tap and Slab, saw Carruth, and came to a full-centered aim on Goodnight. For a moment it appeared he would ride straight on at Goodnight. But in another instant Virginia came to the porch, calling his interest to her. He dropped to the ground, confident. The two went inside the house.

The rest got down—there were twelve in the bunch—and scattered around the yard, soon dropping into the dusty shade, soon smoking or soon falling back for quick catnaps. Carruth drew out the last smoke of his cigarette and spoke, not looking at Goodnight, "This is it. Too late for you."

Virginia came to the doorway. "Frank," she said, "will you come here, please?"

"Showdown," murmured Carruth. "He's made up his mind."

"He made it up the other day," answered Goodnight and walked over the yard.

HE FOUND Virginia standing in a corner of the room when he reached it; he found Boston Bill swung around, waiting for him to come. Boston Bill's fair face showed the brittle scruffing of sunlight and the deeper flush of an anger produced by some previous argument with the girl. He was very watchful, he was on edge, and Goodnight got the clear impression that Boston Bill expected trouble to break. There was a round-topped center table near Bill; he had his left hip against it, the top of his holstered gun rubbing against it, and he had his hand dropped on the table, close by the gun's butt.

Virginia said in her calm, self-certain way, "Bill's been doing some talking. Perhaps you ought to listen to it."

Boston Bill said, "I'm not repeating myself to strangers, Virginia."

"This man," said Virginia, "is foreman of Sun."

"Is he?" murmured Boston Bill. "I don't recognize the title. I'm talking to you, not to him."

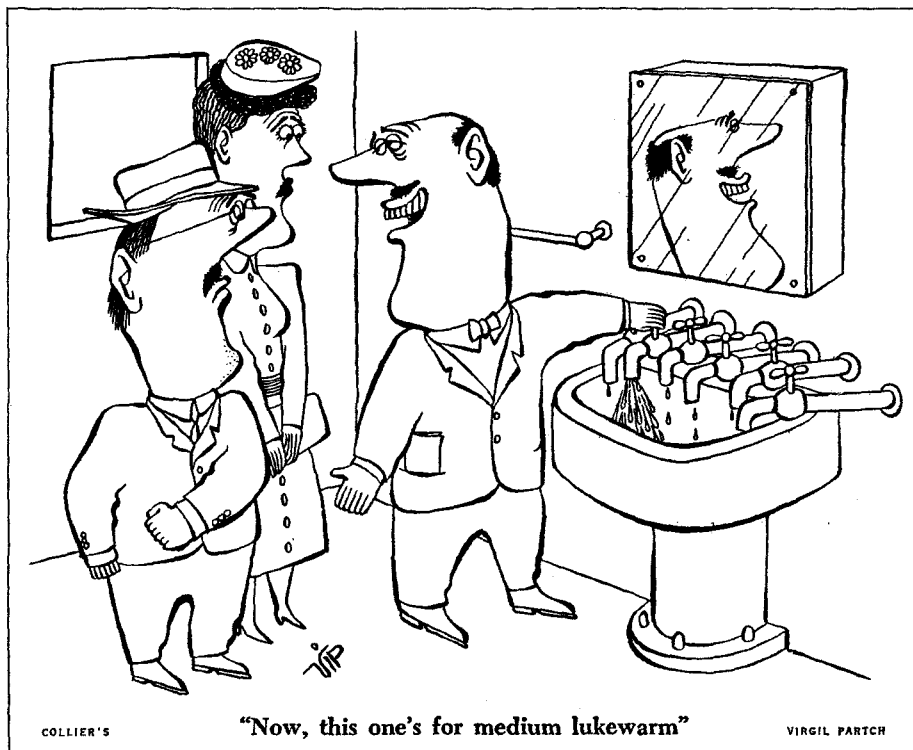
"You'll deal with him," she said.

"No," said Boston Bill, "I'll do nothing with him. You're a clever girl, Virginia. You've put him up as a dummy between us. I won't waste my time. You're the one who says yes or no."

"Not unless my foreman agrees," she said. "Talk to my foreman, Bill."

She stood away from him, throwing her will against his.

Boston Bill turned on Goodnight: "I'm

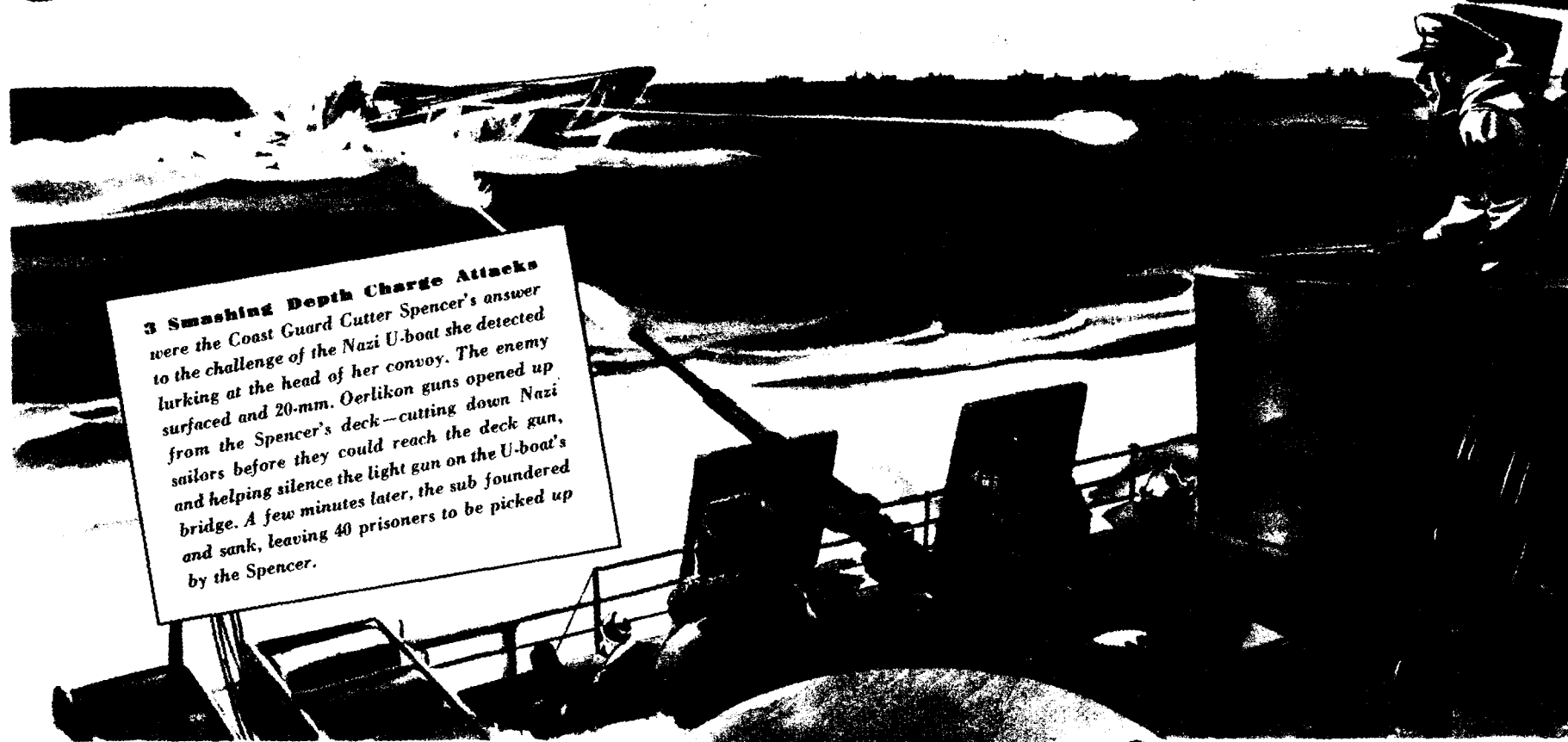


COLLIER'S

"Now, this one's for medium lukewarm"

VIRGIL PARTCH

SCRATCH ONE NAZI PIGBOAT!



3 Smashing Depth Charge Attacks were the Coast Guard Cutter Spencer's answer to the challenge of the Nazi U-boat she detected lurking at the head of her convoy. The enemy surfaced and 20-mm. Oerlikon guns opened up from the Spencer's deck—cutting down Nazi sailors before they could reach the deck gun, and helping silence the light gun on the U-boat's bridge. A few minutes later, the sub foundered and sank, leaving 40 prisoners to be picked up by the Spencer.

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Every report of such victories by our superb fighting men—every story of U. S. bombers, tanks and landing boats in action—reminds us again that *they must be built right*. And these reports make us thankful that "building them right" was a creed at Hudson for a generation of automobile manufacture.

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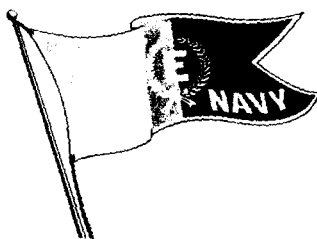
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THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT



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Their Business is Invasion—and to land them on enemy beaches, invasion boats and barges are pouring from American yards. Hudson's contribution to these offensives is large-scale manufacture of husky Hudson Invader engines to power the attack. They are the product of the experience that built a generation of famous Hudson automobile engines before the war.

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION...OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

7 A. M. . . . you're out of step



POOR YOU. Constipation symptoms are making you miserable. You need a laxative. Don't put off the relief you need. Take a sparkling glass of gentle speedy Sal Hepatica now . . . the minute you hop out of bed.

9 A. M. . . . oh boy, what pep!



LUCKY YOU. Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica brings relief quickly and gently . . . usually, within an hour. At the same time, it helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping counteract excess gastric acidity. According to a recent survey, 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend this sparkling, saline laxative. Try Sal Hepatica.

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Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution, use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "DATE WITH JUDY"—Wednesdays, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"NOAH WEBSTER SAYS"—Tuesdays, 8:30 P. M., EWT

not talkin' to you, I'm tellin' you. My outfit camps here and I'll do what Virginia can't do—which is fight for this place against Harry Ide. There's no room for you. Ride on."

The girl's expression again grew solid and resisting. She put her glance on Goodnight, waiting for him to speak. This was why she had hired him—for just this moment. What was he supposed to do? He turned his head slightly, noticing now that Bob Carruth had come to the door of the room. Goodnight murmured, "Step in and shut the door, Bob."

Carruth moved in and pushed the door behind him. Boston Bill's head lifted and he threw an irritated glance at Carruth; the next instant his attention rushed back to Goodnight.

Goodnight said, "Back away from the table and give yourself room to draw."

Boston Bill kept his head still; his eyes rolled aside, catching view of Carruth, and rolled back to meet Goodnight. He said softly, "You've got an extra man."

Goodnight threw an order over his shoulder: "Step outside, Bob."

He listened to the door's opening and its closing. The girl's face was intent, with one small line showing on her forehead. She had changed her attention to Boston Bill; she was watching him with an engrossed interest, without sympathy and without any feeling that Goodnight could observe. She was probably wondering—as he himself still wondered—if Boston Bill's nerves would hold or fail.

Boston Bill smiled a starved, wintry smile. "My outfit's outside. How far do you think you could get?"

"You talk too much," said Goodnight. "Step back and draw."

"I told you before," said Boston Bill, "I pick my fights when I please."

"Better pick this one now," said Goodnight.

"Probably," said Boston Bill, very cool, "you can handle a gun faster than I. My impression is you've had more training at it. I'd be foolish to step into that, wouldn't I? I'm not drawing. If you like to shoot your ducks on the ground, go ahead."

"I will," said Goodnight.

Boston Bill looked at the girl. He said in a queer voice, "You brought this on. Do you like it?" Then he pulled his attention back to Goodnight and strain narrowed his face and he had nothing more to say.

IT WAS the girl who broke the tension by coming forward until she was between the two. She turned to Boston Bill: "He would kill you. Don't you see it on his face?" She swung quickly to Goodnight. "I don't want a shooting."

"Out of your hands," said Goodnight. "Stand aside. I want this settled."

"I want nothing to happen here," she said.

He considered her and found no answer. She had hired him to protect her against Boston Bill; she was now protecting Boston Bill. It made everything complicated. He had known since daybreak that Boston Bill had shot Niles, and that knowledge gave him his clear line of action. This was the time to settle it, for if Boston Bill walked out of the door alive, it would only be to give a signal that would set the rest of the crowd against him. He would be trapped. Still, the girl wanted no shooting. In addition, he no longer knew where she stood.

"There's no necessity of my staying on Sun any longer," Goodnight said. "You can use this man for your work."

He backed to the door, noting the change on her face. Disturbance came and unsettled her perfect assurance. "I don't want you to go."

"Then you should not have interfered. I'm riding off the place. But I won't be riding far and I'll make a point of meet-

ing you, my friend." He said the last of it to Boston Bill, opening the door as he talked. The girl shook her head and for the first time he saw helplessness come to her.

"I didn't think," she said, "you'd run."

"You should not have interfered," he repeated. "Or maybe you had better make up your mind what you want." He closed the door as he stepped to the porch. He said to Carruth waiting here, "Stick right here until I reach my horse. I'm leaving."

"He froze you out?" murmured Carruth, not quite believing it.

Goodnight paused and threw him a black glance. "We'll see," he said. He went down the steps, the men of Boston Bill's crowd watching him from their scattered places along the yard. He made no attempt to hurry; he cut behind the bunkhouse to his horse and rose to the saddle and rode away.

BOSTON BILL rushed from the front door, yelling at his outfit; and all of them sprang up from their sleepy reclining and in a moment were gone, leaving behind the slow-settling streamers of dust in the still air. Slab and Tap remained by the bunkhouse, astonished at the unexpected action and not quite certain of what had happened. Bob Carruth was on the porch, caught in the swift play. He watched Virginia rush out on the heels of Bill, run over the yard after him. She kept calling to him; she tried to catch his arm as he reached his horse. He swung around her, his left stirrup grazing her as he rushed on. Virginia, standing in the heavy yellow dust, cursed him until he was out of sight.

Bob Carruth watched her turn and come back to him. He saw the fury that blackened her eyes and pulled the blood from her face until it was dead white. She breathed heavily and she gave him a bitter, killing glance—hating him because he was the only thing near her to receive her temper. He stood still, knowing this girl's willfulness but shocked at the depth of rage she showed. Violence changed her until she was no longer pretty, no longer admirable. He sighed and shook his head.

"You played hell when you brought those two together."

"I should have let Frank shoot him! I should have let that happen!"

"One of 'em," said Carruth, "is soon goin' to get shot." She made him sour and embittered. "Comes of you fiddlin' with two men. No sense—no sense at all. You think you're God to make men come together and back up like you want? What did you expect?"

"The dog," she said in a shaking, husky voice. "The dog!"

"Which one you talkin' about now?"

"He was afraid of Goodnight. He smiled and tried to cover it, but he was afraid of his life. I saved him, and then he betrayed me the moment Goodnight left. He's yellow, Carruth, and he's dirty."

She turned and walked over to her horse. She stood a moment beside the horse and he saw that she was crying. He had not seen her cry before and therefore he knew she was hurt, and this pleased him and he silently wished that the hurt would stay on; for by now he had lost all his loyalty to her and saw her as a cold woman whose scheming was about to cause the death of a man. She went up to the saddle and looked at him. "That can't happen," she said. "I won't let it."

"You'll play hell," he told her. She was out in the meadow, running north, and he shouted it at her again: "You'll play hell!"

He kept his eyes on her as he walked back to the bunkhouse. Tap and Slab never said a word; all this had rolled over them like a wave of water and they had not yet pulled clear of it. She was, Carruth decided, going up to Ned Tower's place to

have him spread the news to the hill people. Maybe that would work, maybe it would be too late. He turned to Slab: "Take my long-legged buckskin and go down to Sherman City. You tell Rosalia Lind what's happened."

"What'll she do about it?" asked Slab.

"Go on—go on!" yelled Carruth. . . .

Slab was a man neither very thoughtful nor very bright and therefore when he was given an order his small mind closed down upon it and it became the law of his life until he had fulfilled it. Had Bob Carruth told him to ride his horse into the middle of the creek and remain there, Slab would have done so in full confidence that Carruth had a good reason for asking it.

So, he set out at full tilt for Sherman City and reached the town with his horse dead-beat and himself pretty well pounded up. He whirled before Rosalia's house, dropped to the ground and ran to the door. When the girl appeared, Slab said:

"Carruth told me to tell you that this Goodnight is in a jack pot. He got cross-wise of Boston Bill. They had an argument on the ranch. Goodnight got to his horse and jumped for timber with Bill and nine-ten of Bill's bunch after him. They're in the hills now, somewhere."

Rosalie said, "Why did Carruth want me to know that?"

Slab opened his mouth to speak and found nothing to say. He closed his mouth and he searched himself for an answer, but the searching produced nothing. He spread out his hands before her and he murmured, "Durned if I know. I just told you what I was supposed to tell you." He turned back, got his horse and led it up to The Trail. He stepped inside the saloon and wigwagged for a drink. He took his drink and he murmured, "Ah," and eased himself against the bar. He said aloud, "I bet that's the fastest that trip's ever been rode."

"What for?" asked the barkeep.

"Don't know," confessed Slab. "But it sure was a fast ride."

GOODNIGHT had a quarter-mile lead on the men behind him.

He stayed with the main trail upward and it took him presently to one of the many small and narrow meadows studding these hills; he saw nothing on the meadow and ran across it into farther timber. Here, sheltered by the trees, he gave his horse a blow and watched the open area over which he had recently come.

Boston Bill broke over it first, two other

men closely behind him. These three crossed and disappeared and it was a full minute before the rest of the group came plugging along. This last group milled into a halt and seemed to be talking. Presently one of the men who had been with Boston Bill rode back and said something, whereupon the party moved onward at a jaded walk and entered the trees.

The timber around Goodnight was old first-growth pine, massive at the butt and rising in flawless line toward a mass of top covering which made a solid umbrella against sunlight; there was little underbrush and at certain angles he was able to look a hundred or two hundred yards away. The sound of Bill's men faded in gradually diminishing echoes until the hot, breathless silence of the hills lay fast upon everything. It would be a matter of time, of course, until Bill would backtrack and eventually might discover his solitary set of tracks on the spongy humus. Considering it, he set his course steadily east, toward the Owlhorns' heights. Up there the country would be more greatly broken and thus afford better shelter.

BY DEGREES the country roughened and the pines turned smaller and ravines began to come down toward him. He held to the crest of the ridges as long as possible, then dropped into the ravines, crossed over and rose to the next ridge. Near sunset the trees momentarily gave way and he faced a creek running quickly over its stones. Beyond the creek the trees again marched toward the heights.

He stayed within shelter, long watching the upper and lower reaches of the creek and the timber over the way. When he was satisfied he rode to water's edge, let the horse have a long drink, and forded. Twenty yards inside the timber he came to a trail up the side of the mountain and, since there was no other way, he took this.

He rose with the short switchback courses, higher and higher along the edge of the cliff as daylight slowly faded out of the sky. He arrived at last to a leveling-off place, gave the glen below him one last look, and moved over an area roughened by some ancient geological upheaval. He still pointed toward the summits of the Owlhorns, but within fifteen minutes the trail brought him to a complete standstill at the edge of a precipice running three hundred feet or more downward into a canyon whose bottom was now covered by night shadows.

(To be continued next week)



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"THE MEMORABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE NINTH"

KING GEORGE VI TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT:

"I have learned with deepest admiration of the memorable and inspiring achievement of the United States Ninth Air Force in attacks on Rumanian oil refineries.

"The bombing of this heavily defended center of Axis production after one of the longest operational flights of the war called for endurance and courage of the highest order as well as for practical skill in navigation and for brilliant organization on the part of those who planned the attack.

"The gallantry with which the crews pressed home their attacks at a very low level was beyond praise, and their devotion to duty in spite of heavy losses has

stirred the hearts of all who fight with us in the cause of freedom."

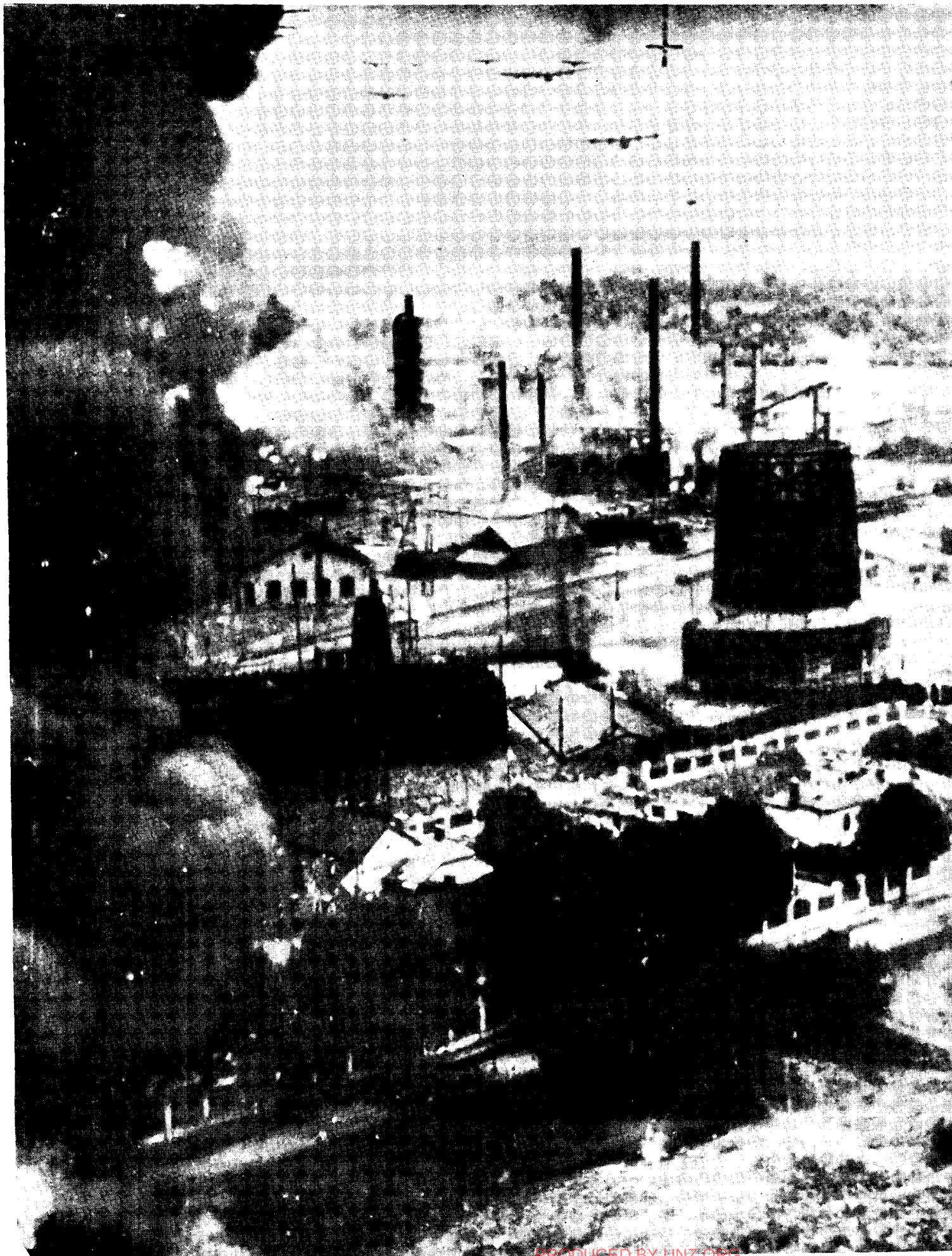
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO KING GEORGE VI:

"Thank you very much for your telegram of congratulations on the long-range bombing of the Ploesti oil refineries.

"Later information leads us to believe that the damage to the refineries was greater than we had anticipated and that a large number of them have been put out of commission. This attack seems to have been well worth while."

The tail gunner took this photo of the raid on Ploesti. Other ships are coming in low. Smoke lifts as bombs explode

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



HITTING HITLER'S OIL BARREL

BY RADIO FROM
FRANK GERVASI

One out of every three drops of Hitler's oil comes from Ploesti, Rumania. The Ninth Air Force was ordered out to blot it. General Brereton was terribly worried about those Liberators until the lead plane broke radio communication with two words. Then he smiled. And laughed. And began to breathe again

LOUIS HOBBS' voice was mildly casual when he phoned to ask me whether I'd like to fly out to Bomber Command with the general for a week end. He had to twist my arm a little to make me go. I had flown the several hours out to Bomber Command with Major General Lewis Hyde Brereton and Colonel Hobbs, his aide, three or four times before. The journey usually meant losing several Egyptian pounds to one or the other at gin rummy. I wasn't keen about it.

But an hour later, we were in a comfortable DC-3, headed for the Bomber Command. I am glad I went. If I hadn't, I would have missed the biggest air story of the war so far.

Brereton and Hobbs sat on the floor of the plane forward and played a game or two of cribbage. But their hearts weren't in it. It was easy to see that Brereton was preoccupied, and in so far as you could tell from his poker face, he was somewhere between worry and outright anxiety. Hobbs wore his best Latin smile and was charmingly enigmatic. He is black-haired, has a small mustache to match, and the complexion and general air of a lovable bad man. Until he talks, you'd say he was a Mexican. When he does, you know he's a Texan.

Brereton is a small, compact Pennsylvanian known to Hobbs and intimates as "Pops" behind his back and to everyone else as "Hotfoot Looey" when he isn't listening. He doesn't talk much unless he has something pertinent to say. He was silent almost all the way to our destination. Then suddenly: "Well, this is it. This is where the Ninth Air Force makes history—or wishes it had never been born. Hap Arnold has handed us a tough one."

That was all. Twenty-four hours later, I knew what a tough one was.

"P. D." Ent met us at the field on landing. His full name is Uzal G. Ent, but everyone calls him "P. D." for Pennsylvania Dutch, which is what he is. He is also a blond, reticent, soft-spoken one-star general, commanding the Ninth Bomber Command. He was one of America's most famous lighter-than-air expert before he quit balloons and dirigibles for motor-powered wings. P. D.'s first words to Brereton were, "Well, sir. Everything is all set." They walked off together, talking. Beyond them at the edge of the field for almost a mile to the left and right, lay

(Continued on page 45)



"My wife knows I can't build fighting ships on 'Sissy' food!"

says Ralph Goza, Beaumont, Texas, shipyard worker, husband of Health-for-Victory Club member, and father of 5 husky youngsters

"Down the ways!" Again and again, the defiant launching signal sounds out in busy shipyards on the Texas Coast. In Beaumont, in Orange, in Port Arthur, 24 hours a day, seven days a week, hardy men rivet and weld and break all records to send these ships to our far-flung battle fronts.

It's a swift, steady pace. A schedule that takes stamina and staying power and men physically fit and on their toes every minute of the day. And these hard-working soldiers of production are winning their fight against time.

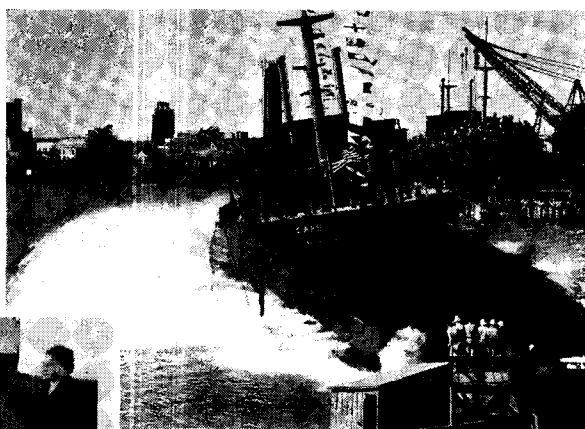
To the women behind these builders of ships—the wives, mothers and landladies of shipyard workers—goes plenty of credit. Every month these women, and thousands of others from New England to Pearl Harbor, attend Health-for-Victory Club Meetings to learn what foods will keep their men strong and healthy. To date, more than 1,300 war plants and other organizations are sponsoring H-for-V Clubs. Local home economists, like those of the Gulf States Utilities Co., demonstrate practical ideas on wartime meal planning.

Already, a grateful army of 500,000 women follow H-for-V Meal Planning Guides every month. Prepared by the nutrition-wise staff of Westinghouse Home Economics Institute, these helpful books give health-building menus and recipes for every day's meals. All menus are planned with an eye on ration points, budgets—and appetite appeal.

Now these professional homemakers have prepared still another fine book, "The ABC's of Eating for Health". You'll find it of real value in helping keep your family in fighting trim.

NOTE TO WAR PLANT EXECUTIVES: *Would you like to organize a Health-for-Victory activity? Just call on Westinghouse. We'll gladly help adapt it to your requirements.*

Flags Flying, a gallant ship hits the water. The U. S. Maritime Commission takes this picture of the start of a proud career.

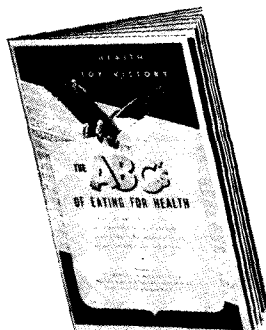


40 winks for the healthy youngsters of war workers, while their mothers attend H-for-V meetings put on by enterprising Gulf States Utilities Co.

Beaming with health, the Goza family—seven strong—sit down to a delicious H-for-V meal.



No after-lunch letdown for Dad, with this hearty, balanced H-for-V lunch tucked under his belt.



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Continued from page 17



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"If Steve is going to fall for her, too, I give up," Griselle warned them. She was sitting on a low seat, hugging her knees; the lamplight shone down on her laughing face, the wide mouth and cleft chin, the childish cloud of dark hair over her eyes.

"I can answer for Steve," Stephen himself said dryly.

"But you do think she's fascinating?"

"Yes; very lovely. More than just pretty," he said.

"With nothing above the eyebrows," Mrs. McIntyre put in darkly.

Steve and Griselle laughed at her tone. "I tried to come back night before last, the night of the day she was here," Griselle told them, "but I couldn't. And yesterday was the grand windup for Harlan Brice, my New York editor, and he said—now he may have said this to everyone else, but anyway he did say it to me—that if I came on to New York, he would get me a job on one of his own publications," she finished triumphantly.

"Congratulations, Griselle! But I hope he breaks his leg," Stephen said. "We need you here. Yesterday was a dead loss."

"But you weren't here yesterday, Steve."

"No: Mom and I went over to the hospital, and a couple of them poked at my hip. But just the same, we missed you."

"And did they say—do they think they can do anything?"

"I don't know how much they thought they could do. Anyway, they wanted to see it. Old Rosenshine, who was kicked out of Munich a few years ago, is the finest bone man in the world. He said he was afraid it would never be quite right, but that he believed he could help it. So that I could walk as much as I wanted—"

"Steve McIntyre, what are you saying!" Griselle was electrified; tears rushed into her eyes, and she looked through them, trying to smile, from him to his mother. "Oh, I don't believe it!" she gasped.

The others were both touched by her excitement, and there were tears in Mrs. McIntyre's eyes, too, as she said:

"Always to limp, though, Griselle, and to have to save his hip too much strain."

"Oh, but what's that? That's nothing!" Griselle twisted herself about on the hassock to reach for both Stephen's hands, holding them against her breast. Steve's dark head was bent toward hers so that their foreheads almost touched.

"Hello, Mom," a voice said hoarsely from the doorway. They all turned as Alan, thin and haggard, in an oddly fitting new cotton uniform, came into the room.

FOR a minute, they were all motionless, staring at him unbelievably. Then his mother left her chair and went toward him, crying, "My boy!" on a sob of joy and pain, and was in his arms. Stephen gave a shout of welcome, and upon Griselle's going to him with outstretched hands, Alan kissed her, too. For a few wildly confused moments, just what they all said, laughed and cried, exclaimed and stammered, they did not know. But presently they were seated again—Alan on the sofa next to his mother, holding both her hands, Griselle resuming her place on the hassock at Stephen's knee.

"Tell us, darling," Mrs. McIntyre said. "Anything! Everything!"

He had got in that afternoon at six; had flown up from Los Angeles: yes, he was tired; no, he wasn't tired; yes, he was thin. He was all right. He'd been in a Honolulu hospital for a while: nothing at all; they'd just kept him there long enough to check up that he was okay. A week and four days, that was all.

"How are you, Mom?" he said. "You look pretty comfortable here. You look fine, Steve. Working hard, right through

the summer, too? And Griselle helped you move in?"

"You had our letters then, darling?" This was his mother.

"Sure. It's wonderful how you get letters. They nose around through the fleet and land 'em where they belong."

"See any fighting, Alan?" Steve asked.

"That's what I've been wanting to ask you," Griselle said, speaking for the first time. She was emotionally shaken to the depths of her being; she had forgotten how wonderful he was; the tall figure with its little stoop, the keen eyes, the half-smile that was at once so wise and so sympathetic, the long, nervous, clever hands. His voice—she had forgotten that, too, but it was like no other voice in the world.

He did not look at her or speak to her directly. Now he smiled at Steve and said, "How's old Baker?"

"In the Army," Steve said; "Liederkrantz is the big shot now."

"Zat so?" Alan grinned. "Everything must be 'wootine,' eh?"

"Wootine it is. Oh, say, Buzz, Karl Rosenshine is here, and he took a look at my hip," Stephen said eagerly.

"The bone specialist?"

"Yep. He was kicked out of Germany and he's going to be here for a while and then probably go to Los Angeles. Mom drove me into town yesterday."

ALAN'S keen, frowning brow, his half-smiling eyes, his fearful look were turned toward his brother.

Griselle thought, watching them: How he loves Steve!

"What'd he say?" Alan's words were like shots.

"Not much. But he thinks he could do something. Not to play golf, he said, but all the walking a reasonable man wants to do. He said I'd be the one to decide how much exercise I wanted."

And at Alan's look of blank amazement and incredulous delight, Stephen put his long, strong hands tightly over his eyes, and Griselle felt her throat thicken and her eyes sting.

"My God!" Alan said under his breath. "Would you let him, Alan?" the mother pleaded.

"Let him? Rosenshine? Well, old boy," Alan said, "I guess you've won your war. Now it's only for us to win ours."

"And that reminds me," Stephen answered, "you didn't answer us. Did you see any fighting?"

Alan looked at his mother.

"Can you take it, Mom?" he asked, in an odd voice, and with a shadow of a smile.

Stephen and his mother and Griselle exchanged frightened glances, and Mrs. McIntyre said in a shaking voice: "Why, I think I can take anything, Alan."

"Okay," Alan said lightly, "I was on a destroyer that went down."

"Midway. huh?" Stephen guessed.

"Yep. We had two and a half minutes after we got the orders to abandon ship."

"Men drowned?" Griselle asked softly.

"One third. About eighty. She sucked some of them down with her; they never knew what struck us."

He stopped. There was a dead silence.

"How long were you in the water, son?" Mrs. McIntyre asked then quietly.

"About four hours, I guess. It was just about dusk when they picked me up." Alan cleared his throat before speaking; a quick glance from Griselle showed her that his eyes were wet.

"Throw you a rope?" Stephen suggested.

"Yep, but my arms were pretty sticky with oil by that time and my hands couldn't grasp it. So they put a boat down,

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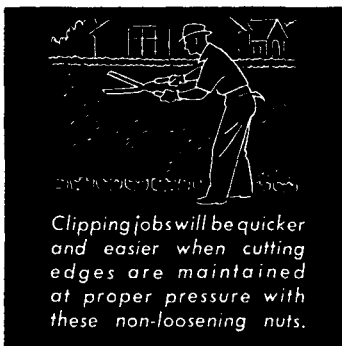
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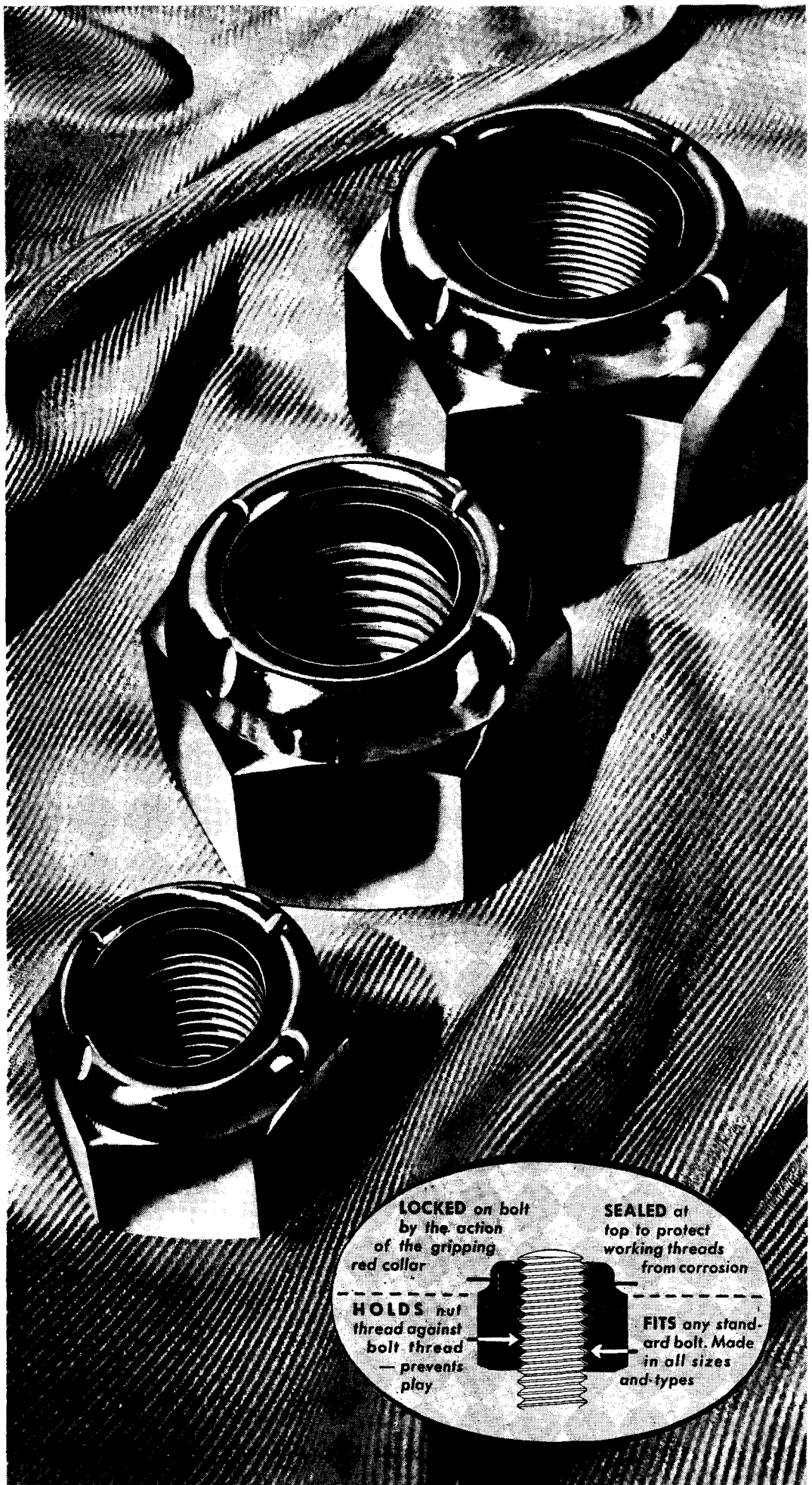
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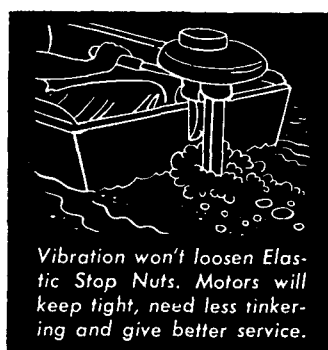
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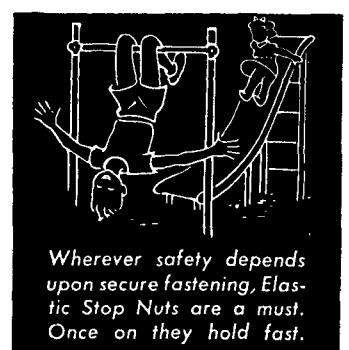
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NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!**

and picked me up. I've two weeks' leave before I have to report," he finished cheerfully, "so you'll get the whole dope, Mom, before we go out again."

"You go out again, dear?"

"As soon as they can assign us."

"Of course," Mrs. McIntyre said. "Of course." She leaned back in her chair.

After a while they all had coffee and sandwiches, and Griselle sat among them at the table in the dining room, buttering bread and cutting pink and white slivers of tinned ham. An uneasy conviction that Alan would insist upon escorting her home and a determination that under no circumstances would she permit it, began to spoil her passionately keen appreciation of this marvelous hour. When the moment came, she did her best to be firm.

"Ah, please, Alan—your mother wants you tonight—" she stammered.

Alan said almost nothing; they walked out into the night together.

"I didn't want you to do this, Alan!"

"I know you didn't. I'll go back immediately. There was something I had to say to you, and I may not have another chance."

"May not have another chance? But you're going to be here for two weeks, aren't you?"

The miracle of it, walking along here beside him through the warm summer dark, was so overwhelming that she had to ask him to repeat his answer.

"What I said was that you may not want to see me again," he said in a low tone.

"But why not?" she countered innocently.

"I think you know why not!" he exclaimed. His fingers were firm under her elbow at a crossing; they walked along under the trees again.

"This is what I had in mind to say," he went on; "I was a great fool. It was always you, Griselle, from the very beginning, only I didn't know it. It's been you all the time I was out there—nights on the boat deck, looking up at the stars—out at sea, when the guns were roaring everywhere and the sky was black with fighters—always you. That's about all, I think. I just wanted you to know."

"Know what?" Griselle stopped short, squared about so that he could see the glint of her eyes in the starlight.

Alan put his two hands on her shoulders. He was so tall that even with tall Griselle he stooped a little.

"That I love you," he said; "that you're the only woman in the world for me."

"And what makes you think," she breathed unsteadily, "that I've changed?"

"No," he said; "no, you can't—I have no right. You can't say that."

"It's always been that way," she told him. "There's never been anyone else."

His arm went tightly about her shoulders. "Then we'll be married—soon. Not tomorrow; I'll be busy all day," he said, after a minute's thought. "I had to make out records for all the fellows we lost; I've got to go over them with Captain Somerville. But day after tomorrow. I'll see Mitzi as early as I can get over here. Then you and I will go to the city and buy socks and shirts and shoes and a uniform, and we'll lunch together and make all our plans," Alan finished on a note of complete content.

GRISSELLE did not sleep for a long time; lying awake and thinking was too sweet. Her thoughts were drenched in happiness; the world was all music and the sparkle of stars above treetops. Griselle had to take out from her memory and pass in review every word that he had said, every touch of his hand, every kiss. Her whole young body lying stretched in the darkness thrilled to the glory of this hour of triumph. She was to be a wife—Alan's wife! She would stand beside him and promise always to love him, always to be

good to him; then he and she would go away into the lovely end of summer, always to be together after that.

"I'll have to stop thinking of him, so that I can start all over again," Griselle said to herself. It was long after midnight when, smiling, she went to sleep.

"Telephone, Griselle!" Rhoda Varney, one of the new girls, was trilling when Griselle descended the stairs at eight the next morning. "It sounds like a man!"

"It is a man," Griselle, who had dressed in a state of dreamy ecstasy, said as she came downstairs.

But it wasn't Alan. She listened for a minute in bewilderment. Who was talking, and about what?

"Doctor?" she presently interrupted. Unmistakably it was Doctor Cruickshank. He was saying—what?

"And I think you'd better come up at once and see Mitzi; she is quite prostrated," Doctor Cruickshank said. "They got me at the house, and one of the boys ran me up here. I just got here."

"Dead?" Griselle repeated, uncomprehending. "The general? Why, but only day before yesterday—only yesterday it was—"

"Died in his sleep. You'll be here?"

"Right away."

IT WAS not until she was actually at the general's house that she thought of breakfast. She was reminded of it by the fact that Mitzi, who was pale and languid and still in bed, was indifferently contemplating a tray with rolls and coffee and marmalade invitingly arranged on it.

Griselle had seen only Emma in the lower hallway; the front door had been standing wide open to the beautiful balmy morning; Doctor Sam was out of sight, but she could hear him telephoning.

"Mitzi," she said, going into the bedroom, "what happened?"

"We don't know!" Mitzi said, dry-eyed but with no color in her cheeks and speaking in a low, unnatural voice. "Emma brought up his mail and the newspapers, knocked as she always does and opened the door. Then she called me—I almost fainted," Mitzi said piteously.

"But he seemed perfectly well yesterday!"

"No; he wasn't ever perfectly well," Mitzi protested, shaking her head gravely. "You couldn't say he was perfectly well, Gris. He always had a bad heart, and after all, he was eighty-two. This is the way he would have wanted to go," she ended solemnly.

"Yes; I suppose so. But it seems so sudden!"

"Emma said to me, 'Is he dead?' and it was the hardest thing I ever did in my life to walk over to him and put my hand on his head," Mitzi said. "But I did it. It was a release for him."

"Well, I guess it was, poor old darling. But it seems to be so sudden!" Griselle reached for a piece of roll and nibbled it.

"Take it all," said Mitzi; "I don't want anything."

"I'll have half a cup of coffee. Then I'll go see if Doctor needs me."

"He called another doctor," Mitzi said.

"Then there's a chance?" Griselle questioned eagerly.

"Oh, no. No. But they have to have the coroner, too," Mitzi explained, suddenly looking frightened again.

"Good heavens!" Griselle went out into the hall, followed by Mitzi's wail.

"Don't go, will you, Griselle!" She was downstairs before she remembered that she had not told Mitzi of Alan's return.

"Griselle, we're going to need you here," Doctor Cruickshank said. "I telephoned Doctor Johnston; he was Uncle Andy's regular physician. He'll be over, but there's nothing he can do. I've let Oulton know; that's the coroner; he's sending over for the body. But Doctor Johnston will have to see it first. Emma's fine, but

THE CHAMP WHO KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT!



I'M CHAMP RIVETER out at the plant. Six-foot-two and strong as an ox. Whenever I used to need a laxative, I'd take what I thought was a "he-man's" medicine. It tasted awful! And what a wallop that stuff packed—almost knocked me for a loop.

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO STRONG!



LATER ON I SWITCHED to another kind of laxative. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded that so much, if it had done me any good. The trouble was that I didn't get the proper relief.

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we'll need you here. Mitzi doesn't seem to be up to much. I just telephoned to Walter McMurray, his lawyer: he's on his way over. It doesn't take those fellers long to pick up the news! Had your breakfast?"

"I had some coffee," Griselle bolted the last of her roll.

It was all unreal. Doctor Cruickshank told her not to go into the general's room: nothing there must be disturbed until the coroner came. Johnston, the other doctor arrived, consulted with Sam Cruickshank: they both went into the closed room, and Griselle wandered back to Mitzi's room. Mitzi was dressing herself in the plainest of black gowns; her exquisite little face looked pitiful and wan.

"This is awful, isn't it?" she said over and over.

She and Griselle somewhat timidly emerged into the silences and strange muted sounds of the house. McMurray arrived, was closeted in the library for a few minutes with the doctors and the coroner. Griselle realized with a thrill that Emma and the Chinese cook, Lee Hing, were being questioned.

Then Mitzi and Griselle were both summoned into the library. Just a few questions. Would Mitzi please answer? She would do her best. Mitzi sat down in a high-backed chair that made her look smaller and more forlorn than ever. Emma, standing nervously by the table, had been crying. Lee Hing, in his white clothes and apron, escaped as the young mistress of the house came in, and with terrified eyes returned to his kitchen.

"We fear," said Oulton, "that the general died of an overdose of sleeping pills. We don't know."

"Suicide!" Griselle exclaimed in a sharp whisper.

"I don't know—it's too horrible—I can't—" Mitzi faltered, rising.

"Sit down," Doctor Johnston said kindly. "This will only take a moment. Mr. Oulton wants to know if he had ever expressed any suicidal tendency—if he was depressed last night."

Mitzi fixed her terrified eyes on the coroner.

There was nothing to be alarmed about, Oulton said. The general had been in the habit of taking sleeping pills. Did Mrs. Armitage know how many of these he usually took? Mitzi, gulping and stammering, shook her blond head; she had no idea.

Did he usually have a glass of ginger ale late at night? Again she did not know.

Then it was not her regular custom to take him up a drink of ginger ale after he had retired? Griselle looked at Mitzi in surprise when this question was asked.

"Emma says that when you came upstairs last night, you called in to General

Cruickshank that it was hot and you were going to have some ginger ale," the coroner said. "And that you went downstairs and got two bottles and two glasses. Is that correct?"

"Certainly I did," Mitzi said quickly; "but the—" She stopped.

"Do you know where the bottle with the sleeping tablets was then?" Oulton asked.

"No. I—yes, I did. I did when he told me. He asked me to get them and I brought them to him."

"There were how many in the bottle?"

"I don't know. I went into the bathroom and got them, and brought them to him. He took the bottle from me and put it on the table by the bed."

"Had he ever asked you to do that before?"

"No; he hadn't."

"You had suggested the ginger ale?"

"Yes; I did."

"Emma says the bottle of sleeping capsules was about one third full yesterday, approximately about a dozen pills," said Oulton. "It is empty this morning and it was on the bathroom shelf. I think that's all," he added in an undertone to the doctors and McMurray.

GRISELLE sat frozen: her eyes moving from Mitzi's face to that of the coroner. Something Mitzi had casually said not very long before came back to her with horrifying clearness.

"I was thinking," Mitzi had said, "that if Uncle Andrew did die quietly in his sleep, they'd blame it on an overdose of those sleeping pills."

Griselle felt her mouth go dry and her hands cold. Blood burned in her cheeks. Mitzi couldn't have—they couldn't be thinking . . . She heard voices around her as if they came from far away.

"I've got to go," Doctor Cruickshank said. "I have a patient at the hospital, and they tell me she's had a bad night. If you want me, Doctor Johnston, you'll call me?"

"I've ordered the body removed," Oulton said. "I can't do anything here. I'll be back," he said to Mitzi, "some time this afternoon when we get a report from the laboratory."

"Now, let me explain all this to you as well as I can," McMurray said, when he and Johnston, Mitzi and Griselle were alone. "The general's law business has always been carried on in Philadelphia by a firm of old family lawyers, Swallow & Bassomville. I've only handled a few real-estate exchanges for him here, insurance and so on. He put some money into War Bonds last March: I handled that. But I really don't know much about his affairs. He drew some checks on a Philadelphia bank, didn't he?"



ANY MEN IN WHOSE

ODEST HOMES THERE USED TO BE A

ITE OF IDLE SPACE NOW

AKE A POINT OF RENTING ONE OR

AYBE TWO ROOMS TO

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ANY TOWNS THIS HELPS VERY

UCH TOWARD EASING THE

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AYBE YOU HAVE A ROOM THAT YOU

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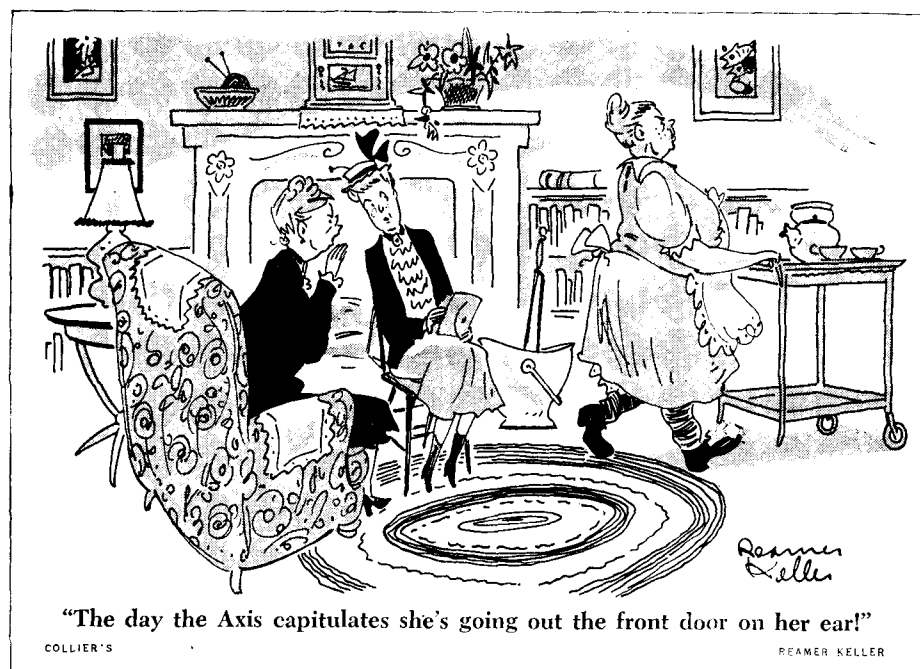
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YOU MEAN THAT I COULD DO MORE?

Yes, Uncle Sam, I guess you're right. Those of us who can stay at home far from the battle zone; who are spared the fate of a Colin Kelly, the anguish of a wounded soldier alone in a foxhole or the ordeal of a sailor adrift in mid-ocean—the least we can do for our part is to buy more and MORE War Bonds—not one or two to salve our conscience, but BOND after BOND.

Thousands are paying for this war with their blood. It is easy for me to lend money.



NATION-WIDE RAIL-AIR SERVICE

"Yes; he did!" Mitzi said quickly.

"He also had a checking account in Oakland. Well," the lawyer proceeded, "about two weeks ago, he sent for me and asked me to draw him up a new will. We went over the main points of it, and I made notes. He said that his last will was in his attorneys' possession in Philadelphia and asked me to send for it. Naturally, I know nothing of the conditions of that will; it was to be destroyed here in this house today and the new will signed. He was very much troubled about some little delay in sending it, and I gather that it is quite an old document, perhaps fifteen or twenty years old."

"No; it couldn't be," Mitzi said quickly. "He was always talking as if it was quite new—made after my father's death, anyway."

"Well, that doesn't prove anything, does it?" McMurray said with a doubtful look. "Old men put off making their wills as long as they can. To proceed: I drafted the new will and submitted it for his approval; he made several changes. One change was in regard to a piece of property, a small ranch he intended to leave to Miss Mountjoy. He asked me, instead, to get the title to that property and make out a deed of gift; that also was to have been signed today."

THERE goes my ranch, Griselle was ashamed to find herself thinking.

"That property will now of course lapse to the estate," the lawyer was continuing. "It seems very unfortunate that the general's death should have occurred at this precise time. But inasmuch as Mrs. Armitage and Doctor and Mrs. Cruickshank, as well as yourself, Miss Mountjoy, were to be beneficiaries under the unsigned will, perhaps it would be as well for you to be present when we open the original will, which has arrived from Philadelphia and is now in my possession."

He looked about the little circle with an air of deep displeasure. Orderly legal procedure had been upset.

"It seems so soon to—to do anything like that!" Griselle said, under her breath.

"If it was written twenty years ago, this old will," Mitzi said, in her faintly bored and faintly arrogant way, "I can hardly see why Miss Mountjoy should be present. She was hardly born."

"I say I do not know when it was written," McMurray said frigidly. "It may have been written this year. Mr. Sumner Swallow, to whom I telephoned, mentioned that it was some years since he had seen the general. But the will may be quite recent, for all that. I merely got the impression that it was old. I would like to open it at five this afternoon," he added, on an interrogative note. "I will be here at that time."

Griselle nodded gravely. It was all like a dream. The doctor prescribed a sedative for Mitzi; there was talk of moving the body from the coroner's keeping to the parlors of a Berkeley mortician. Emma came in to murmur, red-eyed, of messages from florists. Flowers were to be sent—where?

"I am sorry about your inheritance," McMurray said to Griselle, in a sympathetic undertone that surprised her.

"My little ranch? Oh, that's all right," Griselle assured him, her eyes filling. "He's always been too kind to me. It was he who made me come to California at all. I'm only so—so sorry that he was alone, that we weren't with him at the end. I wish we'd known. I would have stayed with him. It doesn't seem like him—it doesn't seem like a thing he'd do, take too many pills. He must have got up in the night after Mitzi left him, and thought he'd take more. Perhaps he felt confused—perhaps he was half asleep—"

"Perhaps that was it," the lawyer said. "Will you stay here with Mrs. Armitage?" he asked.

"I hope, when she's over the shock a little, she'll come home with me," Griselle answered. "Doctor Cruickshank is her cousin. I know that Aunt Mollie—Mrs. Cruickshank—would want her to be with us."

Mitzi had stretched herself on a couch; her eyes were shut.

"After a while," she said faintly; "after a while."

The doctors had gone; now McMurray left, too. Griselle sank down in a low chair, breathing a great sigh of exhaustion.

"That damn' coroner and his suspicions!" Mitzi said.

"Suspicious!" Griselle gasped, her color fading.

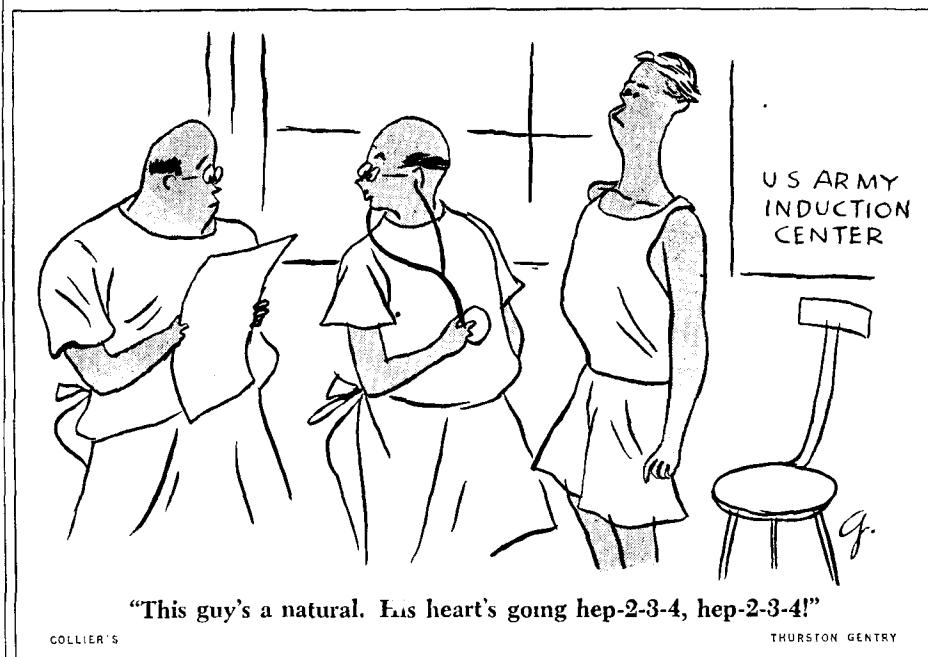
"Certainly. He thinks I poisoned Uncle Andrew," Mitzi answered calmly. "You heard him asking me about taking ginger ale upstairs."

"If you had taken him ten ginger ales, it wouldn't prove anything," Griselle answered promptly. "The general often took sleeping capsules. Last night he just took too many. Or maybe it's just that his heart stopped. That's the explanation Doctor Johnston believes, anyway."

"Did they take that pill bottle with them?" Mitzi asked suddenly, after a moment's frowning speculation.

"Oh, yes; from the bathroom, and his bedside clock and his glasses and everything. I saw that man that was with Oulton wrapping a handkerchief around the pill bottle."

"Pah!" Mitzi said. "This fingerprint business is all tosh. Little country coroners running around trying to remember what they've seen in the movies. I'll tell you," she went on, after a moment, "but



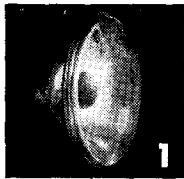
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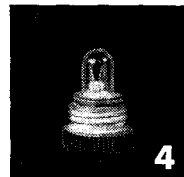


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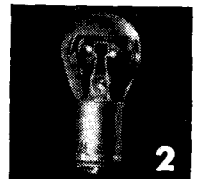
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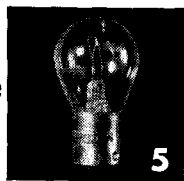
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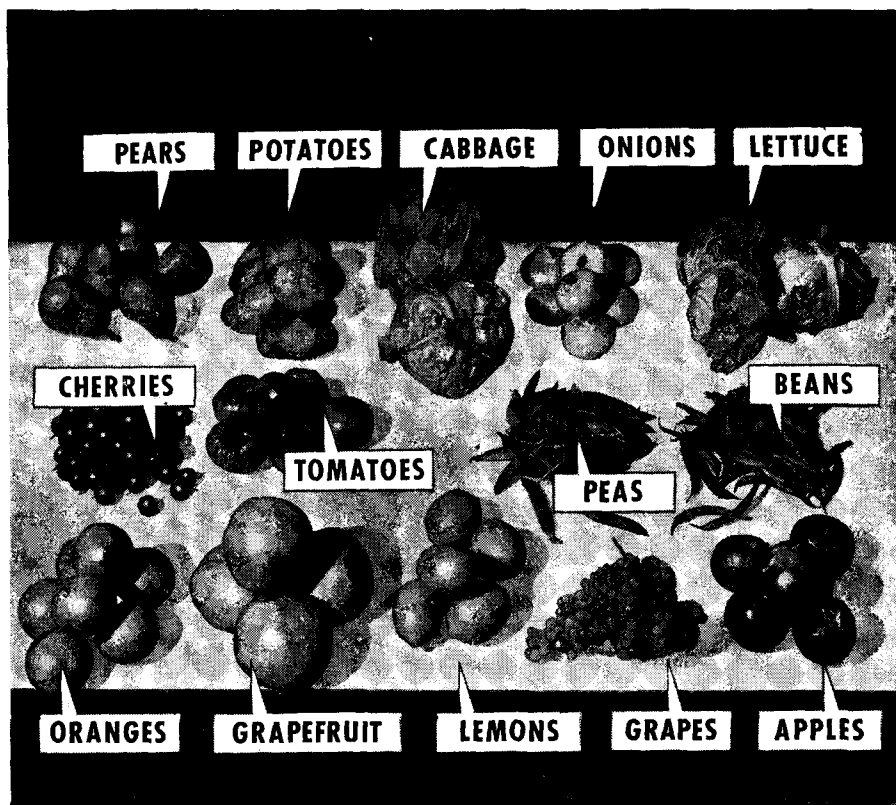
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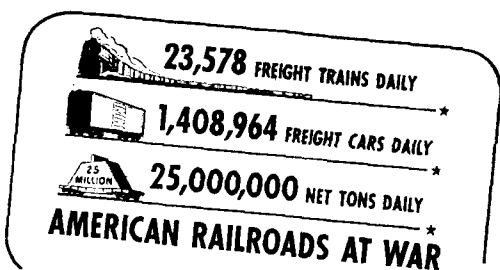
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It is a tremendous job to keep the supplies of foods moving these days when railroad facilities are carrying unprecedented loads of war materials and supplies.

But the Erie and other American railroads are continuing to serve the home front as well as the battle front.

And those extra coupons you have as a result of buying fresh fruits and vegetables are with the compliments of your American railroads.



Erie Railroad
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★ ONE OF AMERICA'S RAILROADS—ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY ★

I'll never tell them, that when I took the ginger ale into the bathroom, I did put two sleeping tablets into it."

"Why'd you take it into the bathroom?" Griselle's eyes were wide with horror. "And how dared you?" she gasped.

"I took it into the bathroom to open it. I was afraid it would fizz up and get everything sloppy. I said to him, 'Wait, I'll get a towel.' And then when I went in there, I thought that he always took them, and that two wouldn't hurt him. He often took two!" Mitzi said defensively.

"But—my God!" Griselle said, under her breath. "Don't you see how that will look? He didn't ask you to?"

"No; but he—yes," Mitzi changed her story suddenly, struck by the suggestion, "he did. He said, 'Put a couple of those pink capsules into that ginger ale.' He said to put in four or five," she changed it again.

"But you told Oulton that he asked you to bring him the bottle."

"I know I did."

"Then the bottle was in the bathroom all the time?"

"Yes; but if they make any trouble about that," Mitzi began uneasily, "I'll say that he could easily have got up in the night and taken it back."

"For heaven's sake, what did you do that for?"

"I don't know," said Mitzi; "I just thought of it."

"You'll have to say," Griselle said, thinking fast, "that he asked you to put the capsules into the ginger ale, that is, if they find that that was what killed him."

"They couldn't have killed him," Mitzi said angrily. But she spoke in a whisper, and the color had drained from her face. "He was accustomed to them. A couple of pills more or less!"

"It might be," Griselle began slowly, piecing it together, "that the two you gave him, added to some he took later—he might have got up later, not knowing that you gave him two, and taken some more. He was old, and his heart wasn't any too good."

"I don't suppose," Mitzi said, with an air of casualness, "that your precious coroner could tell how many he took, could he?"

"Oh, they can. They can tell how many fractions of a grain a person has taken," Griselle returned confidently. "I've read that in detective magazines and in loads of stories. That is," she added, confused and frightened by the expression on Mitzi's face, "that is, sometimes they can. Why? Do you think you put in more than two?" she asked.

"No; of course not!" Mitzi answered haughtily. She got up from the couch and walked about the room restlessly. "What are we to do?" she asked. "Dawdle about this house until McMurray comes to read that will at five o'clock?"

"Luncheon," Emma said primly at the door.

"I suppose we may as well eat," Mitzi observed discontentedly. "It's after one o'clock."

THEY went into the dining room to sit down to squabs and artichokes and latticed potatoes and raspberries. Neither girl had much appetite.

They were still idling at the table when Griselle remembered suddenly the bit of news that in the general confusion and horror of the day she had not remembered to give Mitzi.

"Oh," she began, "this went completely out of my head. But last night I went to Mrs. McIntyre's to see her and Steve—"

"You've got a crush on Steve?" Mitzi interrupted to say interestedly. "You know you have!"

"I have not. But the thing is, Mitzi, that while I was there, Alan came in. He's back for a two weeks' leave."

"Alan!" Mitzi exclaimed, electrified.

"Yes; he flew up from Los Angeles yesterday afternoon. I think he had to report or something. Anyway, they hadn't had any notice; he simply walked in on them."

"He didn't telephone me," was Mitzi's instant reaction. Her brow knitted. "Why'd you suppose he didn't telephone me?" she demanded. "Did he ask about me? Did he speak about poor Dave?"

"He hadn't heard about David being killed."

"He hadn't heard! I wrote him."

"He didn't have the letter. He's been all over everywhere. Australia, and then on a destroyer. He was on a destroyer that went down at Midway."

"He should have had it," Mitzi complained. "What do you suppose they do with their letters? That makes me mad! Important news like that!"

"They had an awful time," Griselle's heart stood still for a moment, as it had done when first Alan had told them of it. "He was in the water four hours. He was so stiff with cramp and chill and so covered with oil they didn't know who he was when they picked him up. They lost about eighty men, but the miracle was that they saved so many. And he says they can't wait to get on another destroyer and go back."

"For heaven's sake, what a horrible experience!" Mitzi said abstractedly. "D'you suppose—Here he is now!" Mitzi interrupted herself to exclaim in satisfaction, as the gong in the front hall sounded through the house.

BUT instead of Alan, it was Mr. Oulton—the coroner, and Doctor Johnston and the two strange, detached young underlings of the coroner who came in. Griselle, following Mitzi into the sitting room to join them, felt a sick premonition of evil descending upon her spirit. Outside the windows, the heavy fog seethed and billowed noiselessly; sounds came muffled through it, shouting of boys, grinding of brakes, horns on the bay. The air was heavy and warm; the coroner wiped his face on a green-striped handkerchief.

Mr. Oulton wanted to ask Mrs. Armistage a few questions, would detain her only a few minutes. Mitzi sat down and faced him steadily, two red spots in her cheeks. For some time, to Griselle's acute discomfort, Mitzi steadily expressed herself as knowing nothing. She didn't know how many tablets her uncle usually took, or where he kept them or whether he was depressed yesterday or anything at all.

Oulton reminded her that she had already stated that she did know that General Cruickshank was in the habit of taking occasional sleeping tablets from a bottle in the bathroom. The maid Emma had said that he had asked her some time yesterday if there were any pills in the bottle, and she had told him it was about a third full. The bottle was marked "Fifty capsules."

"Then I should think you'd be questioning Emma," Mitzi said with faintly veiled insolence at this point.

"Couldn't the general have got up in the night and taken an extra pill?" Griselle anxiously demanded.

"I was coming to that," Oulton said, turning the completely blank expression with which he was interrogating Mitzi into a smile for the younger woman. "The fact is—" His heavy, blank look was fixed on Mitzi again. "There was only one set of fingerprints on that bottle, Mrs. Armistage, and they were not the general's and not Emma's. So that we are going to ask you, and Miss Mountjoy too, if she likes, if you'll oblige us by coming down to the station, as a mere matter of form, and letting the boys there fingerprint you."

"I was never in the general's bathroom in my life!" Griselle started to say. But she caught herself up in time, out of sheer pity for Mitzi, who looked sick with terror, and substituted, "I was never finger-



“... and how is everything at HOME?”

Dear Mom: Everything's pretty quiet around here.

Jim and I were just talking about what we wanted to do the first day when we get back. I told him I wanted one of your blueberry pies and maybe a big slice of your chocolate cake with thick frosting.

He says his mother makes the slickest biscuits with heavy chicken gravy over them. And of course we both want to put up our feet and listen to the radio with big plates of fresh peach ice-cream in front of us. And how is everything at home?

Your loving son, HENRY

To all the Henrys everywhere: One of these days, when you and the millions like you have won this war, Crosley will go back to making refrigerators with the Shelvador for you to raid when you get hungry at midnight—

And ranges for baking the pies and cakes you want and washers and ironers to make your Mother's (and maybe your Wife's) life easier—

And radios and television sets for your favorite programs.

But until your HOME is safe again, Crosley will use all its skill in radio and electronics for devices you need *now* for war; all its know-how in making rugged, complex precision-apparatus (like peacetime appliances) for the war materials that will help you keep Germans and Japs out of your own front yard.



More than 8,000 loyal men and women at Crosley have been awarded the 10% War Bond Flag as a symbol that their savings, as well as their skilled hands, are working for victory.

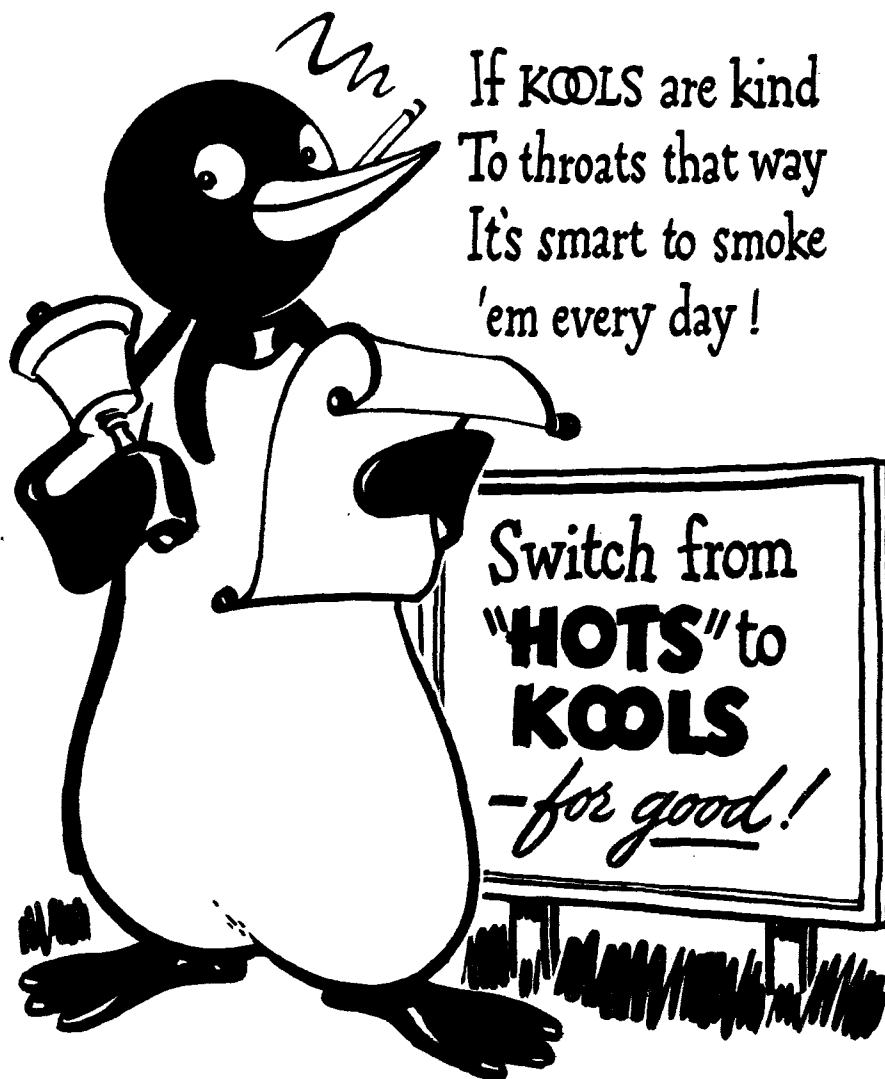
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"My nose was red
My throat raw beef
I smoked a KOOL
And got relief—"



"It soothed so much
I vowed I would
Switch from 'Hots'
to KOOLS for good!"



If KOOLS are kind
To throats that way
It's smart to smoke
'em every day!

printed! We don't mind that, do we, Mitzi?"

"I don't believe they need your fingerprints, Miss Mountjoy," Oulton said.

"But I'll go along, anyway," Griselle said.

"You stay by me," Mitzi said feverishly to Griselle when they were upstairs putting on their hats. "Everything will be all right."

"Listen," Griselle whispered urgently, detaining Mitzi as they reached the door on their way downstairs, "tell them the truth. Tell them you put some capsules into his ginger ale because he had been restless and you knew they made him sleep."

"BUT how do I know how many it was?" Mitzi fiercely whispered back. "I spilled some capsules in— Why do you look like that?" she broke off to ask nervously. "I didn't mean to do any harm!"

"Oh, goodness, I wish you hadn't done it!" Griselle murmured. "As if things weren't complicated enough without this! Do you think you put in many?" she asked.

"No!" Mitzi answered scornfully, her tone of bravado attempting to deny any apprehension whatsoever. "And I'm not going to worry about anything this idiot Oulton can do!"

"Mr. McMurray is going to be back at five to read the will," Griselle reminded her. But when they went downstairs, it was to find the lawyer already there. He asked Mitzi for a word in private, and they went into the dining room for five minutes. Then they all went to the coroner's office, Mitzi maintaining complete silence all the way, but with a proud curl to her lip and a certain knitting of her forehead that told Griselle that she was rehearsing her part in what she imagined to be the afternoon's business.

And, sure enough, when she had been fingerprinted, had sustained a primary and casual questioning and was put on oath for her deposition to be submitted to the coroner's jury at the inquest the next day, she spoke up with a readiness that surprised Griselle.

Griselle's eyes moved toward the face of Walter McMurray; he was leaning back in his chair, looking first at one end and then at the other of his fountain pen which he had taken from his pocket and held between the stretched thumb and middle finger of his left hand. His expression was absolutely blank, but Griselle knew well that Mitzi, without help, could not have produced the smooth phrases and terms she did.

"My uncle was in the habit of taking pills to help him sleep. He would often tell me that he had taken some when he went to bed, others later, if he was wakeful in the night. Last night he was asleep before I went upstairs; he heard me coming and called out to me, and I said I was going to have some ginger ale and asked if he would like some. He said yes, and I went down to the pantry and filled two glasses; I used glasses that were too small, and they brimmed over on the tray when I carried them upstairs. When I went into my uncle's room he was half-sitting up against pillows; he said he wanted sleeping pills. I asked if he hadn't been asleep; he said he had. I went into the bathroom and wiped off the tray and called out to him that there were only two pills there, how many had he taken? When I took them out to him, he said, 'I take too many of these; I think I'll cut down on them.' I said, 'It's probably a drug whose efficacy wears off when you overdo it,' or something like that, and he said, 'It does. Probably one of these,' he said, 'would knock you out, but I've been taking them all day.'"

"He said he had been taking them all day?" Oulton asked quickly. "But Emma, the maid, said that she had noticed that

there were eight or ten pills in the bottle?"

"At what time did she notice that?" McMurray asked in a quietly interested tone.

"Well, that, she didn't say," the coroner answered, set back for the moment.

"That was probably at noon," Mitzi opined.

"What would take her into that bathroom at noon?"

"Clearing up," Mitzi said. "My uncle never got up until eleven or twelve. Emma took in towels and made the beds. All that."

And she sent a quick flicker of a glance toward McMurray's watchful eyes.

But going home in the car, she was hysterical, and when they got to the house, she told Griselle passionately that she would kill herself before she went again to that horrible white office with the calendar on the wall.

The girls went upstairs to wash their faces, take off outer street garments, and compose themselves for the five-o'clock ceremony of reading the will, to which Doctor Cruickshank and his wife had been bidden.

Mollie arrived, tearful and shocked, twenty minutes before the hour. Griselle ran down, and told her what she could of the day's events; the doctor, after parking the car, joined them; McMurray, who had been strolling about in the still heavy, all-enveloping fog, came in and took his place in the general's old chair at the library table.

Mitzi descended the stairs as the clock was striking the hour. She looked her loveliest in one of the soft black and white house gowns that were a part of her mourning for David Armitage; she wore no rouge, and her lips looked all the more red, and her fly-away soft-brushed hair more gold by contrast.

She was crossing the hallway toward the library door when a man in uniform came in from the garden; a tall, lean man with shrewd, gray eyes, a slightly stooped man with a half-smile that was at once wistful and confident. Mitzi gave him one look.

Then she was across the hall, was in his arms, tightening them about her, sobbing bitterly, with her gold head on his shoulder.

"Oh, Alan, Alan, Alan, I've needed you so! You didn't come and didn't come, and I've wanted you so! You'll stay here now, won't you? You'll take care of me?"

"Why, of course, I'll do anything I can, Mitzi," Griselle, with the world darkening about her, heard Alan's deep, slightly hoarse voice say reassuringly.

FOR a full minute after McMurray's voice had ceased, there was complete silence in the library. Mitzi, Doctor Cruickshank and Mollie looked blank bewilderment and incredulity at one another. Griselle sat staring, her eyes wide, every particle of color drained from her face. Mollie's mouth formed the monosyllable "Who?" but she did not speak.

Mitzi was the first to break the silence. "That—simply—isn't Uncle Andrew's will!" she stated flatly.

"That's not—not anyone we know or he knew," Mollie Cruickshank said in a troubled voice.

"What does it mean?" the doctor asked. His wife glanced at him, thinking that Sam suddenly looked old. "Is that all?" he added. "Did you read the whole thing?"

"That is all," Walter McMurray said. "I don't understand it," he added frankly.

"This is completely unlike the will I drew up for the general. In his talks with me, he made no allusion to anything like this!"

"Read it again!" Mitzi commanded. Griselle had not spoken.

"Yes; I'll read it again," the lawyer said.

The long envelope that he had just opened lay on the desk. It bore the engraved names and the address of a firm

of Philadelphia lawyers, a single sheet of paper had been folded within it. The signature was that of Andrew Cruickshank; the date was an April day, twenty years earlier.

In the simplest possible words and very briefly, Andrew Cruickshank had bequeathed everything of which he died possessed, with the exception of one bequest, to Catherine Johansen, or, should she predecease him, to her child, should that child survive.

The bequest was of ten thousand dollars to Laura Carberry Mountjoy, "in recognition of an inestimable kindness.

"No money," the document continued, "could ever repay her generosity and that of my esteemed old friend, her father. But she may be glad to give this sum to some favorite charity. Should she predecease me, this legacy will return to my estate."

WALTER McMURRAY finished reading the will in a profound silence. His listeners exchanged stupefied glances.

Mitzi was the first to speak. "No one ever heard of Laura Carberry Mountjoy!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, yes, I did," Griselle said hoarsely. "She was my mother. I never heard of any Catherine Johansen, but Laura Carberry Mountjoy was my mother."

"Your mother!" more than one voice said. Mitzi's voice was incredulous.

"Yes. She died when I was seven. We lived with my grandfather on the Maryland farm. My mother was a widow; my father had died when I was only a baby. After she died," Griselle went on, as the circle watched her in silence, and no comment was made, "I lived with my grandfather. He died last year."

"This legacy, then," McMurray said, "would come to you?"

"Well, I don't know," Griselle answered falteringly. "I suppose it would."

I'll have my ranch after all, her thoughts added instantly.

"Did your mother leave a will?"

"No. I don't think she did. We never —" Griselle began, and hesitated. "We never had much money at the farm," she went on apologetically. "My grandfather didn't—didn't like it."

"Didn't like money!" Walter McMurray repeated seriously.

"No. Of course, we had some. I used to keep the books, for honey and tobacco and eggs and the farm. Miller was our farmer; we worked it on shares," Griselle explained. "I think whatever my mother had would have gone to my grandfather."

"And then to you," the lawyer said, with an encouraging nod.

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"That legacy doesn't matter," Mitzi put in impatiently. "What I want to know is: What about all the rest of the money? You know as well as I do," she went on, looking first at McMurray and then at the Cruickshanks, "that that isn't Uncle Andrew's last will! You know he intended to leave practically everything he had to me. This will is twenty years old; I was about ten when it was written. Somewhere around here, there's some other will. We've just got to find it, that's all. My father was his partner in that patent. Papa was unlucky in his investments, and Uncle Andrew was lucky; otherwise, half of all of it would be mine! Why, you know, Mr. McMurray, that only last week Uncle Andrew was talking of his will as if he just meant to change some of the details, not the whole thing. This is a ridiculous will, twenty years old, and leaving everything to someone we never even heard of!"

(To be continued next week)

Hitting Hitler's Oil Barrel

Continued from page 34

the rotting carcasses of Italian and German bombers, fighters and transport planes which had been cleared from the field we now occupied.

At Command Headquarters, you could feel the rising amperage of pre-raid emotions. Everything looked the same but wasn't. The Stars and Stripes lazied in the clean-smelling evening wind. Camouflage splotched the hotel, built of sand-watered concrete by grafting Fascist colonial officials in the heyday of their imperial racket. It was ours now, with its surrounding buildings, some of them scarred by fragments of bombs when the Ninth Air Force was helping Montgomery to conquer Libya. We had chiseled out the Fascist emblems from the façade of the main building and left only the Royal Italian shield, which they had flanked.

Within the brown-walled compound of headquarters, jeeps backed and filled, staff cars halted, khaki figures emerged and disappeared into porticoes, car doors slammed, and motors purred. There was extra snap in the MPs' salutes and they directed traffic in and out of the compound with more than usual efficiency.

At mess that night I learned what the target was to be. I was "safe"—now inside the reservation. They could talk freely. The staff officers were all excitedly grave. Lieutenant Colonel Nero, the maintenance chief, a short, stocky, dark-complexioned fellow who loves engines more than life itself, told his superiors that he would have the planes ready to go. They were tuned and waiting for the predawn warm-up. Yes, the bombs had been loaded—big delayed-action bombs. Plenty of incendiaries, too. None of the group commanders were at mess. They with their pilots, navigators, bombardiers and gun-

ners were restricted to their respective areas.

I heard the word "Ploesti" and I realized that I should have known. On the plane out to Bomber Command, one of our passengers was tall, hulky, spectacled Lord Forbes, a sportsman, former journalist and former British air attaché in Bucharest. The Germans gave him the bum's rush in October, 1940, and I remembered vaguely why. He knew the secrets of Ploesti.

Prelude to the Long Raid

In the predawn darkness of the next day, the countryside vibrated to the distant muffled roar of warming engines. By daybreak, jeeps and trucks hurried along roads and desert tracks to parked Liberators with their crews. An hour later, squadrons were in the air, forming up for the thousand-mile flight to their target—the longest mass raid of heavy bombardment in history. At last, all planes were in their assigned positions.

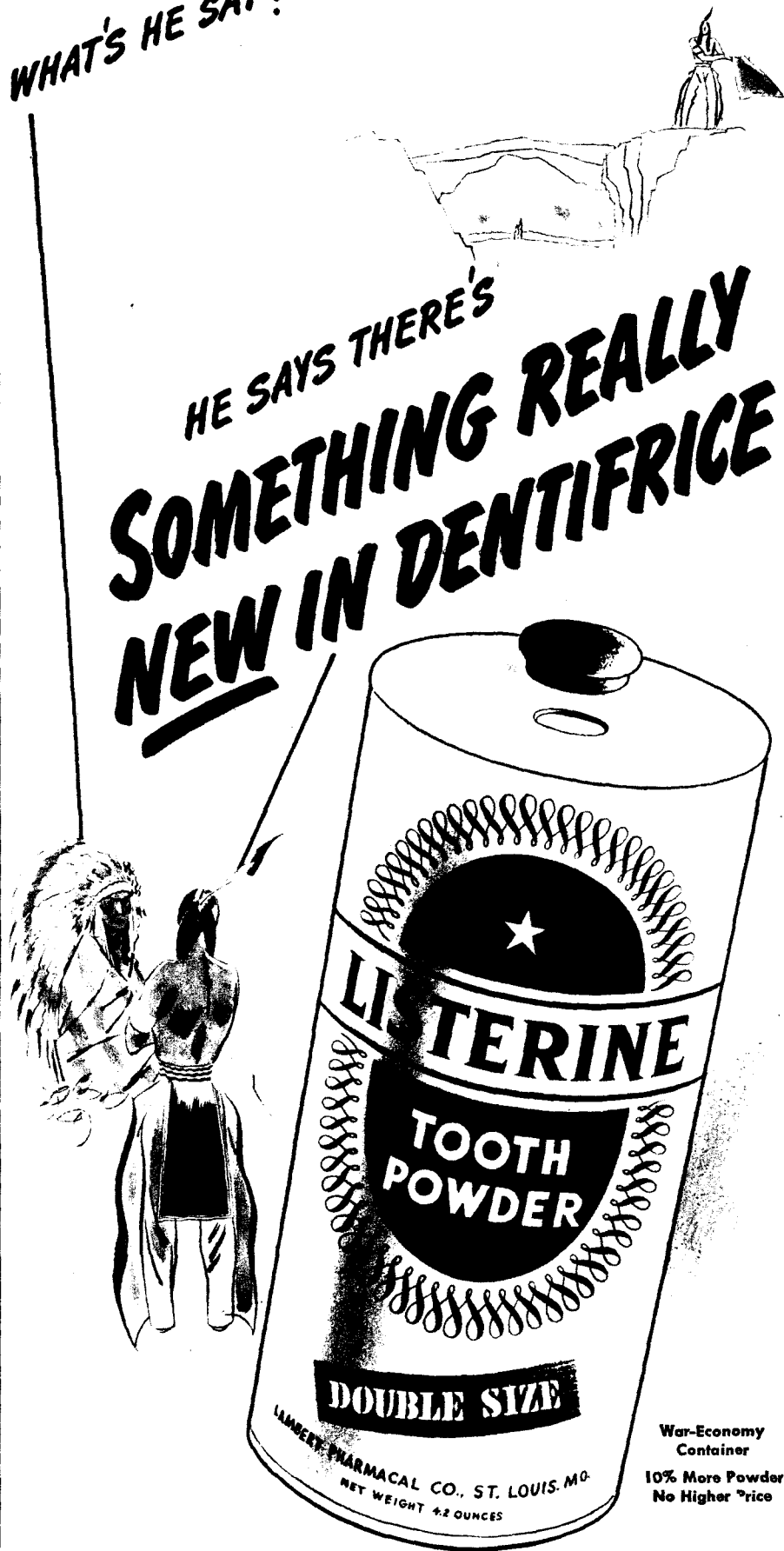
Once only you saw, felt, smelled and heard all this, and then the huge Liberators, fighting kings of all heavy bombers, were away, and there was silence. Perhaps only two out of every three would return.

They were quickly away, their voices fading northward. This was the morning of August 1, 1943, and our Liberators were en route to Ploesti, Adolf Hitler's principal single source of oil for Europe and for twenty-nine years the center of desperate Balkan intrigue.

Even in the last war, Ploesti was the epicenter of intrigue. Its installations were dynamited when the region was threatened by the Kaiser's armies.

Queen Marie, as astute as she was beau-

WHAT'S HE SAY?



Powder in a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like

a paste when you brush, yet gives you powder's money-saving economy.

NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION really gets down to work on dull,

lack-luster tooth surfaces . . . helps bring out the flashing natural brilliance

of enamel. And what a taste thrill in that **NEW WINTER-MINT FLAVOR!**



First in War...

WE have good reason to look with heartfelt pride on the exploits of the American flying man.

On air fronts throughout the world, he is rapidly becoming "first in war" both because of the superb equipment at his command and by reason of his own cool courage and skill.

But America will not firmly establish her place as first in the air until we go one step beyond the immediate task of keeping our

fighting flier supplied with the most, the best and the hardest-hitting air weapons.

We must make sure that we do not stop with making the air militarily secure for the purpose of victory—that we go beyond that, to make the air a means to enduring peace and progress.

America is well prepared to take the leadership in peacetime development of the air lanes as it has led in wartime development of flying equipment.

We have the plants. We have the materials. We have the productive skill.

Most of all, we have the imaginative capacity to develop aircraft further and ever further, and the national preference for amity and good will among men that makes air power safe in the hands of our people.

We are making ourselves "first in war" as far as flying men and flying equipment go.

It remains for us to make ourselves "first



First in Peace

in peace" in enlightened administration and use of the endless air ocean which is the common property of all free peoples.

★ ★ ★

AS A WARTIME MANUFACTURER in the service of its country, Goodyear produces a wide variety of airplane parts and necessities, as well as complete Navy planes and airships. As a peacetime producer, seeking to help build the finer world for which we now fight, it will be prepared to continue and extend its association with the aeronautical industry so as to make all forms of aircraft finer and more efficient servants of mankind.



No time to lose!



Blackie: "Hey, Whitey—that alarm clock
is set a half hour too early!"

Whitey: "We can't be too early for Vic-
tory, Blackie—let's go!"

Keep faith with those whose *lives*
depend on how well you attend to
your job. Get to work every day
—on time. Remember—when you
take time off—you're helping
Hitler. Keep fit—live sanely—eat
the right foods—get enough rest.
Get on the job—on time!



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YEARS OLD

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tiful, used Ploesti, Rumania's richest asset, as a blue chip in the postwar poker game wherein Rumania obtained Bessarabia from Russia, Transylvania from Austria-Hungary and enlargement of Dobruja at Bulgaria's expense. Ploesti was the means to the fulfillment of Marie's dream of a Greater Rumania—a dream which was expressed in Marie's dying request that her heart be cut out and buried beneath the battlements of her castle in Dobruja.

In the great interregnum of peace, Ploesti became Rumania's principal source of revenue. British, American, Belgian, French and, later, German capital moved in, built huge refineries, cracking plants, distilleries and storage tanks in an area of 700 square miles. Their combined potential production was a maximum of 10,000,000 tons, although this peak was never reached. Transportation was inadequate for handling such an output.

For one short period in 1939, the Ploesti region, however, did produce at the rate of 7,000,000 tons, including a small percentage of high-octane gasoline. At the moment when our Liberators battered the refineries and other installations, Ploesti represented the source of one third of the Axis oil supply, natural and synthetic.

As war neared in 1939, Germany faced the problem of acquiring the Ploesti fields without fighting Rumania. War in Rumania might have endangered the oil fields for they would then certainly be bombed or sabotaged.

Immediately following the Munich conference, Rumania asked Great Britain and France for a mutual assistance pact. The pact was signed and, in addition, an agreement for joint sabotage of the Ploesti installations in the event that the German armies reached a certain point in Rumania. The agreement was obtained from King Carol at a price. It was a staggering figure. Rumanians drive hard bargains.

And meanwhile, there began an undercover struggle between Great Britain and Germany—Britain aiming to deny to Germany all means of transportation of oil from Ploesti, and Germany seeking to secure Rumania and her precious oil intact. The British bought up the Danube barges and every Rumanian railroad tank car they could lay their hands on. It was a seller's market, and the Rumanians made millions.

The Plot to Block the Danube

The British reportedly evolved a fantastic scheme for blocking the Danube. The plan was to float barges loaded with dynamite into position and explode them. But some of the sailors who manned those barges looked eminently un-Danubian and startlingly British, and the Nazis caught on.

They held British naval officers prisoners on a certain barge. The British were rescued at gunpoint. If the Germans needed an excuse to hurry their plans to bag Rumania, lock, stock and Ploesti, they had it. They went to work.

They found Quislings for the buying within Rumania. They organized and financed the green-shirted Iron Guard as an armed opposition to King Carol, capitalized on disaffections arising out of Carol's relations with Madame Lupescu, and stirred anti-Semitism. But Rumania remained neutral in favor of the Allies. She didn't dream France would collapse.

But France fell. Aboard the Bordeaux express from Paris, carrying the French Deuxieme Bureau staff and all their papers, the Gestapo captured, among other dossiers, secret plans for the destruction of the Ploesti plants. The Nazis now held precisely the weapon they needed to bring Rumania to terms.

Russia was demanding Bessarabia, and Berlin ordered Carol to comply. Rumanian opposition would have meant Russian bombardment of Ploesti, destruction of the very object for which Ger-

many was playing her desperate game.

At the moment when Soviet insistence was at its highest and German pressure at its greatest, Georges Bratianu, son of the prime minister, who had brought Rumania in on the Allied side in the first World War, proposed that Carol threaten to press a button which would blow up Ploesti if the Russians entered Bessarabia. This could have been done, and would have checkmated the Nazis. But Carol was frightened. The Russians had attacked Finland, the Germans had taken Norway, and Poland had fallen. Carol turned down Bratianu's proposal.

In a panic, the Rumanian general staff burned the blueprints for sabotage. The next day, Carol received photostatic copies of the plans from the Nazi Gestapo, including a dossier containing the names of all British, French and Rumanian agents involved. Carol denied all knowledge of the plans and personalities.

Bringing a King to His Knees

The Nazis had already used the Iron Guard to force Carol to appoint as premier a convicted bigamist, Ion Antonescu, the bitter enemy of Lupescu. They went to work methodically now to achieve the capitulation of Carol and the wholesale expulsion of the British.

Antonescu, at Berlin's command, ordered an armed demonstration before Carol's palace. The king asked Antonescu what could be done to quiet the mobs. Antonescu told him that the Palace Guard was about to revolt—a deliberate falsehood, as Antonescu knew. The commander of these troops had just assured him that they would obliterate the Iron Guard at a word from the king. Carol, thinking only of the safety of his Lupescu, believed his prime minister. Antonescu suggested that Carol abdicate in favor of Michael, his son, and Carol left. Mother Marie had used Ploesti to build a Greater Rumania. Carol had failed to use it to save Rumania.

The Germans now moved soldiers into the Ploesti area, and began a systematic persecution of Britons. The Nazis were determined to ascertain whether the British had any other plans. Their Iron Guard stooges kidnaped twelve of fifteen members of the British colony and legation staff. These men were beaten, their toenails extracted with pliers, and they were otherwise tortured. None of them talked. When they were turned over to the Rumanian police, the British government obtained their release.

One night, about a score of British oil engineers, including an American named Freeman, were taken from their homes by Iron Guardsmen. They were given the toenail treatment and bound and beaten in fine Gestapo style. What they knew about Ploesti, they never told. Within ten days, they were released and later escaped. Some of these men helped brief our raid.

In October, 1940, the British withdrew their legation from Rumania. The Germans, fearful of the safety of Ploesti, extended their occupation of the Balkans as much to keep potential bombers at a distance as for any other military reason.

From Ploesti, the Nazis extracted oil and oil products which maintained the entire German and Italian fleets, one third of the whole German army, and at least half the German air force in Russia. Around the Ploesti installations, the Germans had raised a forest of anti-aircraft guns of large and small calibers. They had built blast walls around plants' vital parts and spotted airdromes from which fighters could rise to intercept our bombers.

For a combination of geographic reasons, Ploesti had become the most difficult single target to reach, with the possible exception of Germany's well-dispersed and strongly defended synthetic

gasoline plants. Only a low-level mass raid could accomplish the objective—destruction or serious damage to machinery which was supplying Germany with 18,000 tons of refined petroleum daily.

The whole course of the war in Russia and Italy depended on its success. Every man and officer in the Ninth Air Force, which General Arnold assigned to the mission, was cognizant of his responsibility when they set to work weeks before to prepare for the execution of their orders.

In the desert south of Bomber Command headquarters, the Ninth Air Force planners found an escarpment which topographically approximated the vicinity of Ploesti. Engineers blocked out with white-wash and markers the contours of the five principal targets in the vicinity of Ploesti proper and the outlines of the town. These were the Phoenix, Orion and Astra-Romana refineries, owned by British Shell; the Colombia plant, formerly French-owned; Vega-Concordia, built by the Belgians; refineries of the petrol block (German and British respectively) and installations of Romano-Americana, owned by Standard Oil of New Jersey. The boys were urged not to miss this last one for the sake of Anglo-American relations.

On the desert plain five miles south of what represented Ploesti, the engineers laid out the town of Brasov with its Creditul-Minier high-octane plant—the newest and best in the region. In a dry wadi representing a fold in the Carpathians, surveyors located the mock Campina and outlines of the Astra-Romana refinery, which Anglo-Iranian-French money had constructed.

The engineers also erected a few mock smokestacks, but there was no effort made, as reported in some newspapers, to reconstruct an entire Ploesti. A small-scale model was made, however, showing the exact location of the city contours and the colors of the surrounding countryside and the location of vital machinery within the target regions. The model was reconstructed from information those tortured British and American oil engineers had smuggled in their heads from Rumania and from actual prewar photos and blueprints. For more than two weeks, Killer Kane and other squadron commanders raided the phony Ploesti, studied maps, weather charts and the small model.

Rehearsal for Destruction

For days, they also viewed a briefing film, which gave them all the known data on the targets and finally, after two successful low-level "attacks" with dummy bombs on the mock Ploesti, they were ready. Brereton talked to each group and told them the importance of their mission and without heroics outlined to them the difficulties they'd meet. Air Vice-Marshal Tedder, boss of all Mediterranean Allied Air Forces, flew out from Tunis in a Beaufighter to wish the boys Godspeed.

The men knew what they were up against and they knew some of them wouldn't come back. Low-level bombing is to high-level precision bombing what a bayonet charge is to a long-distance artillery exchange. It is infighting and it is deadly for the giver and the receiver. But if a low-level raid was the only way an attack could be carried out—well, that's the way it would be done.

The generals estimated that at least ten high-level raids, each growing successively more dangerous, would be required to accomplish what could be done in one daring, smashing attack at treetop height, despite the lethal cables of barrage balloons, smoke screens, ack-ack batteries estimated to number at least 100 guns and possibly 400, and fighters totaling about 100, in the vicinity. That's the way Hap Arnold saw it. That's the way Hotfoot Looney saw it. That's the way it was done.

Late in the afternoon of August 1st,

while our squadrons were winging home after the attack, a signal came in from General Ent, who was in the lead formation with Colonel Compton. The leader broke radio silence to send us the message. It merely said "Mission successful." It reached us while Brereton, Hobbs and myself were returning from the beach.

Brereton smiled, then laughed out loud for the first time in seventy-two hours. "Well, Frank, you said we'd be bastards or heroes before the day is over," he said. "Anyhow, we ain't bastards." He became silent and I knew what he was thinking. He wasn't a hero, either. He was just the general who had sent some good guys out to do a job, and a number of them—we didn't know how many as yet—wouldn't be coming back and they'd be heroes, too, but dead ones.

Hours of Nervous Tension

We tried playing gin rummy and made a futile effort to concentrate on a chess game in the officers' club at Bomber Command, but without success. It would be several hours before the boys came home. Some would land elsewhere on neutral or Allied territory, and we wouldn't hear from them for hours, perhaps days. But the bulk of the force would be coming in at fields in Ninth Bomber areas.

Finally, the first formations were signaled less than a hundred miles away. We piled into staff cars and jeeps to watch them come in. The sun had set, and we were in that long twilight that makes the desert a magic land of soft brown earth and deep blue sky.

All ground crews were out scanning the sky and horizon for their own ships. "There's Old Baldy," and "That's Vulgar Virgin coming in now" and "Looka them bomb doors swingin'." There were ships with dead engines and others with holes in wings and fuselages. One ship shot a colored flare—it wanted an ambulance. Wounded on board. One by one they came down, some without enough gas left in their tanks to fill a cigarette lighter.

Colonel Compton, with Ent aboard, landed first, as he had been the first to get away. Ent was grave. His formation had missed its specific target. Major Norman Appold, a tall, thin kid with a large Adam's apple, a boy from Detroit, was close behind Compton. He wasn't happy, either. He had seen one of his closest friends shot down. An ack-ack shell pierced his buddy's plane from nose to tail and set it afire. "But he dropped his bombs okay—he salvoed them right on the target. I saw it go up." And Appold hurried away.

It would be nice to end this story with a classic cliché of communiqués: "All our aircraft returned safely." But we lost twenty planes over the target and perhaps as many more from a combination of mechanical troubles and by enemy action. But a hundred and seventy-five went out. So it was a successful raid.

Specifically, the bombers accomplished at comparatively small loss of life what it would have taken an army of half a million men and billions of dollars' worth of equipment to accomplish. And the lives which will be saved due to the action of the Ninth Air Force against Ploesti can't be calculated.

It was dark, as black as only the desert can be on a moonless night, dark as a sealed sepulcher. Out of the night came sounds of loud voices and hearty laughter. The strain was broken. The raid was over. Intermittently, the black bowl of night was split by the thin blue beam of a searchlight that might guide home stragglers.

(In a forthcoming issue, Frank Gervasi interviews the crew of the Hail Columbia! on their return from Ploesti. Killer Kane, pilot, says he flew so low that flames from burning oil refineries singed the hair on his arms.)

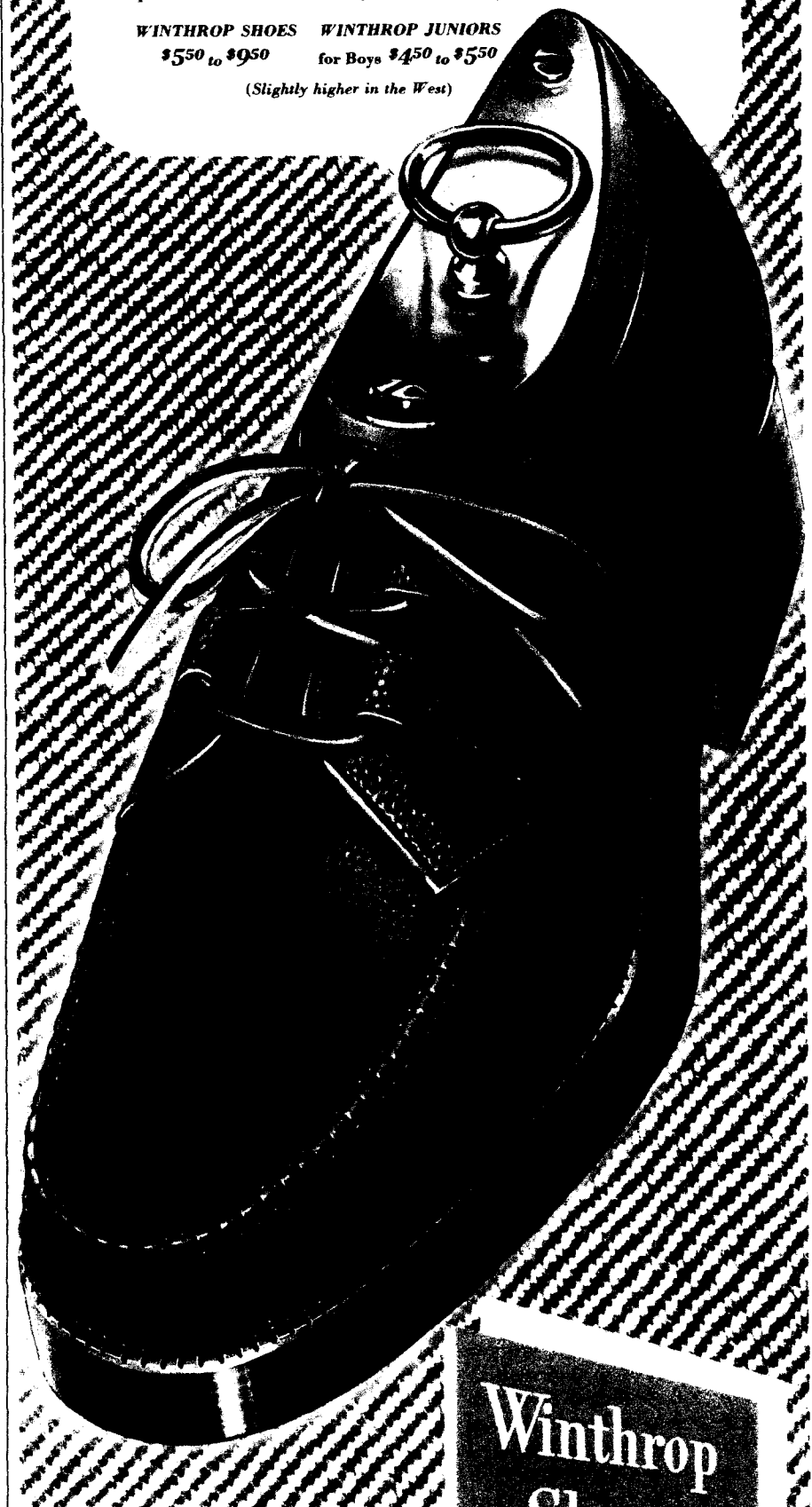
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"Hurry-Up Charlie"

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He took his spite out on old Charlie, though.

Like the night he put him to work priming the deckheads with red lead. Groomer not only thinned the red lead down, but he gave Charlie a stubby old brush that had been dipped in thinners. By morning the old guy was red lead from here to breakfast. He had red lead up his arms to his neck.

"What happened to you, Charlie?"

"Darned if I know, Mr. Joe. The paint just won't stay on the brush. It runs right off onto me."

I sent him to the locker for clean overalls and told Groomer to lay off.

But the next night I found Charlie running all over the yard, looking for the straw Groomer had sent him after.

"Straw? What for, Charlie?"

"For the crow's nest, Mr. Joe."

What are you going to do with a guy like that?

I put Charlie to helping me with the timecards.

And he'd fuss with me every time I'd go to fire a man.

"But, Mr. Joe," he'd say, "maybe he'll work out in some other department." He'd talk me dizzy, finding something good about the fellow.

"Hard to get men," he'd remind me. "How you going to get the ships out?"

TAKE the guy called "My-Night-Off." That was the name Groomer tagged him with, and it turned out to be one of his best efforts. My-Night-Off was an old-time painter—knew more about brush work than the rest of us put together. But he'd fallen off a scaffold once, and it had left him punchy, simple. But paint? He could paint rings around the best of us, providing you put a brush in his hand and got him started. There was also the little matter of being there to stop him when the work was finished, or he'd just keep painting on and on. Cabins, galley, deck, scullery—all the same color.

And every night he'd hunt me up to ask, "When's my night off?"

And every night but one I'd have to say, "Tuesday's your night off."

But on Tuesday he'd show up at the gate.

The timekeeper's office wouldn't let him in the yard because his card showed him off, and I'd have to go over and convince him that it was really his night off, that he didn't work on Tuesdays.

He'd look at me mournfully. And when I'd get through explaining he'd ask, "But when is my night off?"

It was hopeless. I told Charlie so. "I have to fire him!" I yelled. "Or I'll go batty, too!"

"Now, Mr. Joe."

Charlie got two pencils, a red one and a green one. And at the beginning of the shift he'd grab My-Night-Off's work orders and take him up to the cabins.

I watched one night.

Charlie drew a fine line with the green pencil. "You start here," he said patiently. My-Night-Off nodded.

"And you paint clear up to here." Charlie drew a red line. "Then you stop, and I'll come up and start you on the next cabin."

My-Night-Off grinned happily and set to work.

It was as simple as that.

And every Monday morning when we went off shift, Hurry-Up Charlie pinned an old Willkie button on My-Night-Off's coat.

"Now don't you come to work until I take that off," he'd say.

On the way to work on Wednesday night, Charlie would stop off at the work-

men's dormitory and round My-Night-Off up and bring him along and put the button away until the next week.

There was the time young Happy kept falling asleep on us.

Up until then he'd been my top sprayer. Happy knew as well as the rest of us that Keever, the efficiency guy in Front Office, was on the warpath about men sleeping on the job. He knew that if the yard police ever caught him asleep, there'd be no second chance. He'd be fired, period.

I missed Happy one night and I started going through the ship, Hurry-Up Charlie tagging at my heels, taking those funny little running steps of his.

I found Happy snoring in the last cabin.

"You're fired!" I shouted at him. "Come down to my office and get your timecard and quit slip."

"Now, Mr. Joe," Charlie said mildly. "now, Mr. Joe."

All the while I ranted and sputtered, Charlie kept saying things like: "He's a fine boss, Mr. Joe is. He'll help you, Happy. You tell Mr. Joe what the trouble is. He'll fix it."

Happy told us. His wife had been taken to the hospital and he couldn't find anyone to take care of his kids. So the poor devil had been trying to look after them in the daytime and work at night.

"You hurry up now and get back to work," Charlie told him. "Mr. Joe will find someone to take care of your youngsters. Then you can sleep all day and tomorrow night you'll be as good as new."

Happy all but kissed me and went out to find his leaderman.

"Nice," I said to Charlie, "very nice. So now you've put me in the kid-raising business."

Charlie went running all over the yard, talking to the women welders, consulting with Mrs. Walteck down at the timekeeper's office. He came back beaming.

"It's all fixed, Mr. Joe. Mrs. Walteck's sister likes kids. She lives in Happy's neighborhood and she's got a big yard. Her youngest boy just got drafted and she's lonesome. Here's her address."

The next night Happy tells us what a swell person Mrs. Walteck's sister is, how good she is with the youngsters. Tells us his wife started getting better the minute she didn't have to worry about her babies any more. Happy whistled the way he used to and he did the work of two men.

OLD Hurry-Up Charlie.

At lunchtime he'd run around and make us take our vitamin B pills and peek into our lunch boxes to see that we had enough to eat. The men laughed and kidded him, but you could see they liked him.

All except Groomer. "I should have called you 'Nurse-Maid Charlie,'" he'd growl.

"That Groomer," I said to Scotty one night. "He's going to make trouble yet. If he wasn't such a fine worker, I'd—"

"Now, Mr. Joe."

Charlie was standing at my elbow. "Mr. Groomer's the best leaderman in the department," he reminded me. "He turns out the work. He gets the ships painted."

"Oh, go away," I said crossly.

Because Charlie was right. The ships were going down the ways. We'd set three records—one right after another.

We got a big kick out of watching old Charlie's face when each new ship went down the ways.

"There she goes!" he'd yell exuberantly. "We've sent another ship!"

He'd slap the men on the back as if they'd done something wonderful. We'd



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wait for his inevitable: "Come on, now, let's hurry up and start another one."

Then Keever got his bright idea about licking absenteeism.

Every shift, he decreed, that kept its level of production up without absenteeism was to get war bonds, one for every man.

Our marine paint department went all out for it. The men thought it was a swell idea. Easy, they bragged.

It was, at first. We went along in the groove, working steadily. Two weeks, three weeks—the beginning of the last week. That was the week, I remember, that the news came out about the Japs executing our fliers.

Little things started going wrong with us.

Johnny Adams twisted his ankle. Charlie rigged up a special stool for him to sit down on while he worked, and I had the men save all their lower trim for him to do.

Then Turkey-Neck Jensen caught cold and Charlie darned near foundered him with fruit juices. We had a few laughs listening to Turkey-Neck try to convince Charlie that whisky was the only thing for a cold, watching Charlie make him take orange juice instead.

THEN it was the fifth night of the last week. Johnny's ankle was better. Turkey-Neck looked wan, but very pleased with himself. At lunchtime the men spoke cautiously about their ultimate success, knocking on wood.

I saw Groomer talking to Hurry-Up Charlie and I eased over. The men were keyed up; I didn't want trouble now.

"I met someone in pre-fab today that knows you," Groomer was saying. "Follow by the name of Frank Grayson."

Charlie nodded. "A Salinas boy. His father and I went to school together."

Groomer started to say something else, checked it when he saw me.

Then it was time to get back to work, and I forgot about it.

Two hours before quitting time, the labor department super called me. "There's trouble, Joe. You better get up to the main deck right away. One of your men was caught sleeping in a cabin."

"Who was it?"

"The little old guy they call Charlie."

"Hurry-Up Charlie? Hey, there's some mistake!"

"Keever himself caught him, Joe. There's no out."

I made it up to the main-deck cabins in nothing flat.

Charlie was standing there, giving Keever his badge number.

He looked up when I came barging in. "I'm sorry, Mr. Joe. I—I sat down to rest for a minute, and the next thing I knew—"

"Give us a break," I said to Keever.

He shook his head. "You know I can't. This sleeping on company time has got to be stopped. I appreciate how you feel, Joe, losing the nonabsenteeism prize—"

"The hell with the prize!" I shouted.

"Just don't fire Charlie. He's the best man in my department."

Keever looked at me and he looked at little old Charlie. I saw what he meant.

"Well," I said lamely, "well—he can do a lot of other things besides swing a brush. He—he—" I stopped talking. How are you going to explain a guy like Charlie?

Groomer and the men from the corking gang stopped to listen. Johnny Adams and the spraymen joined the circle. I saw Scotty and Turkey-Neck and Happy.

Turkey-Neck lumbered up to Keever. "Fire me instead," he begged. "Is my fault Charlie sleeps. All yesterday afternoon he follow me, watches me that I do not take the whisky." Turkey-Neck coughed. "For my cold," he explained with dignity.

(I should have remembered that Turkey-Neck was just about due for a spree.)

"Charlie, when did you get your sleep?"

"I—I sort of forgot, Mr. Joe."

"Y'see?" I said to Keever. "He was so busy helping—"

"Sorry," Keever said. "You know the rules." He turned to Charlie and his voice was kind enough. "Will you go up to the front office? I'll get your timecard from Joe."

Charlie nodded slowly and passed me something. It was the Willkie button. "Don't forget, Mr. Joe. Pin it on My-Night-Off every Monday."

I held the old button so tight the pin stuck into my hand.

He turned to the men. "I—I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sure sorry."

It was Groomer who answered him. "Quit talkin' like that!"

Scotty glared at Groomer.

"Well," Groomer snapped, "he doesn't have to sound so humble!"

Charlie walked away, and the men began to mutter.

"I think there's going to be trouble," I warned Keever. "The men are sore."

"I t'ink," Turkey-Neck said quietly, "I t'ink I go fishing."

"Me, too," Johnny Adams said. "Going to take sick leave until this ankle is better."

"I do nae feel so good myself," Scotty ventured.

It was plain enough. Even Keever could see it. But he made no move to call Charlie back. I watched Groomer whispering to his men, arguing with the corking gang.

To this day, I don't know how far the men would have gone. I do know that it was touch and go there until Groomer spoke.

"A strike," he said slowly, "wouldn't solve anything."

"Good for you," Keever boomed. "That makes sense."

"The—the ships have got to be painted," Groomer added.

"Ye're ver-ry patriotic all of a sudden, Mister Groomer!" Scotty was so mad he was all "r's."

But to my surprise, I saw Groomer's men agreeing with him. Then Groomer walked away.

"Come on, Keever," I said bitterly. "Down to my office. I'll get Charlie's timecard for you."

The corking gang delayed us, asking for work orders. Then My-Night-Off rushed up to me and demanded his button. "I want to give it to Charlie," he reeled it off like a kid that's learned a recitation. "Charlie came to work on his night off."

The fellows in the corking gang were lousy actors. They simulated great surprise. "Why, say," they shouted, "ain't this Thursday? Sure, this is Thursday! This is Charlie's night off."

Turkey-Neck picked it up from there. He slapped his thigh and did a lot of hearty laughing. "By Yimminy! Little old man hurry up so much he forget to take his night off."

"Sure," Johnny Adams drawled. "He can't be fired for sleeping."

NOW ever since Charlie'd come to work, he'd had Friday nights off. They knew it as well as I did. But I had to take a stab at convincing Keever. The men were trying so darned hard.

"Why, I'd clean forgotten," I said. "I told Charlie to take tonight off. I certainly did."

"Well, then," Keever said smoothly, "it will be on his timecard. Let's go over to your office, Joe, and take a look."

Scotty started to slip away, but Keever reached out and took his arm. "We'll go together, Scotty."

Groomer appeared as we passed the outfitting dock and fell into step with us. I didn't say anything.

But Scotty did. He trilled it. "R-r-rat!"

Groomer didn't answer. Just followed us into my office and leaned against the

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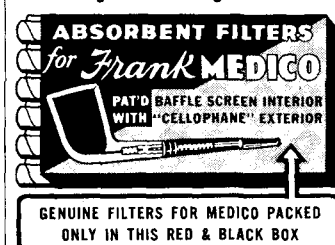
**SENSATIONAL PIPE FILTER
ALSO IN CIGARETTE
AND CIGAR HOLDERS**

No wonder millions have switched to this amazing and revolutionary filter invention—the greatest improvement ever known in pipes, cigarette and cigar holders.

Inside of cellophane exterior are 66 mesh screen "baffles" which whirlpool smoke—retain flakes and slugs—minimize juices, raw mouth, and tongue-bite. Improves taste and aroma of your favorite smoke.

This filter is the "heart" of Medico Filtered Smoking. When discolored, put a fresh one in your pipe or holder. Costs only ONE CENT. Do not miss the benefits of mild, sanitary, Filtered Smoking.

Something wonderful goes on inside



GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

When will the Allies keep their
APPOINTMENT IN BERLIN?
Answer this Question in the

HELBROS

Time for



WIN \$2,500 IN U. S. WAR BONDS

or one of 101 Distinguished
HELBROS Watches

YES, you can win the big grand prize or a handsome Helbros watch (value \$57.50) world-famous for precision and beauty! Just give your estimate (and 25-word reason) of the day, hour and minute on which the "cease fire" order will come, signifying our victory over Germany.

TO ENTER THE CONTEST:

Go to your jeweler for free entry blank and complete contest rules. Submit as many entries as you wish, provided you buy a U. S. War Savings Stamp with each. You keep the stamps! Contest closes October 30, 1943. Send in an entry blank every day—you help hasten the day of victory—and you may win one of the 102 wonderful prizes.



*See this new Columbia picture starring George Sanders and Marguerite Chapman.

HELBROS WATCH CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

door frame, watching Kever go through the time cards.

Kever riffled through the lot, took one card over to the light. He had a queer look on his face. "Thought you were lying, Joe. But it's down here, all right."

Scotty's eyes widened. I laughed heartily.

"Well," I said. "Well, I guess that takes care of it."

Kever sounded mad. "Something funny about this, Joe."

"Why, Mr. Kever! It's there on the card that Charlie should be off tonight. Even in the little rule book you helped to write it doesn't say anything about a man sleeping on his night off."

"And if it's the nonabsenteeism prize that's griping you," Groomer put in, "you can skip it. Give it to the Red Cross."

But Kever had a one-track mind. "How," he wanted to know, "could Brandon get in the yard tonight if he's supposed to be off?"

THOUGHT of the timekeeper's office hit Kever and me at the same time. They had duplicate records!

Kever smiled sweetly and pulled the phone across the desk. "Give me the timekeeper's office," he said. "Mrs. Walteck? Will you look in the marine paint department files and let me know when a Charles Brandon, badge number 87642, is supposed to be off?"

Groomer whistled tunelessly, while Scotty straightened all the pencils on my desk. It became an effort to keep the idiotic, cheerful smile on my face.

"What?" Kever looked like he'd swallowed straight lemon juice. "Are you positive, Mrs. Walteck? It's written down? Certainly I'm not doubting you, I just—Thursday, eh? I see. Thanks."

He stood up. "I'll send Brandon back here, Joe."

"Oke."

"After this, keep better track of your records."

"I sure will, Kever."

"Got to have efficiency, Joe."

He marched off.

Scotty did a fancy highland fling.

"Will someone," I complained, "let me in on this?" I turned to Groomer. "I know you sent My-Night-Off up on deck to speak his little piece, but—"

"How about some work orders, Joe?" Groomer was as dour as usual. "Those guys are standing up there with nothing to do."

My phone rang. It was Mrs. Walteck.

I looked at Groomer as I put the receiver back. "Mrs. Walteck says to tell you that you left your gloves in her office when you brought her the Cokes."

Scotty put his hand on Groomer's shoulder. "How did ye do it?"

Groomer shook him off. "I did it with my little pen and ink," he said flatly. "I'm good at it. I'm so good I once served time for it."

"That's why, then, they wouldna' let ye enlist?"

"That's why. And now," Groomer shouted, "will you two quit talking so much and come help me get the men started? Number 532 goes out today, in case you've forgotten."

"Ye're as bad as Charlie with your hurr-ry up, hurr-ry up."

"Stick around," I said. "Wait until Charlie gets back—"

"Wait, wait, wait!" Groomer rasped. "There's too darned much waiting."

He started out the door, kicked at the frame as he passed it. He stood there a second, looking out across the foggy yard.

"Come here," he said.

Scotty and I joined him. We could just make out a shadowy little figure, running toward us.

"Old Hurry-Up Charlie."

Groomer's voice sounded raw and tired. "That Grayson guy in pre-fab—he told me why Charlie's in such a hurry."

"Why?"

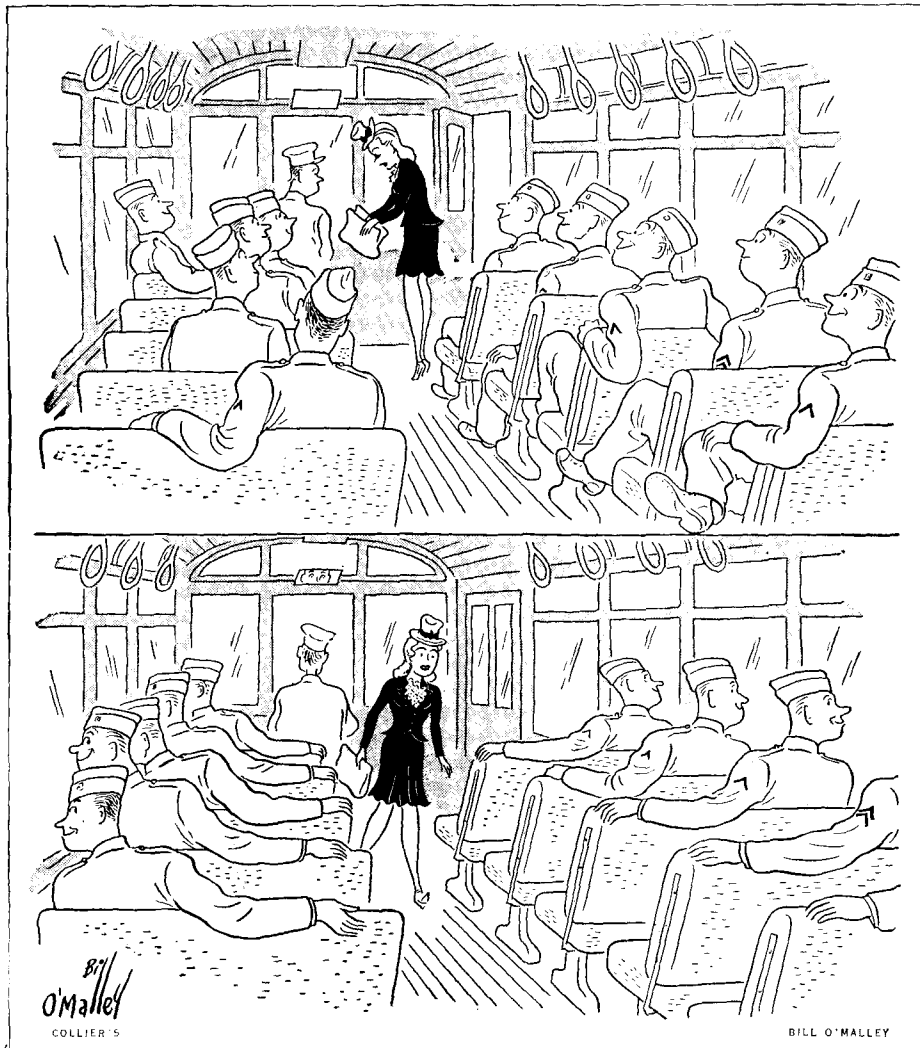
"Because all three of Charlie's sons were at Bataan. One of them's still there—in the foxhole he died in. The other two are prisoners of the Japs."

He stood aside as old Charlie panted up.

"Come on," Groomer said crossly.

"Let's get back to work. We got to hurry up!"

THE END



Snap into Autumn with a refreshing change of clothes . . . rugged Size-fxt Oxford shirts by Manhattan; sport shirts in smart plaids; roomy, deep-pocketed leisure jackets. Manhattan ties and handkerchiefs in spicy Fall patterns and colors. You'll get a new grip on yourself in a Manhattan change!

Manhattan
SHIRTS • TIES • SPORTSWEAR
PAJAMAS • HANDKERCHIEFS



If you have any difficulty obtaining Manhattan Shirts, please be patient. Inquire at your favorite store again; shipments are made frequently.

Paratroops Behind Nazi Lines

Continued from page 19



This is an American fighting man setting foot on foreign soil—for the first time in his life. How many miles from home? Until officially released, that information is a military secret—is governed by military strategy. How many months from home? More than any of us realize, this depends on how hard we of the home front work and save for Victory.

This American fighting man goes to meet the enemy with boundless faith in you and me and every American on the home front. No Axis lies can undermine that faith. Even the heat of battle will not weaken it. Because we—his own people—are the only ones in the world who can disillusion this American fighting man.

Wars are never won by merely equaling the enemy's efforts. We must exceed them! We must build more and still more of the weapons of Victory. We must buy more and still more War Bonds—to buy the weapons of Victory, to win our war against inflation. Remembering always that every minute on the job, every War Bond we buy, are part of the price of his return ticket.

Williams Oil-O-Matic works to speed the day of Victory—his homecoming. When all of us can return to the ways of better living.



THE BONDS YOU BUY TODAY
ARE YOUR GUARANTEE OF A
Better Tomorrow!

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS & BONDS

**WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING**

WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

and glider troops of the 82d were dropped from big transport planes, were collected with their full equipment on the ground, and were put through all phases of attack until every man in the division, from General Ridgway to the greenest buck private, knew precisely what fortifications were to be assaulted, when they were to be hit, and what road to take or what ravine to traverse to get to them.

On the first day of fighting, the combat team accomplished its first mission. It blocked the Gela-Vittoria road. On the second day, it took command of heights on the east bank of the Acate River. Here it dug in.

Here the little 75s and mortars could sweep broad stretches of the countryside, could challenge the advance of German armor along the converging roads. Somewhere in front of them the 15th German Panzer waited to strike. At their rear were the enemy's first defense lines in the coastal hills and, beyond the hills, American soldiers were landing from the sea.

Lying in Wait for Jerry

The German was not long in coming. He rumbled up in Mark IV's and big Mark VI's. The 88-millimeter guns of these tanks have a range of four miles and, as soon as they got within their most effective striking distance, they started to bang away at American positions. Mostly, the German was firing blind, because the American declined to reveal his location by returning the fire.

Not a shot was fired from the American side until the enemy was within 150, 100 or 50 yards. Then the paratrooper let him have it with everything in his arsenal from the 75s to bazookas, machine guns and rifles. At that point-blank range the 75s could stop the big tanks, while the little 37-millimeter antitank gun was effective against the Mark IV's. That was waiting until you saw the whites of their eyes, 1943 style.

The bazooka was really terrific. This weapon resembles a length of lead pipe. The Germans learned to dread it. Its terrible armor-piercing and explosive power was death to the Mark IV's. It could not destroy the Mark VI's, but after these tanks had been pounded fifteen or twenty times with the bazookas, they withdrew, presumably because their crews could no longer endure the shock.

On occasion, the Germans refused to come close enough to give the Americans maximum firepower with their light weapons. Then it was necessary to lure him closer by tricks. Such tactics cost the Germans many a tank, and two American soldiers traded their lives for Mark IV's.

One was Lieutenant Colonel — of New York. All he had were a few bazooka teams, which he had widely dispersed, lying on their stomachs and well covered. As the tank approached, the colonel exposed himself, attracting the attention of the crew and drawing them closer by firing his M-1 rifle. The tank crew occupied itself in returning the colonel's shots with their 88-millimeter gun. Colonel and tank swapped several rounds — 88-millimeter shell for .30-caliber bullet—until, finally, the American officer took a direct hit and died instantly. A moment later, the tank was ambushed by the bazooka teams. It was stopped cold and the crew exterminated.

Another who died was an unidentified American sergeant who captured a German tankette, or one-man tank, jumped into the vehicle and ran it in front of a charge of enemy tanks to draw their fire while his comrades blasted away with bazookas. These tanks were also stopped.

For thirty hours, the Americans made their stand along the river heights. A good part of the time they were without support of any sort from more heavily armed units. It was Saturday, July 10th, before they got reinforcement when the 45th Division was able to get some heavier guns and tanks up to them. In knocking out the German tanks, the airborne troops had the assistance of what General Swing has described as "wonderful screening fire" from the Navy offshore. This was the first time in the history of warfare that cruisers and monitors went into action against tanks.

It became apparent almost from the start of the invasion that the Germans had pretty well anticipated the American plan of attack. On July 10th and 11th, airborne troops were constantly fending off counterattacks, a circumstance clearly indicating that the enemy expected assaults to be made where the Americans made them.

In counterattacks, the enemy penetrated outer American defense lines only to discover, before he could turn his tanks around, that his own infantry was being attacked by our troops. It was these infantry attacks that sold the American soldier on the idea that, man for man, he was as good or better than the German. Take his machines away from him, they learned, and the German is just another soldier whose reputation for invincibility vanishes in close combat.

General Swing visited the scene of the fighting in the Acate River heights. In that area alone, he counted twenty-seven German tanks knocked out. At least six of them were Mark VI's.

The British Eighth Army used airborne troops to great advantage, especially when Nazi resistance stiffened before Catania. After the big coast port fell, General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery permitted correspondents to tell what happened at a certain bridge near the middle of the Catania plain.

The British wanted the bridge badly. If they held it, the Germans could not advance. But it was flanked by swale grass flatlands, and there was no way of getting to it without being exposed to a deadly cross fire. So Montgomery ordered paratroopers to take it at night.

The British Held the Bridge

A score of big transport ships circled over the bridge and dropped 300 men. Equipment followed. Then a great orange moon peeked out from behind a cloud bank and the British, still floating downward, found they had company. Plenty of company. About 300 German paratroopers were floating down with them. The German commander must have had the same idea as Montgomery. Both wanted that bridge. Both decided on the same method. Both used the identical minute to execute it. On the ground, frightened soldiers of both sides picked up any weapon, and British soldiers killed Germans with their own guns, and vice versa. In the morning, the British held the bridge.

While our airborne operations in Sicily were on a scale larger than any comparable undertaking of the Allies, in the weeks and months to come it is possible that they may be dwarfed by still larger troop landings from the air. Air-invasion tactics are still in a fluid state. They are being modified almost daily on the basis of experiences in Sicily and in training centers in the United States.

There is good reason to believe that, because of the American successes, General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, commander of the Army Air Forces, Lieutenant Gen-

WHEN YOUR STOMACH



When you eat in haste you often repent at leisure—with a sour, upset stomach—gas pains—or simple diarrhea.

Don't add to your upset by taking over-doses of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. Get a bottle from your druggist today. If you do not get prompt relief, see your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

By the Makers of *Unguentine **Norwich**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CRACKED WALLS

**MEND'EM WITH
RUTLAND
PATCHING PLASTER**

says Uncle Ned,
the How-to-fix-it man

• You don't have to be an expert to repair walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes a smooth, firm patch that does not crack or fall out. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vermont.

**RUTLAND
PATCHING
PLASTER**

eral Leslie J. McNair, chief of the Army Ground Forces Airborne Command, are considering wider use of gliders in place of parachutes as a better means of getting soldiers out of the air and onto the ground.

Unquestionably, the glider has staggering potentialities as an offensive weapon. Both American and British glider troops were landed in Sicily at night. Night landings of incredible accuracy have become a routine part of glider-troop training in the United States. In recent weeks, troop-laden gliders, without the addition of special equipment, have even been landed successfully on water.

The glider used by Americans in Sicily was capable of carrying fifteen men, including pilot and copilot and necessary equipment. A few weeks ago, new gliders of improved design and with twice the load capacity of the older type, came off production lines.

The glider, easy for enemy fighter planes and antiaircraft to hit in daylight, at night becomes an exceedingly silent, elusive target. That enables the attacking force to utilize to the utmost the element of surprise. Only an enemy aware that he is about to be attacked could detect the presence of night gliders. These frail-looking craft, after their release from their towing planes, sail to their destinations with only the whistle of wind in their wing struts to warn of their coming. Against the night sky they are shadow planes. Only the luckiest kind of shot could bring one down.

Gliders have another advantage. Troops and equipment landed by parachute are scattered even under the most favorable conditions. The landing force thus loses cohesion for varying periods of time, during which they are highly vulnerable to attack. Glider troops are landed in

fighting units, ready to hit an enemy within a matter of seconds after their ship slips almost noiselessly to the ground.

Landing casualties to glider troops have been much lower than among paratroopers. This has been true in both day and night operations. Gliders frequently crash, particularly in rough country, but their construction is such that, in breaking up, they absorb most of the landing shock. Time and again, troops have stepped unscratched from nearly demolished gliders. Unlike motored aircraft, they carry no fire-hazardous gasoline.

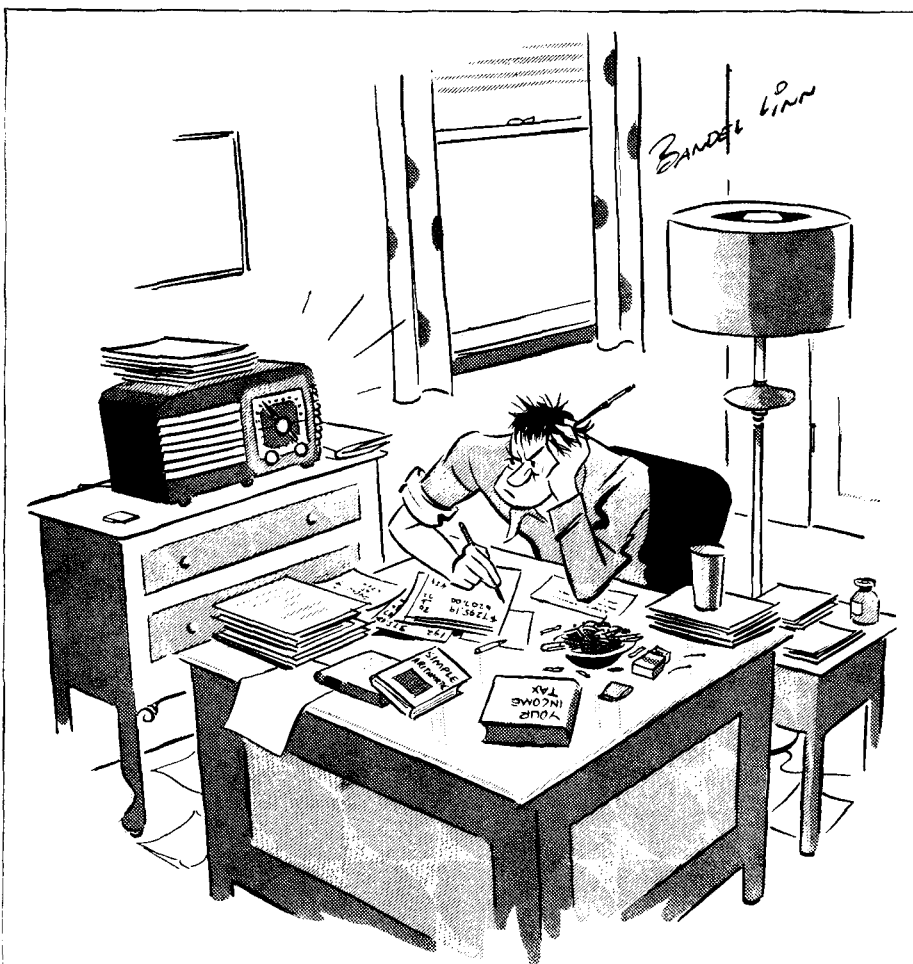
Glider—Invasion Ship

As at present organized, American airborne divisions are comprised of parachute and glider troops. The paratrooper was used in the opening of the Sicily air invasion because of the roughness of the terrain. It was felt that glider landings could not be made in the areas. Subsequent experience has shown that gliders can be put down in very small landing areas, so it is possible that when fair terrain is to be invaded, more gliders and fewer paratroopers will be used.

"The Allies won't have success against heavily fortified positions which can be readily reinforced," said General Swing, after the fall of Sicily, "unless the force sent to reduce them is aided by airborne troops attacking from the enemy's rear in a kind of pincers operation."

"Airborne soldiers ease the landing of troops driving in from the sea. Forces on the beaches will have to contend only with what is in front of them, while the enemy has to stave off blows from the back. We used to hit him from the front and sides. Now we can lean over and hit him a kidney punch."

THE END



"... now let us say that you are a married man with two dependents. FIRST, you estimate your 1943 income, taking credit for March and June payments, and then make up the difference NOW and in December. But remember—you are still held liable for 25% of your 1942 tax! Your net income LESS your personal exemption AND your credit for dependents gives you your surtax net income—and from this figure you subtract any interest on Government obligations PLUS your earned income credit. Got that? Now take 6% of that figure and you have what is called the normal tax. The normal tax is then added to the surtax net income and ..."

COLLIER'S

BANDEL LINN

MOJUD... that's all you need know about stockings

The name Mojud on stockings tells a meaningful story of extra quality yarn... of skill in knitting... and of infinite care in testing, examining, finishing. That's why, to millions of women, Mojud means the utmost in long-lasting loveliness. At better stores everywhere.



★ BUY WAR BONDS!

TRADE MARK REG. © 1943, MOCK, JUDSON, VOEHRINGER CO., INC.



This Soviet worker in Yakutsk, Siberia, lives only 28 hours' flying time from the Washington, D. C. airport.

It's 37 hours' flying time from Kansas City to this Chinese student's home, outside Chungking.

The office of this newspaper publisher in Calcutta, India, is 41 hours' flying time from Times Square, N.Y.

This Alaskan Eskimo lives near Fairbanks — 13 hours' flying time from the Chicago airport.

A 23-hour flight from Boston will put you in the office of this wholesale coffee dealer in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

The Pacific atoll where this Fiji Islander lives is only 34 hours' flying time from Denver.

No man on earth lives more than 60 hours from your local airport...

"A LOT OF THINGS are different in India than they are back home in Altoona," wrote a 19-year-old sergeant in the U. S. Air Forces to his mother in Pennsylvania.

Never before in his life had this boy travelled beyond Pittsburgh — until he flew to India in a Liberator bomber.

To him — and hundreds of thousands of hometown American boys like him — India was a place "off there somewhere." He'd seen it in the newsreels

and travelogue films. In his geography book he'd learned something about India's crops and minerals and untold riches, and the funny way the people dressed.

The world as it really is

Now his letters from overseas — telling how people talk and work and live in a strange land he never dreamed he'd see — *are penetrating into the lives and thinking of his family and friends in the town where he grew up.*

This is happening all over America today. And when our boys come home again — from India and China and Britain and Dutch Harbor and Australia and North Africa — they'll think of the world as they know it *really is*.

Not as isolated continents or separate hemispheres, but a clustering of nations whose *individual* welfare, in the peace to come, will depend upon the welfare of them *all*.

They know it can't be otherwise, when *no spot on*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT



Your sales manager in Brisbane can attend a meeting in San Francisco on short notice. Flying time: 35 hours.

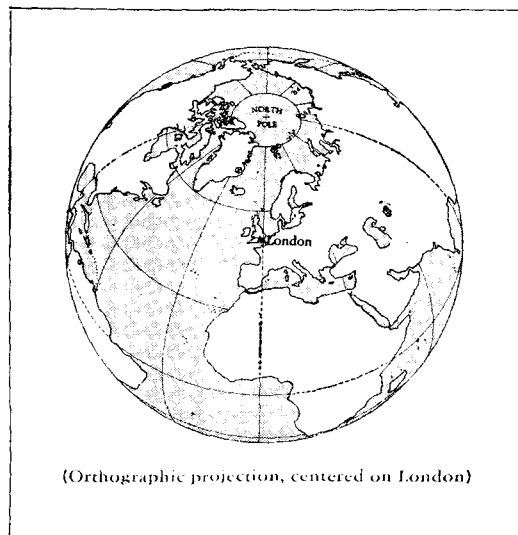
earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport!

In such a world, right now, we face the necessity of waging and winning a global war. Tomorrow — in a world shrunk still smaller because of even swifter long-range planes to come—we and all other nations must somehow contrive to get along together as neighbors.

Air power — for peace

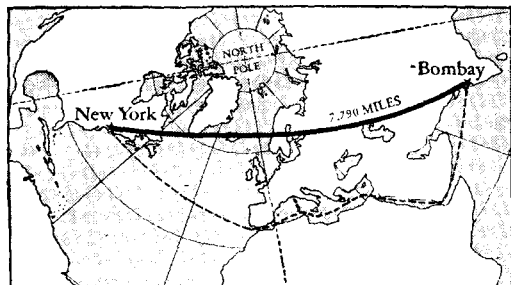
There are bewildering problems ahead. But one thing is certain. The plane — by accelerating the interchange of men, mail, merchandise, ideas, culture, and beliefs — will help to bring about a greater understanding between the peoples of the earth.

And without understanding, there can be no lasting peace.



(Orthographic projection, centered on London)

A plane recently flew the 1400 air miles from London to Moscow on a special mission in the morning, returning that same afternoon. Top speed: 400 M.P.H.



(Polar azimuthal equidistant projection)

Today's planes, with their tremendous speed and long flying range, need not follow old established trade routes. The 9400-mile sea route from New York to Bombay is about a 3-week voyage, but the air route is only 7790 miles. Flying time: 39 hours or less.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif. • Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La. • Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa. • Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C. • Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Consolidated Vultee designed and perfected the long-range Liberator bomber — was the first to turn out multi-ton bombers in volume production on a moving assembly line.

Because teamwork means more bombers and an earlier victory, the Consolidated-designed Liberator is also being produced by Ford, Douglas, and North American.

Liberators and Catalinas have helped to provide a "complete shore to shore air cover" spanning the Atlantic as protection for convoys against Nazi submarines, according to joint statement by British Admiralty and Air Ministry.

All transport planes, including the Liberator Express, are being equipped to carry standard stretchers for the evacuation of wounded, according to the Office of War Information.

To protect Australia's 11,000-mile coastline, the Royal Australian Air Force chose Catalinas as ships that can regard "journeys of 2000 miles or more as routine. Catalinas can remain in the air for thirty hours and can reach Australia's remotest bases and return without refueling," according to the Commonwealth of Australia Department of Information.

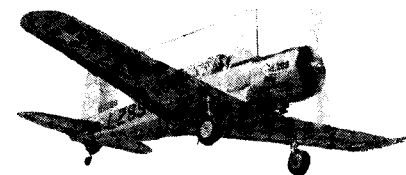
At the end of 1943, the United States will have about 865 airports, each with paved runways of 3500 feet or more. This compares with less than 100 such airports in 1940.

There are 11 Consolidated Vultee plants in the United States. If these 11 plants could be put under a single roof, they would occupy a building 3 miles long and 5 city blocks wide.

A recent aerial photograph, taken at an altitude of 26,000 feet, shows a vast landscape on which a mountain 625 miles away can be clearly identified.

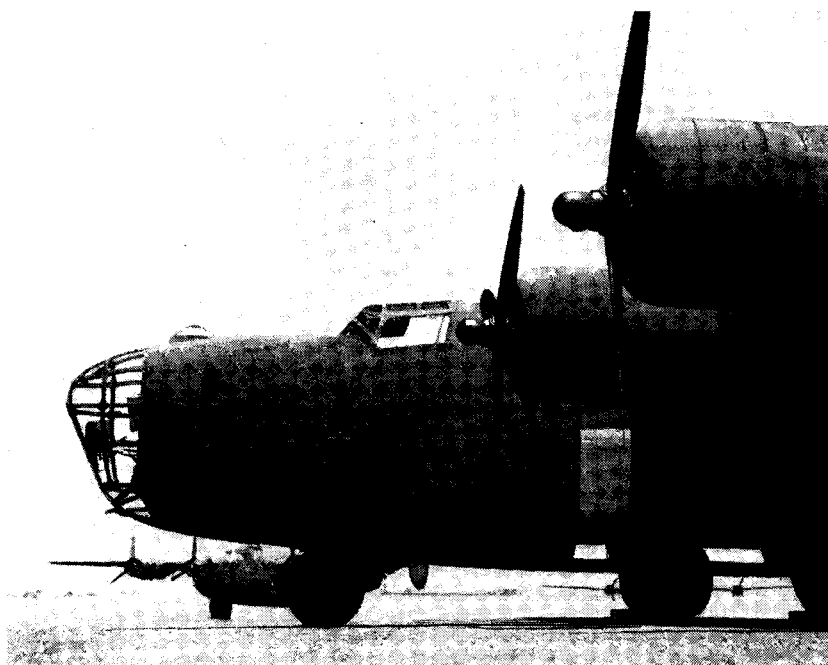
The Liberator bomber carries a heavier bomb-load farther, and faster, than any other U.S. bomber in action against the enemy. In many instances — for relatively short bombing missions, where range and speed are not all-important — two 4000-lb. blockbusters are added to the Liberator's normal load, increasing its bomb capacity to 10 tons.

More than 10,000 sub-contractors and suppliers all over the U.S. are helping to speed production in our 11 plants by furnishing sub-assemblies, parts, and materials.



In addition to the Liberator bomber, Liberator Express transport plane, and the Coronado and Catalina patrol bombers, Consolidated Vultee also builds dive bombers, trainers, and torpedo planes. Above: the Valiant—basic trainer widely used by the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.

Production figures on the Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber are of course a military secret. However, it was recently revealed by Harry Woodhead, president of the company, that during the first 6 months of this year, production in Consolidated Vultee plants of this long-range 4-engine bomber was tripled as compared with the first 6 months of last year.



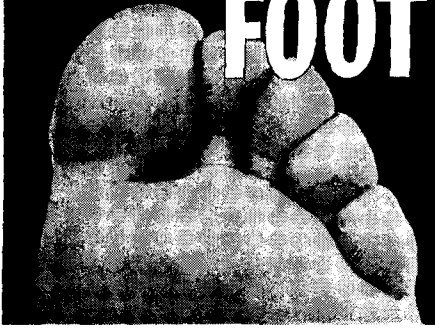
"O.K. for take-off!" Another huge Liberator bomber rolls off Consolidated Vultee's moving assembly lines into the hands of the test pilots. On every aerial battle front, the speed, range, fire power, and precision bombing of the 4-engine Liberator is helping to transfer the Axis dream of victory into a nightmare.

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO, CATALINA, (patrol bombers) — P4Y (anti-submarine plane) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)

Herman the Sherman

Continued from page 16

WHEN YOU FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT



FIGHT TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

Facts you MUST know

Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.



DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Promotes healing of broken tissues. And McKesson makes it.

**MONEY
BACK**
—If Soretone
doesn't bring
satisfaction.

SORETONE

Powerful Help—TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big, long-lasting bottle for \$1 so you can afford to use Soretone liberally.

If not relieved within a reasonable time, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

The colonel was 'way ahead of me. He bounced up like he had trolley-car springs, and in nothing flat he had his clothes off.

He tossed them at me. "Corporal Burkitt," he said, "do as you did in Bensonhurst."

So I did. With a stick I pulled the colonel's clothes to a pile of rocks, and with two gallons of gasoline from the jeep I doused them. Then I sat down to wait for them to dry. But the colonel he couldn't sit. First he was nervous because he was late. And, second, he still had ants.

"Colonel," I said, "it would be better if we did to you, too, like we did to the sofa. I still got extra gasoline."

WELL, Judge, it worked. The colonel was without ants after I bathed him. But he was with big red pimples and excitement.

"Corporal Burkitt," he said, "hand me my clothes immediately."

I went to get them, but they were still wet. He gave me a look like even you couldn't give, Judge, and sat down by the jeep. I spread out the clothes so they should dry faster. He kept looking at them and looking at his watch. His nervousness was making me nervous.

To take his mind off, I said, "Have a cigarette, Colonel." I lighted it for him, and he gave a puff. Then a second later his clothes gave a bigger puff. I had forgot about them when I chucked the match away.

I ran over to stamp out the fire. The colonel stopped me. "Just let them burn, Corporal," he said very quietlike.

After all my hard work, I couldn't understand this. "Maybe he's going batty," I said to myself. Then when I took a peek at him I was sure he was nuts. Because he was looking at the fire, and looking at me, and smiling very, very happy.

"Now, Private Burkitt," he said, "remove your uniform."

"But I got no ants, Colonel," I said. His smile was very peculiar now, like the one Dago Mike had before they fried him. "Do as you are commanded, Private Burkitt."

Nuts to you, I said to myself, a colonel who's a nudist ain't no colonel. But out loud I said, "Yes, sir."

So I took off my clothes, and the colonel put them on, and that's how we arrived at Staff Headquarters. Naked I didn't mind being. But when some of the men came around and asked me I should do a bubble dance, I boiled inside. Outside I boiled, too. The colonel made me wait two hours for him in the car.

I got awful sunburned. But the colonel got other things. Because not only did he make the Private Burkitt business stick, but he docked me a month's pay. And the next day he chucked me back in the tank corps.

But the colonel was bugs if he thought I was sore about pushing a tank again. Cars, motorcycles, scooters, tanks—when you're a driver they're all the same, Judge. And, boy, was this a tank they gave me! Could I make a fortune with it in traffic on the Grand Concourse. A General Sherman no less.

Tougher than the Stanley Steamer my old man once hacked in. And faster than Sam Schnauzer running from his wife. I named this tank Herman after my strong uncle who's a rubber in a Turkish bath.

With me in Herman the Sherman is four other guys. Coletti, the gunner; O'Rourke, the loader; Perkins, the radioman; and Schull, the commander, who is a sergeant. Strictly speaking, they're only kibitzers, like four fares in my cab.

Honest, Judge, the whole setup is still like the Bronx. Tunisia is nothing but

empty lots with camels, and people are people. You would think maybe Sergeant Schull is different. He ain't. Right away he makes faces about my driving. And three days after I'm with him he hollers I rush in too close to the Heinie tanks, that I don't obey orders and that I'm a jerk.

This Sergeant Schull is a tough onion. He's a big, blond guy with a fiddle chin, and before the war he used to be an accountant. Everything with him is business, and always he's delivering lectures. It costs so much to run a tank, and so much to fire a shell. And if you can't balance it with Heinies, the government is losing money on you.

"Private Burkitt," he says, "you are foolhardy and irresponsible."

By me that's Supreme Court double-talk, especially from a sergeant.

"Look, Sergeant," I told him, "you mean I take chances?"

"Exactly."

"Okay, wise guy," I said. "Go look up the records of the Orange Cab Company, and you'll see my kind of driving booked nine bucks a day when the other hackies made from hunger."

He gave me a dirty laugh. "Your kind of driving also cost the colonel a whole new uniform. But I like my stripes. I sweated for them."

"So what?" I said.

"So unless you use your brain instead of the gas pedal—and follow orders to the letter—you're going out. I'll see to that."

Herman the Sherman I like very much, but of the sergeant I'm sick already.

"Fine," I told him. "You can start getting rid of me right now. There's lots of other tanks."

"That's very true," he said, "but I will recommend you for the infantry."

Judge, when I heard that I backed up like water in the carburetor. Because if there's anything I don't like, Judge, it's to walk. Sergeant Schull knew that, too.

"Well?" he says. I don't say nothing. But Schull, he's foxy. He takes nothing for an answer, and lets me stay.

So I do like he tells me and become a creep. For a while I think maybe Schull has something in this safety-first stuff. Because in the next month I jockey Herman through six battles without a dent. Not only don't we get banged up, but Coletti's shooting knocks out a dozen kraut tanks.

I GAVE Coletti the glad hand for it the night before the battle that got us through the mountains. We were stretched out next to Herman, waiting for daylight. But we couldn't sleep because the grass felt like a hairbrush.

"Coletti," I said, "that's some shooting."

He's a skinny little guy with black hair growing down to his eyebrows, and he always looks mad. This time he really was. "Blah!" he said.

I couldn't get it. "Why, whatsa matter?" "You," he said. "You're crampin' my style."

"Coletti," I said, "don't talk like an Order of the Day. Talk English."

He didn't pay no attention. "Do you know what I used to be?" he asks.

"No."

"I used to be a professional billiard player," he says.

"Oh, a hustler?"

I thought he'd choke. "No. A professional. An expert. A tournament player."

"I'm glad," I said.

"I shoot a gun the same way. Scientific. But account of you I'm shooting like a chump now."

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I was getting sore myself. "Are you bugs?" I said. "What have I got to do with your shooting?"

"You're making me take long ones," said Coletti. "Two thousand yards on the last one. Sucker shots. All on account of your creepy driving."

"You mean if I step on it and get closer, it's like a soft one on the pool table?"

"Certainly."

Judge, it seemed to make sense.

"Coletti," I said, "from now on you're going to be near enough to make massé shots."

"Thanks, pal," he said.

He said it again in spades when the rumpus with the Heinies started an hour later. The break came fast. A big shell bloomed right next to us and loused up the radio. That meant the sergeant had to talk to me with the feet and I had to translate with the clutch.

Judge, I never felt so good in my life. Honest, something even got into Herman like once got into my cab when Sam Schnauzer put ether in the gas tank. Maybe it was the climate. But Herman flew around like a punch-drunk pug in a revolving door. I didn't even really disobey orders. I gave Herman gas like the sergeant wanted, and Herman made speed like Coletti wanted. It made me very happy.

But the happiest was Coletti. If only he had a cuspidor, it would have been like in the Grand Academy on Fourteenth Street. He was shooting like a champ while I racked them up. Never a miss. And never a shot longer than five hundred yards. In one hour he had four Heinie tanks, O'Rourke had a curve in his back from loading, and Sergeant Schull had a mouthful of words for me which I couldn't hear.

Suddenly the krauts chucked up a smoke screen and began to scam, but fast. The wind was with them. It was blowing to the east, the way they wanted to go, and in no time at all they were covered. Then Coletti and the sergeant saw the same thing. Me, too.

Off to the right an armored car and a small tank scrambled out of a hollow and scooted from different angles for the edge of the blanket. From where we were, the armored car was a pushover in the side pocket. The sergeant gave me an easy kick in the middle. That meant advance slow for the setup. I did like he wanted.

Meanwhile, Coletti was acting very peculiar. He was pointing with the nose at the gun slit and looking on me with a look I never saw before. Judge, it was murder and heartbreak. I gave a good squint through my port. Then I understood. He wanted to make a two-cushion shot. Catch the tank and the armored car with one smack. From the way they were traveling, they would be side by side just as they reached cover. At close range it would be a cinch. It was up to me.

I stepped on the gas. Herman gave a squeal, the sergeant gave a curse, and we were off. The bumps were terrible. But Coletti behind the gun was like frozen to a cue stick. Now the Heinie tank and the car were only two hundred yards away. They were almost together. Still Coletti waited. Then, just as he had them lined up, it happened. The Heinie tank let loose a shot, Herman went into a skid, and the Heinie and the armored car were gone in the smoke screen.

We climbed out to look at our damage. Nobody was around. The krauts had beat it, and the rest of our outfit was after them.

IT'S funny, Judge, how sergeants is just like traffic cops. They always put the blame on one guy. There was Coletti, with a dopey look on his face, trying to take a plea with me. But Sergeant Schull shuts him up.

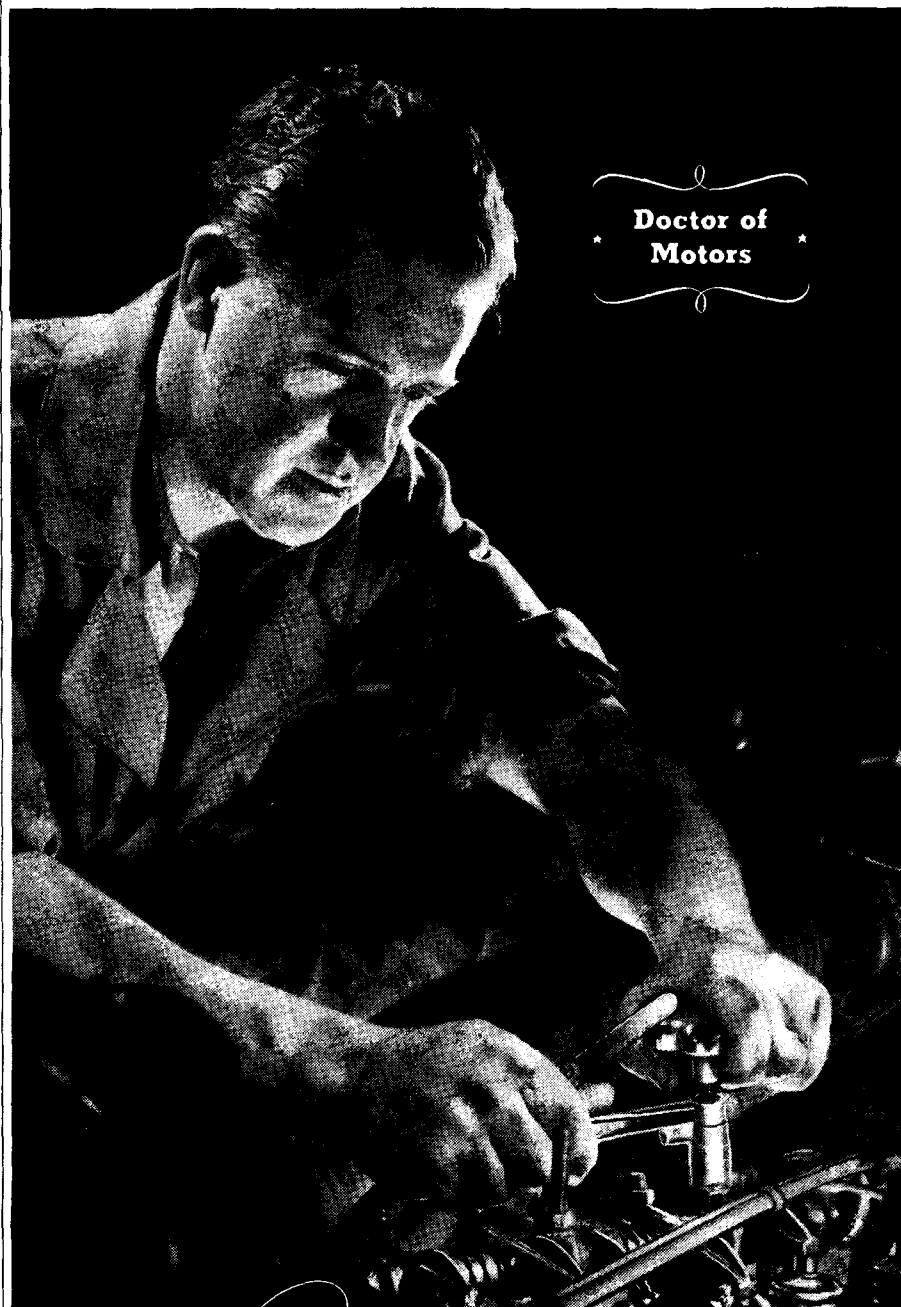
"Private Burkitt," he says to me, "your recklessness is responsible for this."

It would have been nice to answer him with a monkey wrench, Judge, but I needed the wrench for Herman. The repair job was nothing at all. Just a couple of links on the tread out of whack. We fixed the radio, too, and in a few hours we were off.

I felt very sad riding along, because I figured it would be my last time in Herman. Herman, though, didn't seem to care. He was full of pep still, and scooted up and down the hills like he knew where he was going. I myself didn't know. But Sergeant Schull said that over the mountains was the village our outfit must have taken.

The hills got steeper and steeper, and Herman got to smell like the Holland Tunnel. This made me even sadder. But a couple of minutes later I had no time for sadness, only for driving. Because we were on a hill that would give even a toupee gray hair.

Such a hill I never saw. It was high



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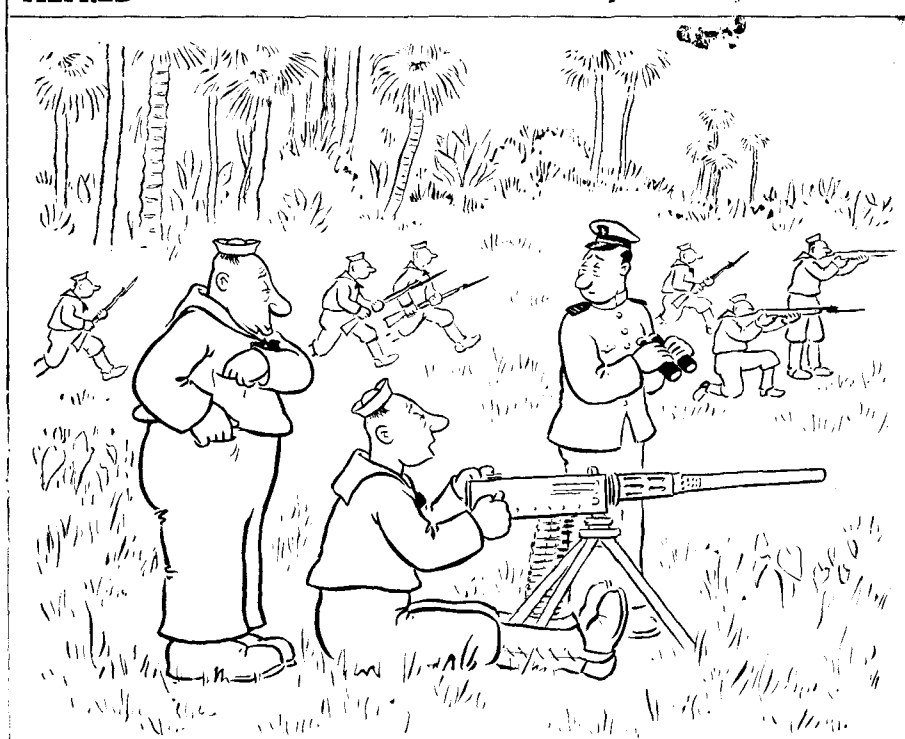
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like the Empire State Building and shaped like a bucket turned upside down. The place where Herman traveled was very narrow. On one side was terrible big rocks, and on the other a terrible deep gorge.

Halfway up, Sergeant Schull told me to stop. He stood on the shelf, with his head stuck through the hatch, trying to find another route. But there wasn't any. Suddenly he leaned forward, listening.

"I hear a tank," he said. "Sounds like he's coming up the other side of the hill." I could hear it myself now. Also another, higher noise. "A tank and a half-track," said Schull. He smiled, then wiped it off and gave me a dirty look. "Probably the lieutenant coming back to look for us."

I got ready to throw in the clutch. "Never mind the feet," said Schull sarcasticlike. "Let them top the rise, we don't want any collisions."

The tank and the half-track sounded nearer and nearer. But when we thought they were about to come over the rim, their motors stopped. The sergeant was puzzled. He waited a while. Then he signaled me to go ahead slow. I had a tough time holding Herman back. Then, just when I was ready to let him cut loose over the rise, Schull yelled, "Halt!" Herman stood on his rear, the hatch slammed and Schull plopped down.

"A kraut," he said, "right behind the top of the hill."

JUDGE, it was a situation like never happened even to Dago Mike. With him in the Bronx, it was shoot or get shot. With Herman it was shoot and nothing happens. And with the kraut the same thing. We would be shooting over each other's heads. Because our tanks were so tilted we couldn't lower the cannons down enough.

Judge, it was crazy. We were on one side of the hill and the kraut was on the other. What made it even crazier was that he could see the kraut's turret and he could see ours. We couldn't focus on him, and he couldn't focus on us until one of us went over the top. Our guns were like that.

Coletti almost wore out his eyebrows trying to get the kraut in his sights. But it was no go.

"Back down easy," said the sergeant.

I did like he said for fifty yards.

"Now come up the same way," he said.

The sergeant was pulling one out of the book. According to the rules, the kraut was supposed to think we were scrambling. Then the second he topped the rise to chase us he would be a dead pigeon. For we would be able to hit him, and he still wouldn't be able to aim at us.

But I guess the Heinie commander read the same book as the sergeant. He retreated, too, and so did the half-track.

That didn't upset the sergeant a bit, though. "Repeat the maneuver, Burkitt," he said. So I repeated. But the Heinie tank did the same thing and we were stymied again.

"Now what, Sarge?" I said.

"Back down and come up once more, Burkitt."

Once more I did it, and once more the kraut did it, and there we were where we were in the first place. Then, just as I was thinking the sergeant should get an adding machine, we discovered the Heinies had been pulling a fast one. While their tank had been playing ticktacktoe with Herman, the half-track crew had been setting up an 81-mm. mortar. The sergeant's chin almost fell in his collar when he heard the mortar go off. An instant later, the shell lobbed over and smashed the muzzle of our 75.

Judge, a fix like that you never even heard of in Tammany Hall. Without that gun we were a nothing. And any second now the kraut tank was sure to come in for the kill.

"Scram!" yelled the sergeant, forgetting his fancy English.

But, Judge, I couldn't. In the first place I couldn't back up as fast as the kraut went forward. In the second place, it was too narrow to turn around. And in the third place, I would be a dead one if I ever came back to live again in the Bronx. So, Judge, I did like I did to Sam Schnauzer's cab, only better.

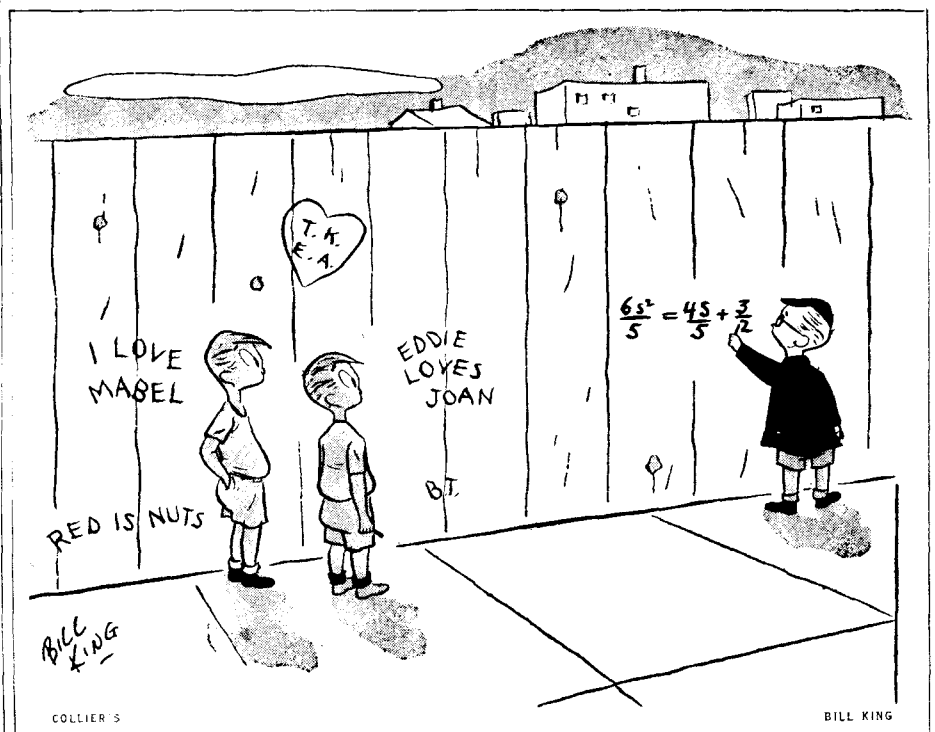
I stepped on the gas. From the touch, Herman knew what I wanted. He jumped over the rise like it was a curbstone and roared across the top. The kraut was a driver like Schnauzer. At first he didn't know what to do. Then he did like Sam when he saw me. He stepped on the gas, too. That was exactly what I wanted, and the timing was perfect.

I caught him just as his nose came over his side of the rise. The smack could be heard a mile away. The kraut turned over, piled up on the rocks and caved in like a sardine can. Herman had a terrible banged-up nose. But he was still full of fight. So I let him go at the half-track down the hill, and he belted it into the gorge.

Well, Judge, for that I'm getting a medal tomorrow, but my corporal's stripes that they took away, they don't give me back. And Sergeant Schull won't talk to me because he says I still think with my feet.

Tell me, Judge, in the M.P.s are they like that, too?

Respectfully yours,
DAVE BURKITT, Pfc.
THE END

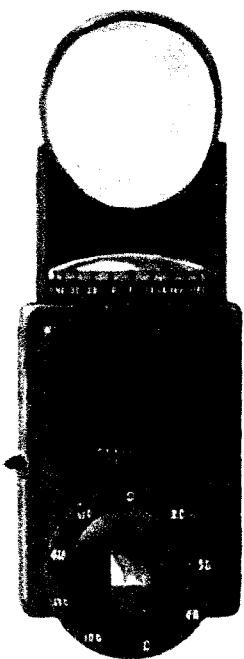
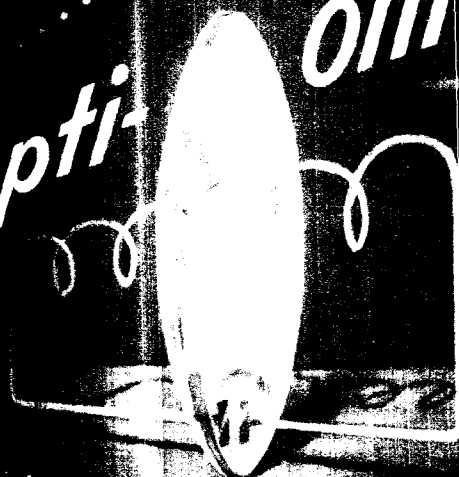


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INVASION GUN

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHORS



It weighs only six and three quarters pounds, but it is one of our biggest weapons against the Nazis

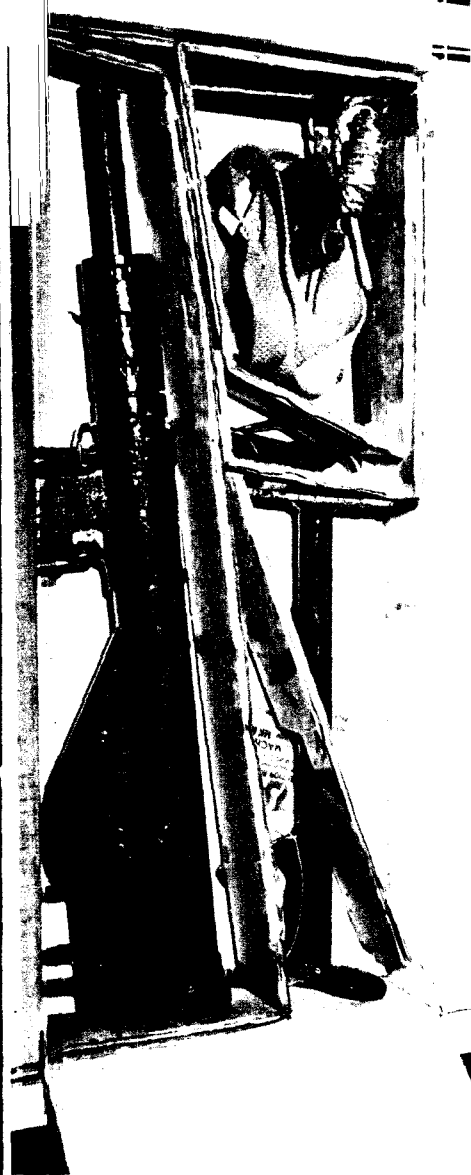
Below, Thora Engley, a member of Small Arms' industrial flying squad, puts all she's got into a hot line drive. Softball heads the plant's summer sports program

ONE gray morning about a year ago a Nazi patrol, making its way through the woods near one of conquered Norway's towns, came across a small parachute dangling from a spruce limb. Attached to the chute and swinging gently in the breeze, was a small box. Inside, heavily coated with grease, was a disassembled, crude-looking automatic rifle and ten magazines of ammunition. The R.A.F. had been overhead the night before, but if there was any doubt as to the gun's origin, it was dispelled by the barrel-casing stamp: STEN MARK II, ENGLAND.

Returning to their barracks, the Nazi patrol assembled the gun. It consisted of four simple pieces: an all-metal stock, a nine-inch barrel, a piece of sheet-metal tubing containing the spring-backed breech and ejector, and a magazine holding thirty-two 9-mm. bullets. Not even the detailed instructions accompanying the gun were needed to assemble it. On firing it, the Nazis discovered the gun could shoot faster than their own Schmeisser machine gun—550 rounds per minute, and that it was amazingly accurate for so short a rifle. Within twenty-four hours, Reichskommissar Josef Terboven, head of the Nazi forces of occupation in Norway, had broadcast a decree of death for anyone found with a Sten gun. Thus, for the first time, the world learned that the British had begun the task of arming the people of Europe so that they could effectively revolt when the Allied Armies landed in their territory.

Since then, the Berlin radio has yammered frequently that the British have





Above, left: This is not a guerrilla using a Sten against the Nazis, but Frank Sturdy testing the gun's action on the range adjacent to the plant. Each gun is tested for rapid-fire, ability to fire straight up and down, and accuracy at 150 yards. Above, right: A Sten packed for shipment. Ten magazines of 32 shots each will be added before it is parachuted into occupied Europe by the R.A.F.



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THE DELICIOUS SHREDDED RALSTON WAY**



Like most of Small Arms' thousands of girl workers, milling-machine operator Irene Sipchenko came a long distance to work in a war factory. She comes from Saskatchewan, over 1,000 miles away, and is proud of never being absent or late.

The Sten assembly line is short because the gun itself is simple. There are altogether, including screws, only 49 parts, and the main parts have been sub-assembled before reaching the belt. It takes less than a minute to assemble each gun.





Frances Howard of Winnipeg drills the short nine-inch Sten barrels, practically all the precision work required on the gun. Along with five hundred other girls, Frances lives in a dormitory adjacent to the Small Arms, Ltd., plant

been dropping the Sten "in mass quantities." This is, of course, "a hideous crime" to the Nazis, who hate to think of meeting armed civilians. According to the Nazis, the guns have been dropped by the thousands in France, Yugoslavia, Greece and Norway.

Correspondents in England have known about the Sten, which they have identified as the "Woolworth" gun because it costs only about \$10 to produce one, but until recently, the British have been reluctant to release much information about its construction, production and performance. At the Small Arms, Ltd. plant, some fifteen miles west of Toronto, Canada, where the gun has been manufactured for almost two years to supplement British output, we were permitted to observe its production and watch it pass through firing tests.

The gun is as ugly as murder itself. Somehow you can't imagine anyone patting it lovingly or naming it "Gertie" the way soldiers do their sleek Springfields and Garands. The lack of a wooden stock makes it appear muzzle-heavy, and the metal tubing used for a stock looks like a piece of junk. In fact, the whole gun looks like a piece of plumber's pipe stuck into a sleeve of drainpipe with a trigger attached. It isn't until you pick it up that you get the feeling that it is a mighty deadly weapon.

This crude simplicity stems from the haste with which it was designed and thrown into production, one of the most amazing stories of the war. The Sten was invented out of desperation in the fall of 1940. In their heroic evacuation at Dunkirk the British army had lost most of its guns, rifles and ammunition. There were only a hundred tanks in all of Britain, mostly antiquated pieces left over from the first World War. As the Nazi Luftwaffe began pasting London, the invasion of England was expected from day to day. To meet the crisis, over a million men enrolled in the Home Guard, and then it was discovered that there

were only enough rifles for a few men in each company. It began to look as though the Battle of Britain would be fought in the streets and on the beaches with whatever weapons could be improvised.

Among the improvisers were two men identified by the British Ministry of Munitions and Supplies only as a Major Sheppard and a Mr. Turpin, a civil servant. They set to work to turn out a light submachine gun with which Britain's defenders could be equipped quickly for street fighting, which required no training to use, and which could be used in the offensive against the Nazis when that great day came. Like the gun they created, the Sten's inventors were completely unorthodox. The Thompson submachine was worked on for months before the first model was completed. But Sheppard and Turpin had completed their drawings within two weeks, and within thirty days they had the Sten gun No. 1 plunking bullets into targets.

Speedy, Practical and Cheap

To the great satisfaction of its inventors, the new gun fired at a rate of 550 rounds per minute, almost as fast as the United States' Thompson submachine gun; it could be used from either the hip or shoulder and it cost practically nothing to produce. It weighed only eight pounds. But the designers' greatest innovation was in the 9-mm. ammunition. The same size is used by the Nazi, Italian and Japanese armies. This meant that captured Axis bullets could be used, tremendously reducing the problem of supply.

At the same time, they put a nick into the rim of their 9-mm. cartridges, which makes it impossible for the Axis to use their ammunition without replacing all the ejectors in their guns. Now that the defense of Britain is no longer a problem and the Allies are about to invade Europe, this feature makes the Sten doubly valuable, for the underground armies can sup-

Has grown old gracefully and with distinction



12
YEARS OLD

8
YEARS OLD

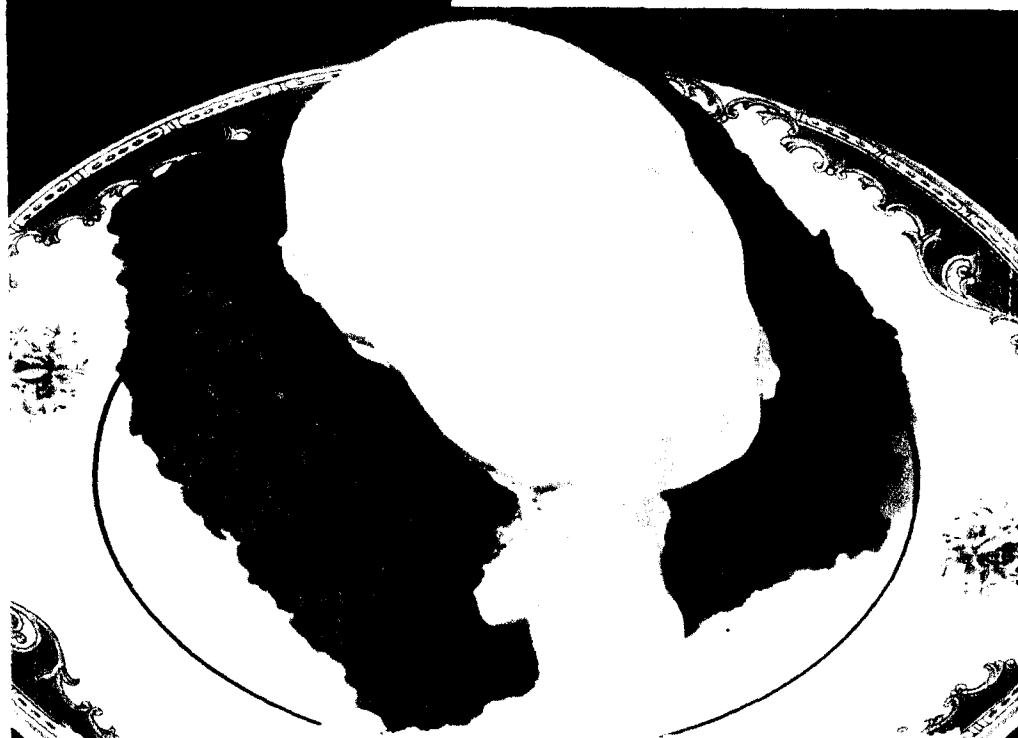
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Add 1 tbsp. milk and 1 tbsp. orange juice to 3 oz. pkge cream cheese. Beat until fluffy. Fold in ½ tsp. grated orange rind. For filling also, use double quantity.

Ever try DROMEDARY DATE-NUT ROLL? . . . Wonderful, but scarce!



Dates and nuts in a delicious fruity roll you can use for sandwiches or desserts (see wrapper). Not too much available, but worth watching for!



Coral Milton and Janet McIntyre watch Frances Howard try to beat their marks on the archery range behind the Small Arms plant. In the winter the girls spend much of their leisure time bowling in the alleys in the dormitory basement

ply themselves with captured ammunition.

After slight modifications, the new gun was accepted by the British War Office. It was named the Sten—the S representing Sheppard, the T for Turpin, and En for England. Sten gun No. 1 is still in existence and has fired over 5,000 rounds. Not many Sten Mark I's had been produced when the inventors found they could shave the weight from eight pounds to six and three quarters. So Mark II was put into production. Still later they found this weight could be cut to six pounds six ounces, creating Mark III. But Mark III production has not begun to touch the output of the Mark II.

Henhouse into Factory

Sten production was even more miraculous than its invention and just as unorthodox. It would seem that all those people who we believed could never survive the Nazi air blitz, not only lived through it, but were producing Stens. Production of the Sten was turned over to a young man still in his twenties whose name is still withheld by the Ministry of Munitions and Supplies. A quick tour of midland England showed him that all the available factories were so busy on other war work that they could produce only a few Stens.

Given a free hand, the young man broke all the rules in the mass-production rule book. He found garages that could make the sheet-metal tubing, cellar workshops that could machine breechblocks, a pram factory that could make the stock. In one town, he found an empty henhouse where he set up a capstan lathe and some drills to make rough cuts on barrels, and he got enough volunteers from the town's married women to keep them busy night and day.

Stables, laundries, lofts, even the garrets of homes became tiny workshops. Machines that couldn't make fine cuts were used for making rough ones. The better-equipped shops handled all the final tooling. Within the space of a few weeks, he had over 300 workshops, such as they were, making Sten gun parts, and the guns were being assembled at government ordnance factories in mass quantities by early December. The guns seemed to be coming out of nowhere, and no one was more surprised than munitions officials.

The Nazi Luftwaffe was mass-raiding Britain nightly then, and while the Sten's decentralized cobweb production system

was not seriously affected by it, it was felt that a complete production line for the Sten should be set up outside England. The invasion of England by the Nazis looked almost certain. The Small Arms, Ltd. plant outside Toronto, which had previously been producing in tremendous quantities only the Canadian version of the famous British army Lee-Enfield rifle, was selected as the factory where the Sten could be most easily put into production.

At the Small Arms plant, the Sten is produced almost entirely by women and girls, from every part of Canada. Three quarters of the plant's 5,000 employees are women. A large number of them come from the distant western provinces of Canada. Few of them have ever done factory work before, but they have been turning out thousands of Stens a week for a long time and would do more if given the chance.

Almost five hundred live in a dormitory within a few minutes' walking distance of the factory. Others room in near-by homes and in Toronto. They are a lively, hard-working gang who like to bowl, play softball on the plant's new recreation field and are enthusiastically taking up archery. All that is on the surface. Underneath, they suffer from homesickness and loneliness, and the war is always with them—more so, it seemed to us, than with war workers in the States.

"Probably half the girls working here," said one of the six women counselors who listen to the girls' problems and solve their troubles, "wouldn't be here if it weren't for the fact that they have brothers, sweethearts and husbands overseas."

Girl after girl, from places like Sudbury and Winnipeg and Vancouver, told us she had quit a better job to work in "something to help win the war." Absenteeism is negligible, for the memory of Dieppe is grim.

Tryout on the Range

Out on the range adjacent to the plant, we saw the finished Stens getting their firing tests. The guns are tested for accuracy, firing five shots into a bull's-eye at 150 yards, which is regarded as the maximum distance for accuracy for a Sten. They are tested for single shots, bursts and continuous firing. The noise of five Stens firing at once is deafening.

Another test includes firing the gun almost straight upward into a pipe which ricochets the bullets into a barrel of water

They are also fired straight downward into another pipe in the ground to make sure the gun will work in any position. After each gun has been tested it is coated in grease and packed into a cardboard case.

Trial in Actual Combat

The Sten got its first big battle test in the Commando raid on Dieppe in August, 1942, and proved itself an excellent street-fighting weapon. Its only fault was a tendency to jam when first fired and eject the entire magazine instead of a single shot. Commandos found that a brisk bang on the cocking handle corrected this, and once the gun was heated up, the fault never returned. There is no record of a Sten wearing out, despite the fact that it requires no lubrication.

The gun breaks down into three simple parts, easily concealed in a pocket or skirt.

When dropped into occupied Europe, each gun is accompanied by ten magazines containing thirty-two cartridges each. Anyone can put it together by trial and error in a minute or two, and it can be used by anyone lacking previous rifle practice. The reason for this is that it is not intended to be an accurate weapon. The idea with the Sten is to spray a small area, and this it does very well. For street fighting, it is probably the best gun ever developed. The United States has a similar gun, known as the M-3 submachine gun, but it weighs three pounds more than the Sten and has not yet gone into mass production.

Since 1940, the British have produced over a million and a half Stens. The answer to how many have been dropped into occupied Europe will be written in Nazi blood with *Festung Europa* when the Allies smash into western Europe.

THE END

Each Sten is fired five times for accuracy by William Primrose on the 150-yard range. Evelyn Irwin watches the target through field glasses, records the gun's performance. The gun is sighted mechanically to eliminate possible human error



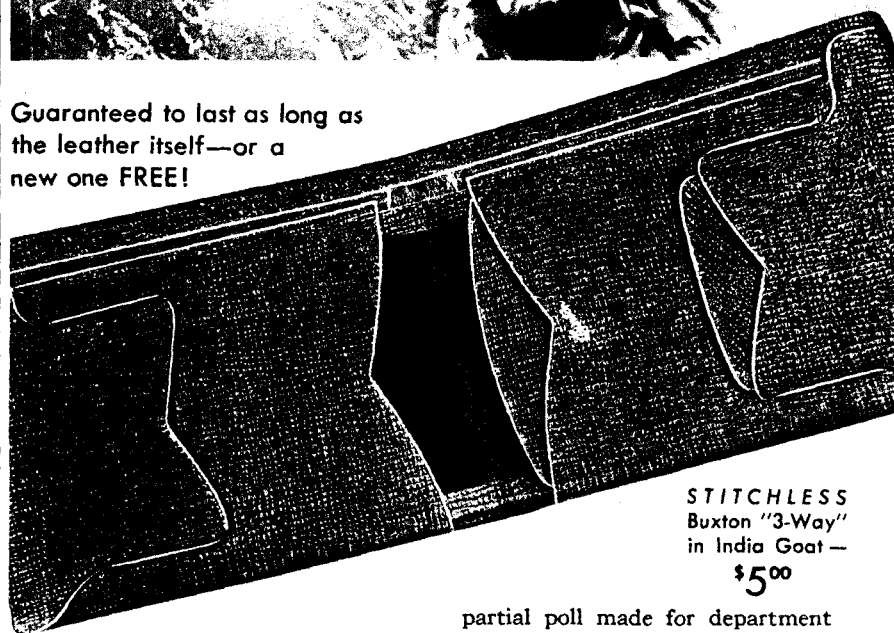
Coral Milton of Mimico, near Toronto, Canada, stacks tested Stens on a truck for transfer to the shipment department of the plant. Many of the girls prefer to wear turbans like Coral's instead of a net cap to meet safety regulations of the company



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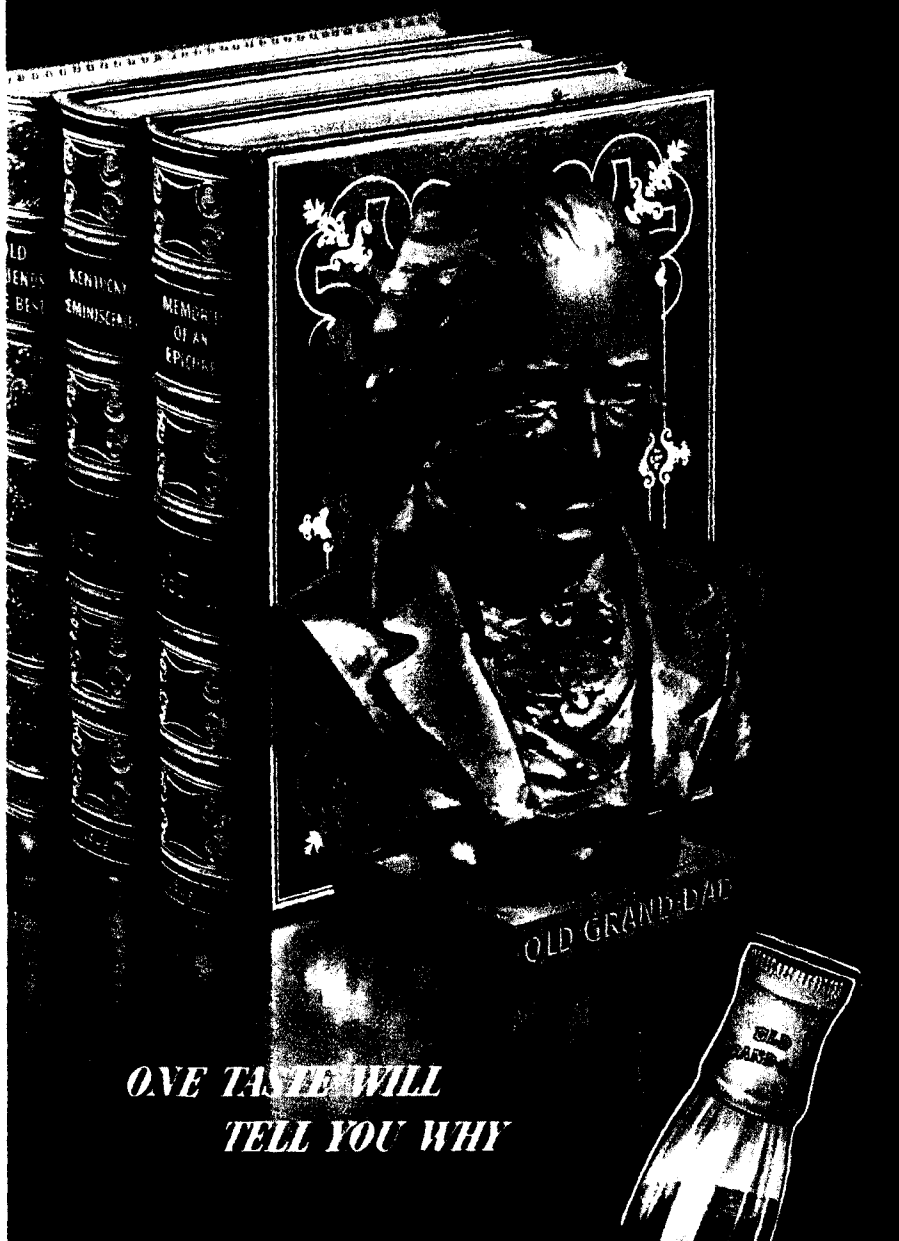
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BUXTON *STITCHLESS*

Not to Forget

Continued from page 24

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



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Johnny looked around, and his discontent with his life, with the farm, with everything, was almost hate.

"Damitall, anyway," he said, using old Brooks for a talk-stump. "Half a mind to clear out and go in the Army."

The old man cautiously thumbed the scythe blade, not looking up.

"Far-off cows look good," he said, honing again. "You're better off where you are, boy. Yes, an' more valuable to this war effort. Big, good-running farm like this, and you made state potater king by the fertilizer comp'ny last year, they need your spuds more 'n they need you. Now, what ails you, boy, is—"

Johnny stepped past him into the glooming kitchen, and poked up the fire for supper. Old Brooks followed him in, took the rocker by the built-in set of drawers. He filled his pipe from Johnny's pound can, lit and drew on it contentedly.

"Now, what I was saying is, what you need is—"

Johnny, at the woodbox, tossed a knotty hickory chunk thumpingly on the floor.

"What I need," he said, "is more work and less talk, you old souse. And wood that's decently split."

"No cause to act that-a-way, Johnny boy," Brooks said, unperturbed. "I put that one in, thinking, 'Now, there's a good backlog to hold the fire through the night and save—'"

"Wood," said Johnny. He went out to where Arch and young Whitehouse were jockeying the tractors under the shed.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Hard," Arch told him. "Wet. Bog holes all over. But we're getting her plowed, Johnny."

"Come in and have a bowl of tea," Johnny invited.

Arch shook his head. "Not me. The old woman's expectin' me. It's bean night, and the way she cooks those kidneys—"

There was no need asking young Whitehouse. He'd been married three months, and there was no telling how short or long his time at home would be.

Johnny watched them drive off. 1-A, 2-C, he thought. 2-C, that's me. He turned back to the house, thinking of men working and fighting for wives to go home to.

Young Whitehouse went to Manchester a week later, for his physical. Johnny suggested a deferment; he could get one, and with no shame for his doing it. There was young pride in him, though, and Marin admired him for it. He'd known him from kid days up, knew the girl he married.

That was how it was since Polly had died, with nothing that didn't lead, somehow, back to her.

THE weather broke fine, at last, and he would have his potatoes in by the 10th of May, which was good, considering. Still, a restlessness was on him, and he could not work it off. He sat, in the evenings, puzzled and dissatisfied with himself, with no liking for talk, or reading, or radio. He knew his rightful work was here, and his heart was here, and that the food he grew counted more than he did as an individual, that he would be shirking it to leave this place.

The first Saturday in May, after working late, he drove to the Hill place for the baking. As he drove into the yard, with spring dusk definitely settled, he saw the house in darkness. There was a glow from the door of the cowshed, where Polly's father would be milking, late, too, and he was heading for there when Kathie's voice called, "Johnny!" from the porch.

She was lying on the glider, and moved to make room for him. In the dark, her face, a white oval, brought the memory of long-ago kisses and warm summer nights.

Her voice was not Polly's; there was a laughter in it where Polly's had had the murmur of a brown brook.

"I've been waiting for you, Johnny," she said. "The bread's ready. I've not even got the supper dishes done; it seemed so nice out, and the sound of the peeps— It's a good time of year."

Down at the depot, a locomotive whistled the crossing, sounding lonely and sad, and after that the distant sound of a long freight became part of the night noises.

I ought to take her in town some night, Johnny thought, to a movie, and to Hannon's for ice cream, after. There's not much fun for her, stuck here, year round.

Then, he thought of the people who would see them, who would remember the loveliness of Polly, and her dying, and would look on it as a betrayal of her memory.

ANOTHER train called in the dark, its swift, imperious sound making a hole in the stillness. He imagined the cars packed with laughing, singing soldiers, sprawling and leaning on each other, soldiers going somewhere.

"I ought to get out of this town," he said, getting up. "Sometimes, I feel like I can't stand it a minute longer."

"Johnny," she said, "you can't do that. There's too much expected of you. The land needs you, and—well, the country needs you where you are. We all do."

"Ah," he said, "I was just talking, I guess. Only—only—" He stepped out into the yard.

Kathie went in the house, came outside with the box that held the bread and gave it to him.

"Here you are, Johnny. Good night." She placed her hands on his chest, then drew his face down and kissed him.

"I shouldn't have done it," he said, aloud, on his way home, not admitting he had nothing to do with it.

He placed the box on the kitchen table, stepped back outside. A waning moon had come up, and he crossed the rising field to where the Marin family lot stood in the pines. He leaned on a granite corner post and considered Polly's marble stone. Not to forget—

The familiar smell of his own tobacco came to him, and he saw a pipe's red coal on the opposite side.

"Brooks?" he asked, irritated and disturbed.

"That's right, Johnny boy." Old Brooks came around and leaned against the rail beside him.

"A fine night, Johnny. I was settin' on the stoop, restin' after the day, and I thought: I'll pay a quiet visit. So up I come, never thinkin' you'd be comin', too." The red glow made an arc. "Polly lies there. A grand girl she was, Johnny. The mold was broken after she was made. You were a lucky one, boy."

"I know," Johnny said, curtly. "But now she's dead and gone," Brooks went on, maudlinly. "She rests beneath that stone, but there's no one for miles around doesn't remember her. I know what the gravestone says, Johnny. 'Gone, but not forgotten.'"

Now, he paused, and knocked the dead dottle from his pipe. "Doesn't it seem to you, sometimes, boy, that everybody is trying to make you read it as though it says, 'Gone, and don't you forget her?'"

Before Johnny could give voice to his anger, the old man had turned and was moving down the slope toward the house. Then Marin's anger faded, and his slow footsteps after marked his weariness.

In the kitchen, Brooks had unpacked the bread and he grinned as Johnny came in. He held up a plate.

"Pie, by gorry! A half a blueberry pie! And good, too, I bet, if they are from last July's canning." He halved it, slid the two wedges onto saucers. "If I know old man Hill's appetite, he ate all we didn't get, at supper. Sit, boy."

Johnny sat, mechanically, and, as mechanically, ate. It was good, but after a bite or two, he pushed the plate from him.

"What you said up there, Albert," he said, "maybe you're right about. About not forgetting. But it's not the things that folks know that make them feel the way they do; it's the things they think they know that aren't really so."

* Brooks digested this with the pie he was eating, and grunted agreement.

"Polly was all they say she was," Johnny went on, "and more. I didn't think, from the time we married, that I could be any happier. But when she told me she was expecting—expecting a baby—well, I was. I made sure she took good care of herself, took her to Doc McCray and all that, and she went to making things for it. Well, you've heard all about it, often enough, I guess. She should never have taken the risk of having one. The baby was due in a matter of two or three weeks, and—"

The old, unbearable pain came back to Johnny Marin, and remembrance of a cold, gray March sky, and earth clumping on wood. And a world looking for spring, for a spring that Polly would never see, and that he would never feel.

"Of course, Doc McCray had warned her. But she told him how I wanted it, and she was willing to chance it. She kind of—well, gloried in doing it for me. The womenfolks around knew, of course, and they thought it was pretty wonderful of her. It was, too. Polly was wonderful."

BROOKS, finishing the piecrust, said, "Any woman's wonderful to a man if she loves him. Only a lot of 'em don't bother to."

"They made it pretty clear to me what a sacrifice she'd made. And the least I could do was—well, keep her memory sacred, so to speak."

"We-ell—" began Brooks.

Johnny leaned across the table to him and his fist was white-knuckled as he pounded it gently.

"Don't you see, you old fool? The women of five towns knew she shouldn't have borne a child. Everybody knew it. They're keeping me married to a memory because she told everybody she was risking it for me. But—she never told me because she knew I wouldn't have let her!"

Old Brooks had scooped the last of the blue sirup from his plate and gazed at Johnny's half-eaten piece.

"Awful good pie," he said.

Why, Johnny thought, did I bust open my heart to show the inside of it to this callous old fool?

"Yessir," said Brooks, filling his pipe, "it reminds me of one time when I was a young feller. Jim Dale, he's dead now, I was workin' for him, he thought he'd drive a bunch of cattle down to the Boston market instead of waitin' for a drover to come by. Figured he'd make that much more money, and he did, too."

"It was quite a thing for a young feller to get to Boston, in those days. We made it in three days, puttin' up at farms along the way. We hit the market about noon, and Jim dickered and dickered with a buyer. I was standin' by, and the buyer, I s'pose he figured I was Jim's son, noticed me. He flipped a half dollar over. 'Here, boy,' he says, 'you go get yourself some dinner,' and he pointed me a place kitty-cornered to where we stood."

"Place called the New England House, I s'pose it's still there, and I went in and got the thirty-five-cent dinner. And blueberry pie come with it, Johnny."

LOOKING at the old man, Johnny saw a shy boy of fifty years ago, with road dust on him, eating his first hotel meal.

"Johnny," Brooks went on, "whether I was extra hungry, or whether they had the best cook I ever ate off, I couldn't say, but that meal was prime, and the blueberry pie was the best piece of pie I ever had." He looked at his empty plate, and added, "Bar none!"

"I wanted another piece; I could have afforded another piece; I should have had another piece! But I was scared. Of what? Why, I was scared of all the other people in the dining room. I guess I must 'a' thought they'd all get up in a body, point their fingers at me, and shout, 'Albert Brooks wants a second piece of pie!'"

He sighed and shook his head. "Johnny, I never enjoy lookin' back on that trip to Boston. It was all spoiled for me—spoiled by the second piece of pie I didn't get."

John Marin's long, intense stare brought Brooks' gaze up.

"I guess I'm no hand at explainin' somethin'," he said, and Johnny, looking into his eyes, saw, behind the brazen twinkle of their faded blue, the look of wistfulness that lies behind the brightness of a dog's.

"You told it well," Johnny said, and got up and went out to his car.

He stopped at the foot of the Hill driveway, and, keeping to the grass, came up to the porch. He stood there for minutes, staring at its darkness. Then, he turned to go, and his feet scraped the gravel.

"Who's there?" Kathie was still on the glider. It creaked softly as she rose and came to the screen door.

"It's me, Kathie. Johnny." He came to the step.

"Johnny! What in the world—"

She stepped out, and down, and into Johnny's arms. It was a warm night in late spring, and Johnny kissed her.

THE END

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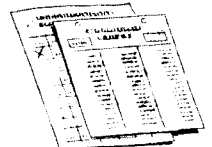


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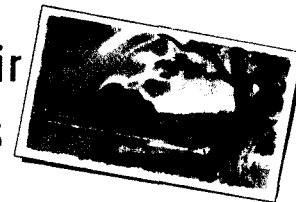


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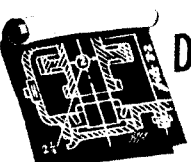


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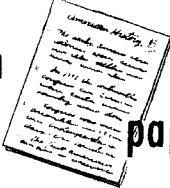
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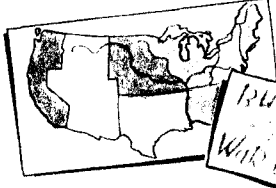
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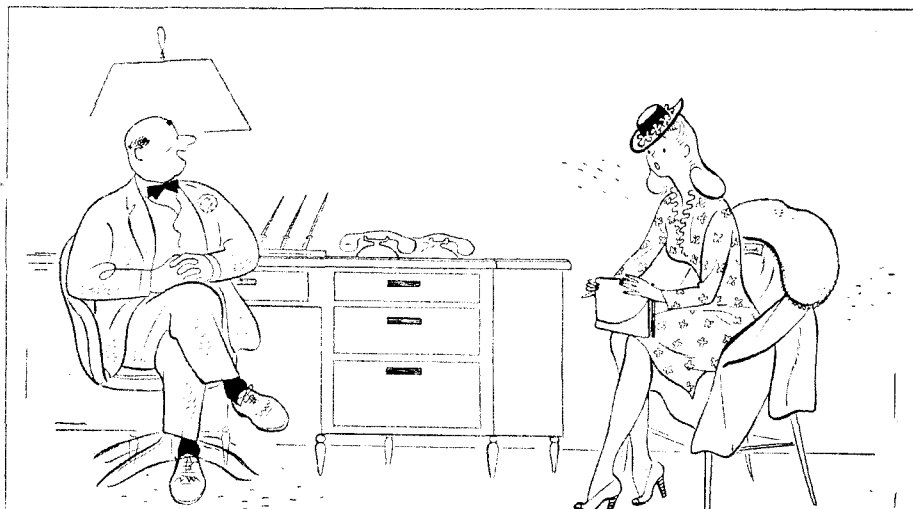
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"The only requirement for this position—and it's not absolutely necessary—is that you know in sort of a general way what you're supposed to do!"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE WOLFE



THIS time Tommy Lanchard, second mate in a merchant ship called *Parcifal* came home alone on his return from the sea.

Other times he had always stopped at the Bertrams' so he could come walking up the hill with flaxen-headed Janey's hand in his. He told his mother that a man who came home from the war at sea had a right to have all his women around him at once, and Emily Lanchard always smiled. Jane would toss her head and spit like a kitten enraged. But when she looked at Tommy there'd be blue fire in her eyes to let anyone know whom she belonged to and why. But this time Janey wasn't there; when Tommy came home he was alone.

In the twilight of that room he was standing with his back to Emily now, somberly peering out the window across the chimney pots of the city to where he knew the ocean was. His feet were wide-spaced in a seaman's stance, his shoulders forward-thrusting, while the west wind whimpered past the eaves of that highest house on the hilly street. Its sound touched some haggard memory; it made Tommy Lanchard's shoulders stir.

"The *Parcifal* lays up for repairs," he said in a flat and toneless voice. "Captain Hanson asked me to go chief mate with him in the *Martingale*. . . I told him no."

"Was it very awful, Tommy?"

Emily's voice was quiet, asking him that. It seemed so utterly irrelevant. Tommy Lanchard didn't turn.

"It's because I'm Lucky Lanchard's boy," he went on. "It's because I'm a hero's son. They were shipmates in the last war, Captain Hanson and Dad. They were together in that open boat after the *Republic* was torpedoed. Captain Hanson saw Father hold the steering oar through all that western ocean gale, the time Dad won his first command. He says you know what to expect of Captain Thomas Lanchard's son. That's why he wants me to sail with him chief mate." All of a sudden Tommy spun round. He put his back against the sunset glow. "I told him no!" his fierce voice lashed out. "Because I'm not a hero! I found that out!" His voice went hollow. "Now I know."

"It was very awful, Tommy, wasn't it?"

Emily asked him that again in her soft low voice. This time he heard her. So he lifted his head and spoke to the middle space of that dusky room. . .

THEY came out of the sun, black specks against a South Pacific sky. They made a thin droning over the scattering ships of the convoy—till one by one they fell over on their wings and hurtled toward the ocean in screaming dives. Tommy Lanchard saw the MG gunners in the bridge wings leaning hard against the slings, black puffballs bursting up aloft. He remembered how the long, flat swells erupted monstrous geysers, rocking the ship with concussion. Then a mighty fist hurled him.

When he came to, there was still the scream like rending metal, guns like drumfire, the shuddering explosion of the bombs. But the bridge was splintered and the MG gunners weren't there, except one redheaded boy lying quietly, head down. And Captain Hanson, ragged and bloody, bellowing halfway down the ladderway to rig the big handwheel aft.

That's what they did, while the crippled ship yawed wildly. Then Tommy Lanchard had the spokes in his fists, fighting

As the crippled ship yawed widely, Tommy Lanchard got the spokes in his fists, fighting them down so the *Parcifal* answered her helm just in time to clear the *S.S. Johnson*, helpless under a pillar of smoke

them down so the *Parcifal* answered her helm just in time to clear the *S.S. Johnson*, helpless under a pillar of smoke, a corvette circling with her battery of AAs all ablaze. Captain Hanson was crumpled against the taffrail, hugging his bloody chest, crying curses and orders all at once while Tommy clawed the wheel spokes because no one else was left.

That's where he stood, and he remembered it with searing clarity. The Zeros came over, gunning the decks. Again and again. Straight at him. Growing huge. Like enormous obscene bats. He could see the flame-tongues of each burst, spurt-ing at him. He saw the binnacle explode. This was death! Roaring mast-high at him!

And he was scared. He felt the dreadful taste of fear, dry and metallic, in his mouth.

Why should he stand here, two fists on the spokes of a splintered wheel, steering a stricken ship? Why? Captain Hanson was unconscious; he lay still. Let go! Let go, you fool! Take cover while there's time! No one will know. No one! No one but you. . .

THAT'S what he told Emily, while the quick dusk deepened in that house on a San Francisco hill. He was still staring to the middle space of that room, seeing there with frightful clarity the broken litter of the ruthless war at sea.

"Oh," he said hoarsely, "I didn't let go. I was still standing there when our own planes came over and blasted the Japs. They tell me they had to pry my hands loose of the wheel spokes. The chief laughed about it. He said it was what you'd expect of Lucky Lanchard's boy." Tommy's voice went bitter. "Well, it's not true! I was scared! The only reason I didn't let go and fall on my face while the ship went to hell was because I kept thinking of Dad with his frozen hands on a steering oar twenty-six years ago." He hesitated an instant and his head came down. "It was Father's hands that held that wheel," he said. "Not mine."

Then there was silence in that room until Emily Lanchard spoke. Her voice was a whispered memory, saying, "You stand the way your father did, fierce, in a house on Henry Street in the Port of New York, telling me many years ago he was not fit to take command. He would refuse it. He had been afraid."

Tommy Lanchard's head shot round. His eyes went suddenly wide.

"But he didn't let go, either, and he took command," Emily Lanchard went on. "He has held it with honor ever since. There are no heroes, Tommy. There are only men who will face what they must—and men who will not."

In the stillness Tommy Lanchard stared at her like a man transfixed. What help, he wondered in that instant, what help had his father had? Because all at once it dawned on him. No man can hold a faithful course through chaos with his own two hands alone. Whose hands besides his own were on the steering oar when that man held it and the lives of fourteen wounded seamen in an open gale-swept boat?

A sudden urgency came on him, a deep compelling thing. So he spun around. He strode away from Emily. And when she saw them at last through that window in the dim light of the street lamps, they were climbing the hill together, the way they always did.

"Tommy is sailing chief officer!" Jane said when they came in. Her eyes were shining. She kept her small white fist in Tommy's hand. She didn't let it go, saying proudly in her stirring, throaty voice, "He will be even younger than his father was when he gets a ship of his own."

"Why, of course!" Emily agreed at once. "What else would you expect of Captain Thomas Lanchard's son?"

Thanks a million DAD!



1. ARCTIC FIGHTER 2. PARATROOPER 3. JUNGLE FIGHTER 4. SKI-TROOPER
5. TREE SNIPER 6. WINTER FLYING BOOT 7. G. I. SHOE 8. MOSQUITO BOOT

Well, Dad, this time we really got ourselves an Army. I know it makes you kinda hot around the neckband when anybody says *this* AEF is any better than *your* AEF, but believe me, if equipment counts for anything, this man's army's got 'em all licked—hands down and six ways for Sunday. Best rifles, best grub, best uniforms, best shoes.

Take shoes. We've got special ones just for jungle-fighters. Others for mountain climbers. Still others for tree climbing snipers, for pilots, for paratroopers, ski-troopers, and arctic fighters. And that's not counting the regular G. I. shoes *every* soldier gets—we all get two pairs of those, and six more ready when we need 'em. Presents from Uncle Sam.

Well, don't think we guys in the army don't know who Uncle Sam *really* is. It's you, Dad, and a few million others like you back home who say "Nothing's too good for 'em"—and say it with cash and sacrifices.

Understand they've got you walking on ration cards now in the good old U. S. A. You'd slap my ears back for calling that a sacrifice. You'd say "Hell's teeth! What's that in a war?" But it *is* a sacrifice, Dad—and thanks a million for it. You'd be proud of those little ol' shoe coupons, to see how they've helped to make this the best equipped, hardest-hitting army in the world.

* * *

We show you these special duty shoes not because we make *all* types (which we do not) but because we thought you'd like to see what the Shoe Industry, and your shoe sacrifices, are doing to serve the nation at war. Just as there is no ceiling on quality in shoes for the Armed Forces—so there is no rationing of quality in shoes for the home front. This company is building quality into Uncle Sam's shoes—and building into Bostonians for you men at home the kind of long wear and walk-fitted comfort that give you the utmost in shoe value. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT • FEEL RIGHT



THEY'RE WALK-FITTED



You call it Bread... your ancestors would have called it Cake

Your daily bread is nutrition in one of its finest and most appetizing forms—and today it saves ration points. We Americans can be grateful that our country produces an abundance of this perfect 'staff of life'.

We can be grateful, too, to science for the greatly improved quality of our daily bread. It has been tremendously enriched. Its texture is finer, its appearance and flavor more inviting.

Did you ever wonder how many millions of pounds of yeast are required each year to leaven the nation's bread? Did you know that yeast must be absolutely fresh when it reaches the baker? Thanks to a network of specialized delivery services plus modern refrigeration, bakers in even remote parts of America get their yeast fresh and on time.

* * * *

The Baker's Yeast Division of Anheuser-Busch supplies bakers with yeast for a large part of the nation's bread. Now nearly 15 percent of our entire output goes to the Army. This service to civilian bakers and our armed forces resulted from applying to food the knowledge gained from years of laboratory work in producing the world-famous Budweiser.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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A N H E U S E R • B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S



In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: B Complex Vitamins • Rubber • Aluminum Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

How Equal Are Women?

Continued from page 15

"Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States." A great many professional and "career" women, such as Congresswoman Clare Luce, Author Pearl Buck and Educators Florence Sabin and Mary E. Woolley, saw in the act a welcome end to all existing statutes which deny their sex equal rights with men in ownership and management of property, authority over children, election to certain offices, service on juries, etc.

But a vociferous "No!" came from hosts of other women, led by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt (who earlier did much to put over the Suffrage Amendment), and many heads of women's unions, clubs and church organizations. They pointed out that a sweeping amendment, while wiping out laws obnoxious to women, would also wipe out much hard-won protective legislation for women workers, and many family and social laws which are eminently desirable.

Clearly the amendment, as proposed, didn't have a ghost of a chance. Back it went for alterations, and its sponsors are now working hard to frame a more acceptable measure. They're discovering, however, that some of our best legal minds can't agree on exactly what is meant by "equality of rights under the law for both sexes."

This isn't surprising, in view of the fact that old Mother Nature has done considerable prior legislating of her own with regard to different rights for women and men, and that so long as her laws stand in the way, "complete equality" for the two sexes can never be achieved—or even be clearly defined. For example:

Nature has made women less suited than men for a great many activities where physical strength, speed, endurance and body toughness are essentials, or where overstrain or injury might threaten a woman's childbearing capacities. So special protective measures are required for women workers, and a steady stream of bulletins from government agencies keeps reminding employers of this.

Nature causes girls to mature from two to three years earlier than boys. Laws everywhere recognize this by permitting young women to marry earlier.

The Burden of the Sex

The biological brunt of parenthood has been placed on women. So, to even up matters, our laws place on men heavier social and financial responsibility to provide for their wives and children.

Again, in time of war, the physical differences must be recognized in draft laws calling up men, and not women, for actual combat duty.

Whether these natural discriminations add up to favoritism toward one sex or the other can never be established. Nevertheless, it is obvious that some of our legal statutes go beyond the natural factors and take a one-sided turn. Nature has nothing to do with denying women the right to serve on juries or to hold certain offices or positions of trust, or with continuing to treat them as "perpetual minors," which is the practice in some states.

These inequalities might well be corrected by a federal amendment, whereas other discriminations, in laws governing marriage, family relationships, divorce, property settlements, etc., could be adjusted quite easily by action in the separate states.

But what must be recognized is that many of the laws which discriminate unfairly against women are merely outgrowths of our social attitudes, of our

everyday thinking and practices, and it is these which are responsible for the major inequalities to which women object. Only by much education and many changes in our social system can we overcome such discriminations as that of paying women lower wages for equal work, putting obstacles in the way of their entering or advancing in certain professions and skilled trades, or treating them differently from men in various other respects.

But even if we should succeed in outlawing these discriminations, there will always be major inequalities in our social or economic system that can never be entirely abolished, for again we come up against Nature's edicts.

Take the "double standard" for example, a sore point with many women. The biological dangers and consequences of "running around loose" have been made much greater for females, whether they be domestic pets or women; the effects of a woman's misbehavior, excesses, or bad habits may be communicated physically to her children; hence, the rules for feminine conduct will always have to be stricter.

It's the Man Who Pays

On the other hand, if the double standard gives men more freedom in behavior, it holds them more accountable for their misdeeds. Formal punishment for crimes is generally more severe for the male than for the female offender. Further, society places upon men a great obligation to "make good" or maintain their status. This is one important reason why suicides average four to five times as high among men.

Finally, at the other end of the double standard, there are many social rules which today favor women—the custom of the man's paying the check, of seeing a woman friend home after a date, of defending her when occasion demands, of letting women get into lifeboats first and of showing them deference in other ways. Plainly, etiquette and equal rights don't mix.

Our basic rules of etiquette for the two sexes are not, as some think, purely artificial. Chivalry of the male toward the female was not invented by man. It was established by Nature. Among almost all lower animals, where males will readily attack one another or fight to the death, they instinctively refrain from any aggression toward the female. If there is an intersex fight, it is almost invariably the female who starts it; and this applies also to human beings.

There is no evidence that men have ever made it a practice to use physical violence against their womenfolk. In man's primary stages, the basic animal instincts would have restrained him from beating up his female. Later, with increasing social awareness, he would have learned that harming her would boomerang against his own interests. For, the more elementary the society, the more indispensable are a woman's services.

In fact, a black eye on a woman, bestowed by her husband or boy friend, is a badge of the "higher civilizations." Only among the so-called "advanced" cultures, where women are easy to get and men aren't forced to depend upon individual women directly, is wife-beating a common sport.

On a larger scale, the whole idea of a constant "Battle of the Sexes" is in many respects a myth. Nature designed the sexes not to oppose each other, but to complement each other. Most of the conflicts in our modern world between women and men are largely due to the breakdown of rigid barriers that hitherto separated

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• Help conserve our national supply of oil and fuel so that adequate supplies may be available at all times for our Armed Forces.

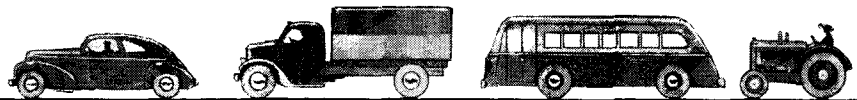
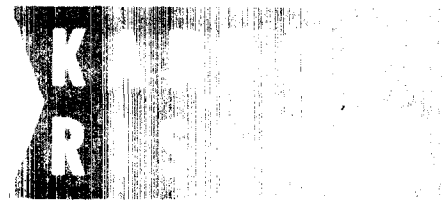
Stop the waste of fuel and oil caused by improper functioning of the moving parts of the engine due to sticking valves and piston rings.

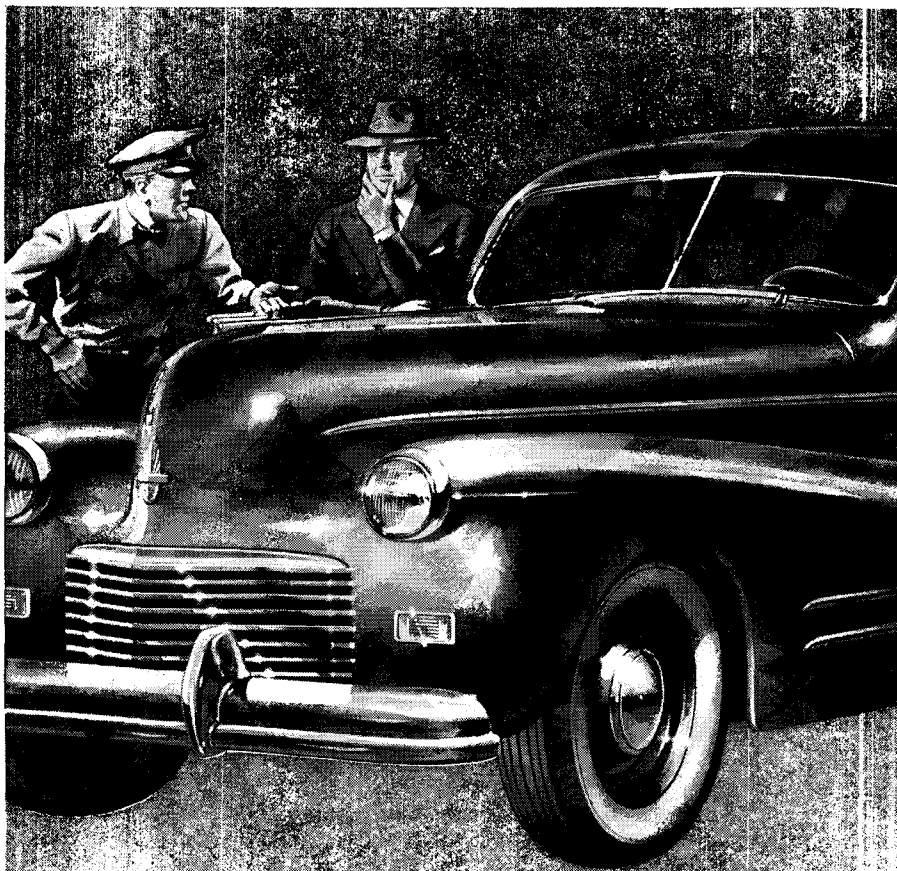
Gums from present day oils and fuels form on valve stems, in the guides and piston ring grooves. A KARBOUT-RISLONE "Tune-Up" treatment absorbs these troublesome gums and "frees" sticky valves, restores lost compression and power, facilitates quick starting, assures "peak" performance and a quieter, smoother running engine.

Ask your dealer today about the KARBOUT-RISLONE treatment which will help save oil and fuel, and prolong the life of your engine . . . THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

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Picture of a Pile of Junk

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Under the hood of your car unseen enemies are constantly working to destroy the vital metals in the cooling system. Leaks, rust, and scale cause serious damage to parts that are almost irreplaceable for the duration.

Help your car outlast the war. Have your serviceman check the cooling system regularly. Get CSC year 'round Cooling System Service.

CSC Complete Cooling System Service removes rust and scale and stops leaks before installing anti-freeze in the fall . . . and after draining anti-freeze in the spring. This service also includes protection against rust and corrosion all the year 'round.

Ask your serviceman about CSC service.

REMOVE SCALE AND
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IN SUMMER ANTI-RUST . . . IN WINTER ANTI-FREEZE

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them in their activities and responsibilities. But women still have to do the childbearing, men still have to be the warriors and do the very heavy labor, and various sex differences must continue to stand in the way of there ever being a complete sameness in their jobs, obligations and rules of conduct.

There is no reason why this should be resented or even regretted by women. One of our biggest present-day fallacies has been that happiness and success for a woman lie in her being as much like a man as possible. The resulting tragic dramas in many cases, retold every day in the dim-lit chambers of psychoanalysts, might well be called, *The Imitation of Man*. Instead of striving for the fullest expression of their own special abilities, capacities and qualities, all too many women have thought that what was most masculine was therefore also most desirable for them.

It isn't hard to see how this attitude originated. Constant harping on the greater importance of everything that men do has left many women with the feeling that being successful as women isn't enough. A woman will say apologetically, "I am *only* a mother," or "I am *only* a wife," as if being a good mother and wife meant nothing. Too many women seek to play men's games by men's rules, while ignoring the importance of their own jobs and contributions.

Men Can't Be Mothers

For women to want to be able to do everything that men do, in the way that men do it, is not only futile and foolish, but unnatural. Men can't do everything that women can do. Most important of all, they can't have babies and launch them safely into the world. In fact, this has been given as a reason why men feel impelled to turn their drives so strongly in other directions.

As Doctor Karen Horney, the psychoanalyst, has put it: "Is not the tremendous strength in men of the impulse to creative work in every field precisely due to their feeling of playing a relatively small part in the creation of living beings?"

Motherhood is not an infliction, a burden or a discriminatory tax levied on women by Nature. You won't get this reaction from the women who long for children and can't have them, who every day through doctors' offices, desperately seeking means to make their dreams come true. Nor is motherhood just a biological accident. Having a baby may be, but preparing for it properly, and carrying through the successful rearing of children and running a home constitute a profession—one which requires an infinite amount of aptitude, wisdom and understanding, plus training. Good wives and mothers don't just happen. They never did.

But whatever the situation may have been in the past, woman's place is no longer in the home—if by "home" you mean "house." Today the walls of the home have been broken down. Where once there were a thousand and one things inside the house which a woman had to know, today there are thousands of things outside which she must know, to be a successful wife, mother and woman.

The boundaries of the modern home are almost as far-flung as the wide world. To pursue home activities properly, women's interests must spread into the factories, shops, mills and farms which supply and provision her family; into the clinics, the social centers, the schools, the churches, the theaters, the courts, the newspapers, the legislative chambers, into every profession and activity which may in any way influence the lives of her children, her husband and herself.

That puts no limit on women's jobs, nor

should there be any. Freedom and democracy demand that no profession or career which a woman wants to pursue, and can pursue successfully, be closed to her by reason of her sex. And if a woman can be happiest in a career that excludes marriage and motherhood (as is not infrequently the case, psychiatrists tell us) there is every reason to believe that she can contribute most to society that way.

Yet the truth remains that the big majority of women are quite content to be "just wives and mothers," in the large sense, given any sort of fair break at these roles. Hard as is the lot of many housewives, there's often much more variety and interest in their own routines than in the daily grinds of their husbands, and plenty to challenge their maximum abilities. Any man who has ever tried to take over his wife's job has learned how complex and demanding her duties really are.

One of the chief reasons men are inclined to discount feminine intelligence is that they can't possibly measure, by their own practical standards, the special qualities of mind which women must develop—the social intelligence which women are likely to possess in a higher degree than men. In innumerable ways, any average woman normally thinks straighter than men. Often, the very kind of intelligence needed to make a woman most successful as a woman may be opposed to the phases of intelligence required for great achievement in men's fields.

And if men have always blandly assumed that, in the sum total, they are more intelligent than women, science has stuck a lot of pins into their egos.

No intelligence test yet devised offers any proof that a woman's mental powers are inferior or, for that matter, superior or precisely equal to man's. Nor can any test ever be devised which will measure the I. Q.'s of both sexes equally and fairly by the same yardstick.

In view of their physical differences, women and men can never be quite the same in their thinking, behavior, capacities or contributions. And we should be glad this is so. You don't need a psychologist to tell you that a child reared by two parents usually has an advantage over the one reared by only a single parent. Carrying this principle further, the world can be enriched by our having two active strains of thought, emotion and behavior contributed by both sexes, instead of either a cultural stream dominated by masculine contributions, as in the past, or one without any sex differences, as some extreme feminists advocate for the future.

Woman's Place in the World

What most women are best prepared to offer, and do offer, are not tangible commodities or pay checks, but human services and qualities. These cannot be measured easily in terms of dollars and cents. By the nature of things, women's contributions will always be less spectacular, and given less credit on history's pages (especially so long as history is written by men). But if we are to have a better world, we'll have to have more than sensational exploits, and we'll have to do a lot more than swell the production of machines and gadgets, foodstuffs and commodities. We'll also have to people the world with children who can produce a better human society. That will be chiefly women's job.

There will be and should be more and more equality in the influence women exert on men in public life and world affairs. But men, for the most part, will always build the houses, and women will make the homes. If women use their full capacities to endow those homes of the future with more warmth, sympathy and understanding, the children that grow out of them will be a lot abler and happier human beings than most of us are today.

THE END

RONSON
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World's Greatest Lighter

Best for All Lighters
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ASK FOR
RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'. The distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating is your guarantee of high quality—extra length, tempered hardness, showers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering and from other deterioration.

RONSONOL Fuel—quick lighting, clean burning. **RONSON Wicks**—high absorption, long service.

If your **RONSON** needs attention, send it to **RONSON (Service Dept., Newark 2, N. J.)** for servicing at minimum cost.

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vigor?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

CORNS GO while YOU carry on!

Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly!

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases new or tight shoes



YOUR patriotic duty is to keep your feet fit! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve your misery from corns, gently remove them—while you carry on! Instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful, nerve-rasping pressure. NOTE: When corns have formed, use the separate Medications supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

The Dean Murder Case

Continued from page 20

a fox. When he was on a national broadcast with Bob Hope, he inadvertently on purpose dropped his script to the floor and went on an ad-lib basis.

"Where did you go to school, Diz?" asked Hope.

"Me?" said Diz. "Why, me and Maxie Rosenbloom, we went to Harvard."

As a matter of history, his formal education ended with the second grade, but he has a good explanation for that.

"If I'd went to the third grade, I'da passed my old man. I didn't want to show Paw up."

He'll Do Anything to Oblige

He was born in Lucas, Arkansas, and his real name is Jay Hanna Dean, after Jay Gould and Mark Hanna. The Jerome Herman was an invention furnished for the edification of an importunate baseball writer who wanted an exclusive story. Dizzy was never one to disappoint his audience. He has always been a showman, as well as being one of the greatest pitchers that ever lived, and he pleases his followers now by appearing in a broad, white sombrero hat of the ten-gallon variety, high-heeled cowboy boots, and a white suit that has the clarionlike possibilities of a steam calliope. He got the name "Dizzy" from Lena Blackburne, coach of the Chicago White Sox, who was reproaching his teammates for allowing a "dizzy kid to show you up."

His feats as a pitcher are still green in memory, and he retains a feeling of sympathy for any present-day hurler who is

getting his lumps. On a day when a hitter had just lammed one of Warneke's pitches over the fence, Diz said sadly, "Brother, I bet you wished you had that there one back. I used to wish that on a lot of 'em."

When his associates pass along information for his use, he often employs it with a side remark that is illuminating.

"Sewell has gone the route (root) seven times," he says and then pauses. "I shouldn't be sayin' that," he adds. "I always say route (rout). I guess I been readin' too much."

"What have you been reading, Diz?" puts in Mr. O'Hara. "Einstein? The Theory of Relativity?"

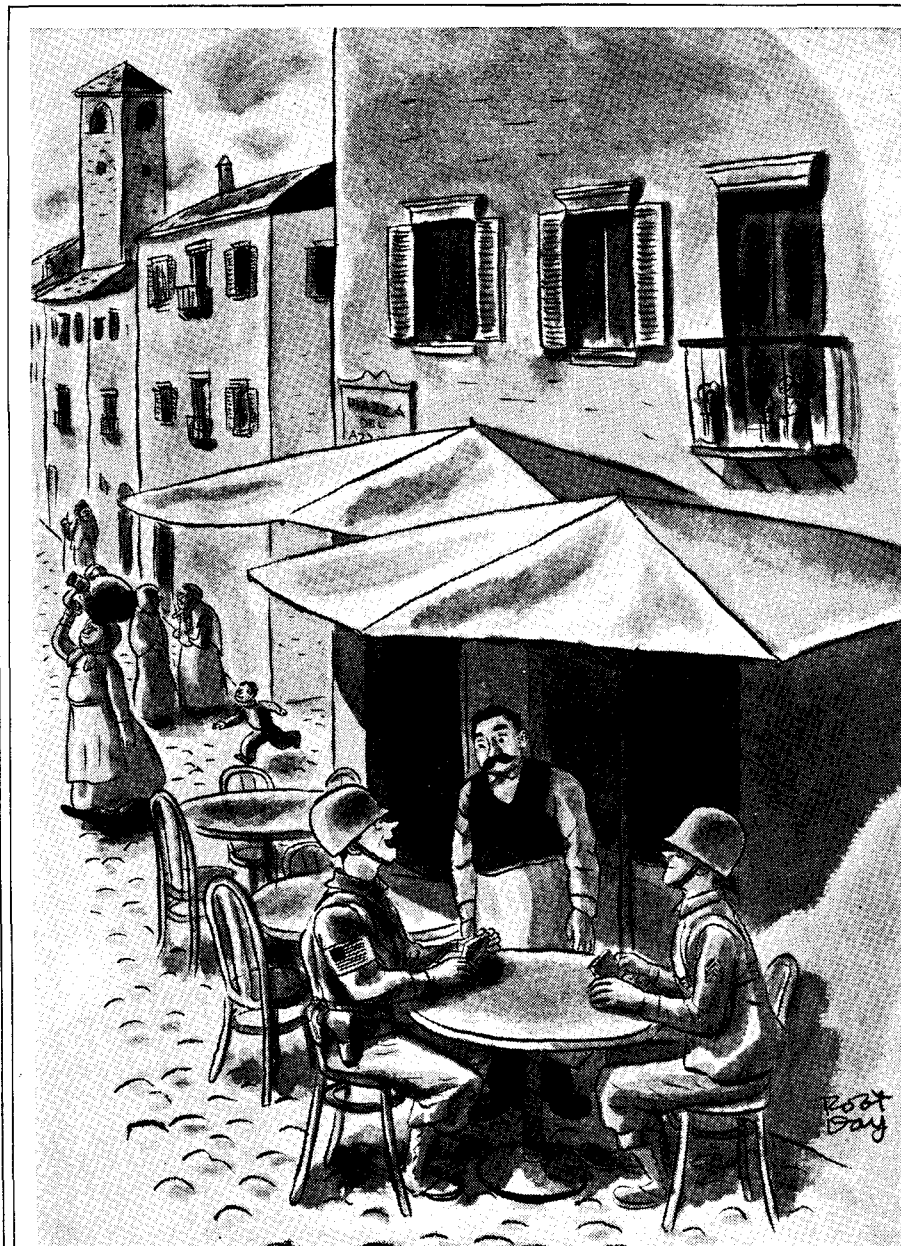
"Nothin' the matter with my relatives," retorts Diz, very prompt. Waw! Waw!

When all the returns are in, it will be found that Diz is one of the greatest radio personalities yet discovered. His hold on his audience is complete. The only thing that will ruin him is a course of education that will tame him. The chances of this are remote because he has the stubbornness of a mule.

The sign on the wall at Sportsman's Park bears Diz's picture and his philosophy: "I Ain't Gonna Change None." Language critics abhor him, his listeners love him, and he isn't too displeased with himself. Fully aware of the glory of his name, past and present, he confides in his audience about his own career.

"The reason I ain't pitchin' no more, folks," he says, "is that I had so much trouble with them right- and left-handed hitters."

THE END



COLLIER'S

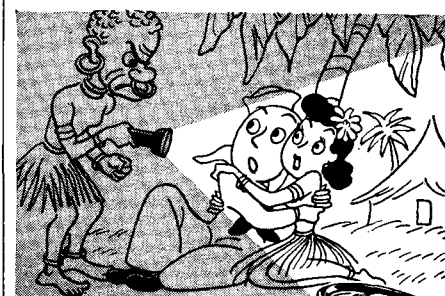
"What wine would go with a K ration?"

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Refusing smokes and chocolate bars, Trading batteries from the tans, This chieftan made them wonder why, But now they see he's a clever guy.



You can't buy them as before When it's over there'll be more

STROP AND GO SMOOTHLY

with ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really save steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send \$1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

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"The national rub-down"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MIFFLIN
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL
RUBBING COMPOUND

They Saw Hamburg Die

Continued from page 13

therefore, that "the British keep their promises."

Every resident of Hamburg descended to the shelters that night, and the air in them became even fouler.

On Tuesday morning at 11:30, the few remaining sirens screamed. The attack began at 12:30. Roaring explosive bombs, whistling phosphorous bombs and aerial mines played an infernal concert to which five or six thousand people, packed tightly in each of the shelters' seven or eight floors, listened fearfully. "Will the roof hold?" was the question on everybody's lips," relates another Swedish refugee, Werner Gullberg, who sat there with his wife and year-old son. But there was a still younger occupant: a young Swedish woman gave birth to a child during the raid.

The raid lasted only a half-hour, but it sufficed to convert Hamburg into a veritable sea of fire. With the central water mains destroyed, hundreds of thousands of those leaving the shelters would have given a fortune for a glass of water, but no one could get a drop. The heat was unbearable, becoming even worse when a storm suddenly broke loose and developed into something like a tropical typhoon. The giant bonfire resulted in a rapid consumption of oxygen. The air layer above and around the heart of the fire was rapidly drawn into the vacuum arising from the fire, and terrible fire storms resulted where a few minutes earlier complete calm had prevailed.

"The fleeing people ran helplessly about," says one of the Danish workers, Niels Ericson. "It was impossible to breathe. My heart beat violently, and everything went black before my eyes." Many were blinded by dust and heat.

The fire brigade arrived only two hours later, but little remained for it to save. Blazing beams, collapsing buildings and heat made salvage work hopeless. All the refugees said, "Everything burned around us—houses, trees, bushes." Wrapped in quilts and blankets, the sick and wounded were conveyed to aid posts where 3,000 awaited treatment. Those waiting for treatment heard the explosions of time bombs going off here and there, making it appear that the attack was continuing, though the all-clear had sounded.

Wednesday morning there was still no light at ten o'clock. The city, like a mass of fire, was hovering in space, cut off from all air and light. Streets and open places lay in ruins and ashes. Sections housing 300,000 people were razed to the ground. The main railway station, Saint Georg, was a terrible sight on Wednesday, with charred railroad cars on sidings and unrecognizably smashed automobiles.

Caught in a Deathtrap

During that night, the industrial sections of Rotenburgsort, traversed by trains to Berlin, Hammerbrook, Hamm and Veddel, and the Elbe bridge had been ravaged. But the old railroad bridge carrying trains southward to Bremen, Hanover and Cuxhaven was usable despite a direct hit, making possible the evacuation that was begun on Wednesday. Not many managed to leave the city, for on Wednesday night, there was a new alarm, and on Thursday morning, an American bomber force spent two whole hours over the city. Women fainted the moment the sirens opened up again.

After this raid, a Swedish clerk in a publisher's office, Hjalmar Nilsson, tried to find relatives in another section of the city. He said, "I saw numerous dead in twisted positions, mostly naked because the storm had torn off their clothes. They lay in the

streets everywhere. Wearied, apathetic individuals wandered aimlessly before and behind me. The wounded not yet attended lay in a small, grassy open space."

A Swedish girl whom I know only as Miss Persson saw people blazing from phosphorus cast themselves into water—but the phosphorus burned there equally well. Lime was strewn on the corpses scattered about the streets, and the odor of death lay heavy over the whole town.

On Thursday afternoon, police cars fitted with loud-speakers rushed through the town. All the people could catch was "Die Stadt sofort verlassen!"—Leave town immediately! This order marked the close of the dramatic conflict between Hamburg's Gauleiter Kaufmann and the military commandant. The latter had demanded evacuation as early as Tuesday, but Kaufmann, the most fanatical kind of Nazi, opposed evacuation on the grounds that it was liable to undermine discipline.

On Thursday at noon, the military commandant stated that, for military reasons, he had given instructions to evacuate. Kaufmann declared he would refer the matter to Hitler. Some days later, the commandant was decorated by Hitler.

Martial Law Proclaimed

On Friday morning (the town was bombed again Thursday night) the whole Hamburg area was put under a military cordon, no one being allowed to enter it. Every three quarters of an hour, a train of at least forty cars left with refugees via the Elbe bridge for Uelzen, a hundred kilometers southward. There the refugees, about 500,000 in all, were distributed in various directions.

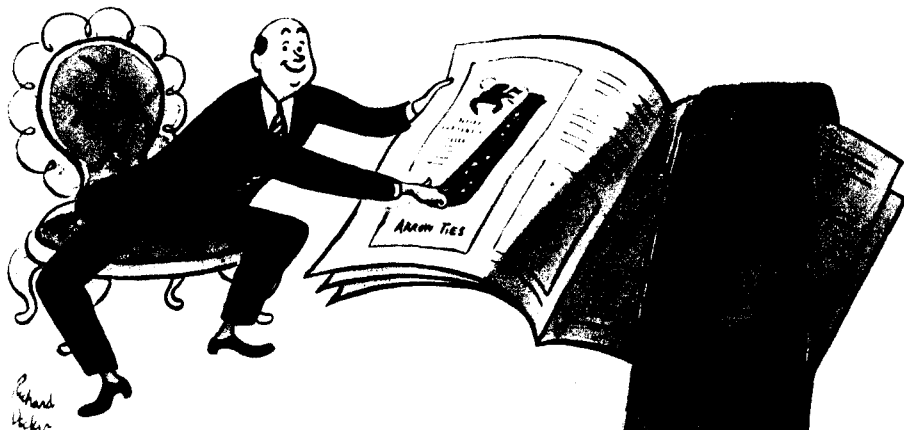
While the evacuation was proceeding, the party's field kitchens toured the city, distributing food. Mrs. Johansson says no one could understand "whence came so much food, for no one had seen its like since the war started: butter, cheese, real milk. But people did not rush for the food. They didn't eat at all. They came from the shelters in deadly terror, for each time they saw more devastation.

Thousands of people moved along, trying to find a little free space on the streets to lie down—only to rest, only sleep; nothing else. The Nazis are quite correct in declaring there was no panic. "They were too tired for panic. The horrors were so great that human beings were unable to react any more," said Mr. Nilsson.

One refugee tells how he met a woman wearing only torn pajamas, with a child in her arms. He asked if he could help her, but she answered "No," and simply continued walking. People, half demented by terror, walked around with eyes that gazed but saw nothing. No survivor will ever completely overcome that terror psychosis.

Propaganda Minister Goebbels could not prevent such descriptions and details of people's sufferings. He said cynically, "Now we can organize sympathy. People will begin to have pity on us." But I think he is mistaken. Herr Okras, editor of the Hamburger Tageblatt, at a press conference for the foreign press, declared that Hamburgers have now learned to hate. That, I believe is quite correct—but hate whom? When Goering, inspecting Hamburg on August 9th, began an encouraging speech, he was cut short by the cry, "We've got you to thank for this! What did you promise? You've led us into this!" A consular official told me, "They know that those who bombed Warsaw, Coventry, London and Russian cities bear the responsibility for the Hamburg raids."

Why is it people don't decide to leave



Leave
your magazine open
at this page

PROP THE MAGAZINE on your dresser — so's you can peek at it every once in a while and be reminded how good-looking Arrow Ties are.

Then, tomorrow, hike right down to your favorite Arrow dealer's and demand in a loud voice to be shown his entire line of Arrow Ties in the flesh!

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*for the way
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In war industries, as in the Army and Navy, Esterbrook, the war business pen, is doing its job. That job takes right of way. Please be patient if your dealer is temporarily out of stock. He'll fill your order as promptly as possible.

Renew-Points Not Always Easy To Get

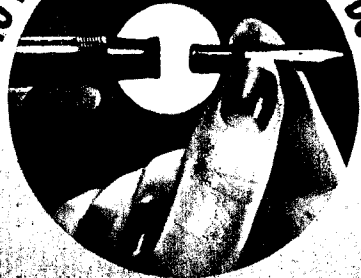
You can keep your Esterbrook Fountain Pen in tip-top writing form with Renew-Points. But if your stationer's stock does not include your favorite point number, ask him to order one for you. For the duration, supplies of Renew-Points will be limited, but the right point for the way you write is something well worth waiting for.

New Pen Production Limited Too

If you need a new Esterbrook Fountain Pen, you may find the going tough—but not impossible. We're making new pens, but they must be rationed so that your stationer may have his fair share of our limited production. So, if your dealer does not have the new pen you want, when you want it—be patient. A new Esterbrook is the kind of a pen you'll be glad you waited for.



TO RENEW... HERE'S ALL YOU DO



Esterbrook

THE WAR BUSINESS PEN

town? A number of formalities are necessary when reaching the evacuation place, and then people are badly received at their destinations. They feel themselves strangers and are treated like strangers. The S.S. paper, Schwarzes Korps, says that the bombed-outs are often mocked by their hosts as the "nightshirt squadron," because they have so little clothing.

Voelkischer Beobachter on August 14th appealed to peasants to be friendlier in receiving refugees from Hamburg. The overburgmaster of Munich issued a decree prohibiting anybody from taking residence without his permission. Viennese, who are not allowed the right to prohibit anything, hate the newcomers, holding that the transferred industries

are responsible for Allied bomb attacks.

The frightened bombed-outs, when evacuated, have no baggage, but they carry terror to new homes. There it spreads like lightning. Travelers here from Dresden ask whether the Allies could not be told that Dresden is not of the slightest importance to the war, but that there are many industries in Leipzig. Leipzig people say the same thing about Dresden. One burgomaster from Sudeten Germany came to Stockholm to seek a place to quarter his family. Soldiers receive disquieting letters from their families.

The inner front of Germany has started to sway.

THE END



The Week's Work

IF YOU think that picture above is one of those father-meets-son things, why, you're right. And if you further guess that the pater in the case is Artist C. C. Beall—known to practically no one as "Ted"—then you are positively clairvoyant and we would like you to accompany us to the races any afternoon. And by all means bring the crystal ball.

Beall paints Collier's hero covers from life. We mean he actually goes out and finds his heroes and paints them doing the things that won the medal. You can't see Beall's face here, but it's a broad brown one, inset with strong teeth and laugh-squinted eyes. He laughs a lot. Even when people irritate him.

His son is Flying Cadet Charles Calvert Beall, probably "Bub" down at his Texas air base. Poppa Beall was scouting heroes in the area. So he dropped in. And he propped a cameraman near the door you see in the picture. And cooked up a miserable gag with the Press Relations Officer.

The P.R.O. summoned young Beall, and said: "I've been informed that you've been sending subversive letters home." Young Beall dropped about ten pounds and years. "There is an F.B.I. agent in the next room. He wants to talk to you."

Beall lifted leaden feet and walked into his father's arms. The photographer caught this picture of stunned surprise.

THE conversation in Collier's fiction department is always amusing. Denver Lindley, tall and priestly, who has a voice like a pontifical Capehart, and Allen Marple, chunky and earthy, who sounds like

a dock-walloper after rolling snake-eyes on Saturday night, give off with the sound effects.

We listened the other day. And Lindley was talking about Stanley Frank, whose fine Heel of Honesty is in this issue. Lindley was booming that Frank must have to punch an awful lot of typewriter, because he delivers a daily sports column to the New York Post and has sold us 16 articles and 6 fiction pieces, not counting hunks of incidental writing here and there. Marple, whose voice is a full octave higher, said that he likes this particular story because it deals with the era of the old Hallroom Boys.

"The Hallroom Boys," Marple said, "were a collection of kids who came of good families and good colleges, but, because of menial jobs in New York, were bereft of both pot and window. All they had as assets were a stiff shirt and tails. They lived on society invitations and they rented three-dollar-a-week hall bedrooms. On the liability side, all they had to worry about was an occasional cab and a tip for a waiter."

"Phonies," said Lindley in G natural below low C. "Phony as a three-dollar bill," said Marple. "And yet they were always at the opera, they drank the finest champagne, they had a broad cuff in Shanley's and Rector's in return for the trade they brought in, and they always managed to keep out of the poorhouse. Well, this Stanley Frank story is based on a variety of Hallroom Boy."

Stanley Frank, of course, is not a Hallroom Boy. He is thirty-five, married, has three daughters and a weakness for going to lunch with Lindley and Marple. ★★★

Race Riots Coming

Continued from page 11

The Negro in war industry is joining his labor unions and waging successful battle against Jim Crow locals. The C.I.O., in its determination to fill the membership vacancies created by the withdrawal of the United Mine Workers, is not only accepting him on complete equality with the white worker but has set up a Negro bureau within its own supreme council. And when John L. Lewis is accepted back into the A. F. of L., the Negro expects fully that Lewis will move to liberalize that elder labor organization's Negro policies. The average Negro war-industry worker today is fearful that when the war ends, he will be the first to lose his job. He is not so afraid that the employer will be eager to be rid of him as he is that the white worker will be given job priority by the union. And this increases the Negro's current aggressiveness.

He is urging that President Roosevelt's famous Executive Order 8802, of which was born the Committee on Fair Employment Practice, be amended and reaffirmed to cover peacetime industry. As it exists now, it says: "It is the duty of employers and of labor organizations . . . to provide for the full and equitable participation of all workers in defense industries, without discrimination because of race, creed, color or national origin." The Negro wants the word "defense" eliminated. He is not quite so overheated that he believes Executive Order 8802 can soon be converted into a national policy by statute, but he wants just that, nevertheless.

Through his organizations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Urban League, the Negro has been asking President Roosevelt to present his case, his fears and even his demands as the subject of a broadcast from the White House.

Until recently, he had hopes that Mr. Roosevelt was going to appoint a committee headed by either Supreme Court Justice Reed or by Mr. Justice Black to conduct an investigation into the reasons for race riots and to report recommendations for their prevention. Mr. Roosevelt may yet launch such an inquiry, although the hopefuls have received no promises. However, the Negro tends to believe that political expediency will prevent it, the South's opposition being regarded as certain.

Battle of the Races

It would be a silly waste of time to argue as to who struck the first blow in Detroit, Beaumont or Newark—a white man or a black. Furthermore, that has nothing to do with the main issue. But it is quite clear that both races still have chips on their shoulders and that each will continue to knock off the other's with bloody results unless the federal government ceases soon to avoid the issue. Within the Army, the Negro's emotions, while better disciplined, are not much less hot than his industrial brother's.

The Negro serviceman protests that his representation in Officers' Candidate Schools is far below the ratio warranted by his numbers in uniform. He protests that, having graduated from OCS as a second lieutenant, he is denied promotion equally with white second lieutenants—even in such all-Negro outfits as the 92d and 93d Divisions, with the 104th, now being organized. He points out other instances of Army discrimination. Negro hostesses in camps are told that they must regard themselves as of officer status, that they must conduct themselves as officers, yet they are compelled to sit in segregated Negro sections at Army shows and entertainments.

We cite these merely as examples of the

Negro soldier's protests. We could cover whole pages with similar complaints but these will suffice to explain why the uniformed Negro is too often too eager to get into a public fight with white soldiers or even to start a riot.

At the corner of Tenth and U streets in Washington sits a gaunt, soft-spoken scholar drafted into a job which can promote more headaches per hour than any war agency in the capital. He is the Right Reverend Monsignor Francis J. Haas, Dean of the Social Science School, Catholic University. The job is the chairmanship of the again independent Committee on Fair Employment Practice.

Members of the New CFEP

Monsignor Haas has had wide experience as a labor-dispute arbiter. His committee, appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, is composed of: For labor—John Brophy, C.I.O.; Milton P. Webster, Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; and Boris Shishkin, A. F. of L.; for industry—Miss Sara Southall, International Harvester Company; P. B. Young, Sr., publisher of the Norfolk (Virginia) Journal and Guide; and Samuel Zemurray, president of the United Fruit Company.

This committee replaces the old Committee on Fair Employment Practice which was established by Executive Order 8802 in June 1941 and which was not winning acclaim with its successes. The President has charged Monsignor Haas' sextet with "promoting the fullest utilization of all available manpower and the elimination of discriminatory practices in employment." It was created as an independent bureau on May 27, 1943. The old committee, at first an independent body, was absorbed by War Manpower, quickly losing its identity. Among the first of the new committee's duties will be to demonstrate to workers, black and white, and to employers, that it retains nothing but the name of the old one—a not inconsiderable task. Not that the old one didn't struggle.

Although the new committee is not equipped with enforcement powers greater, in fact, than the old one had, the latter was not only smothered by the regulations and red tape of its parent organization, the WMC, but was almost trampled to death in the first wild stampede of the conversion of industry from peace to war production.

It is entirely possible that had the original CFEP been better manned, more liberally financed and equipped with more than finger-shaking authority, it might have averted the Detroit race riot. When it was shuffled into the vast WMC, the feeling grew that the government was curbing its activities. Many were convinced that the committee's efforts to abolish employment discrimination was retarding war production by irritating the employers and promoting dissensions—strikes—among the white workers.

Maybe some of the war-production agencies were convinced that the old CFEP was a nuisance, that there was no time for "New Deal daydreams" when industry was in the painful process of conversion to war commodities. There were—probably still are—Army procurement officers who, from the start, advocated complete military control over all industrial centers. Singlemindedly concentrating on war matériel, these men are eager that agitations and agitators, large and small, black and white, be slapped down at the first disturbing gesture or syllable.

Some of them were being quoted as privately cursing the CFEP for "a bunch of interfering pinkos trying to run the war like the New Deal." And maybe, had the

How much do you know about Brennan...Falkenburg...Andrews?

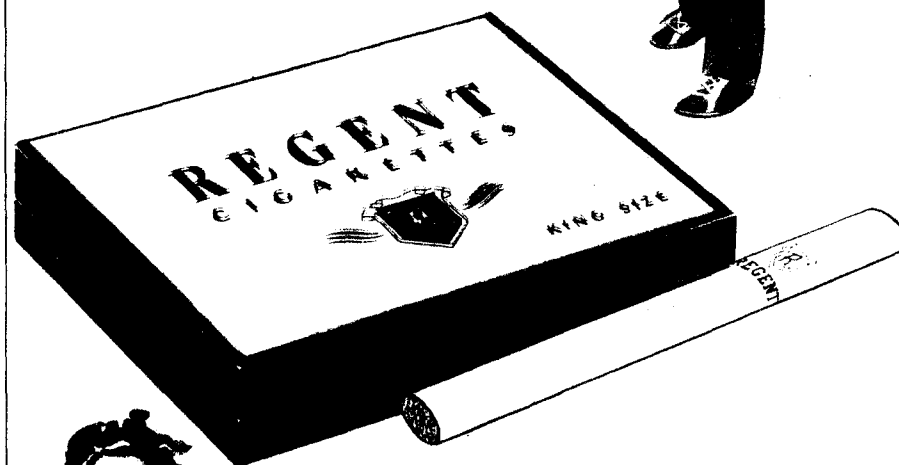
NEW ENGLAND BORN WALTER once raised pineapples in Guatemala, now raises cattle in Oregon, will soon raise the roof in Samuel Goldwyn's new Russian epic, "North Star." Yankee-shrewd Mr. Brennan goes for the extra value Regents offer. "They're King Size," he cannily argues, "give you a smoke that's over 20% longer."



BARCELONA BORN JINX began going places early. She swam like a salmon at 18 months, became Chile's swim champ at 16, American model queen and movie starlet at 20. For sport, the athletic Miss Falkenburg chooses tennis—for cigarettes, she favors Regent. Says beautiful Jinx: "Regent's taste is tops!"



EX-ACCOUNTANT DANA has graduated from carrying a spear in Shakespeare to flying a bomber in "North Star." The photogenic Mr. Andrews likes to swim and play tennis, recommends photography for fun and Regents for mildness. "Regent" he declares, "is milder than any other brand."



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The milder, better tasting cigarette!



Post-War Plans...for Your Car

THERE sits your car—used less now than ever before; a thousand dollars or more of your hard-earned cash tied up in it.

You can probably sell your car right now for a good sum—since used cars are in good demand. But a family car has become a part of American family life, and you'd undoubtedly feel lost without it.

No, you don't want to let it go. And you don't want to *keep* it and "let it go," either—let it go to ruin for want of proper care. For when the new cars eventually come out, what you get on a trade-in will depend largely on the condition of your car at that time.

And remember—new cars will not be out for a considerable number of months after Hirohito yells quits.

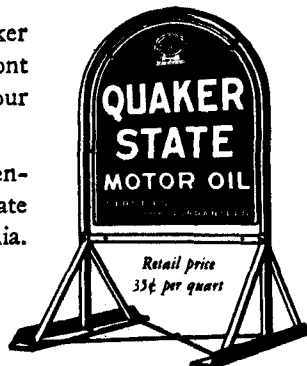
That's why it will pay you to use Quaker State Motor Oil—why it will be worth your while to insist on Quaker State Superfine Lubricants.

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whole problem been turned over to the Army—housing, policing and censorship over speech and publication—a certain amount of rioting might have been averted. But somehow we doubt it. It would have been a page from Hitler's book, and it would have stored up fury for the future.

One of Monsignor Haas' many troubles today derives from the tremendous one-way pressure put upon him by chagrined New Dealers of the early Franklin Roosevelt school, and by Negro leaders, to get tough with industrialists in whose plants there are not what these pressure groups consider a fair proportion of Negro workers.

Whatever the reason for the helplessness of the old CFEP, it never came near to doing the job it was created to perform. Whether it could have prevented rioting in industrial centers (riots emerging from population congestions, from lack of housing, from race hatreds and so forth) can be argued from here to then without profit. Just what the new and independent CFEP is going to do about it will make interesting watching. Washington's war agencies are alive with noncombatant fire-eaters who hunt you down to assure you that they will stand for no nonsense, that they are going to get rough and tough.

Slowing Up the War Production

But Monsignor Haas is not among these waffle-tail Napoleons. He is among the very least of Washington's publicity seekers. He is convinced only of this: That coercion of employers won't work and shouldn't be tolerated, that although government contracts, at the direction of Mr. Roosevelt, include clauses forbidding the holder to discriminate, we may not revoke these contracts without great harm to the war production. One sure way of settling the race question is to lose the war. However, with the war going as it is, the home front's belief that it can be lost has all but disappeared, and both blacks and whites are in a mood to call this the time to decide who's who.

In some states, New York for example, industrial discrimination in war production can be punished with fines and imprisonment. The federal government's direct action against discriminators is limited to a loss of contracts. But neither the Army, the Navy nor the War Production Board is going to deny contracts to the great industrialists—or to any smaller industrialist whose work is highly specialized. Furthermore, so complex is the business of proving that an employer has discriminated against a Negro, so slow is

the process of bringing the accused to trial, that even the superefficient F.B.I. shakes its head.

Neither by law, regulation nor executive order are there any Negro employment quotas. Moreover, nobody, even the more radical Negro, wants quotas. It is generally conceded that if state or federal government tries to impose quotas, there would not only be much more rioting but more frequent slowdowns of war production.

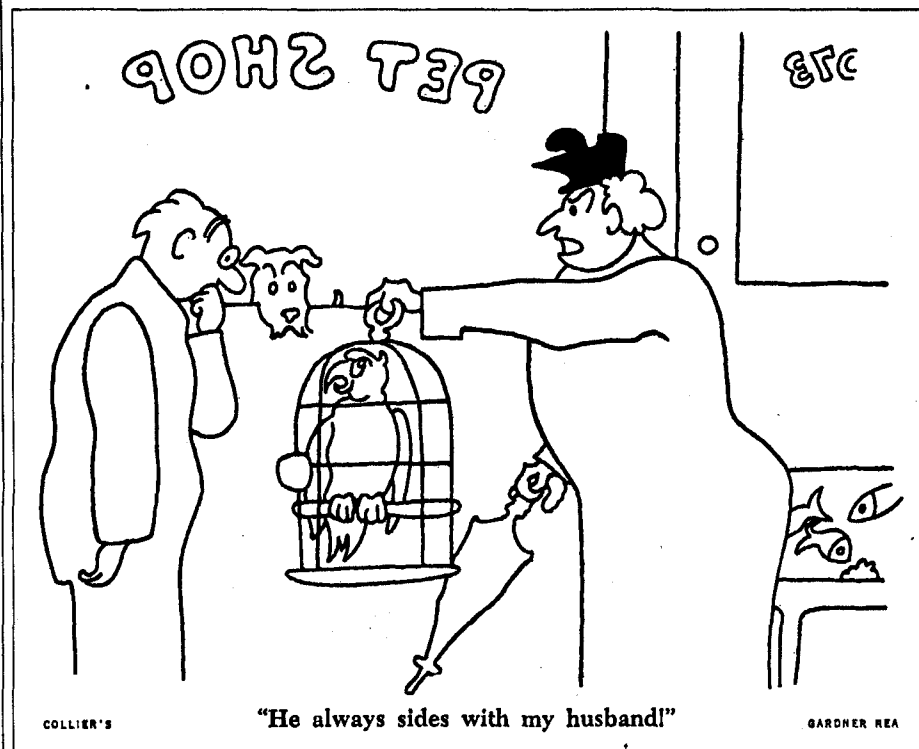
Nevertheless, there have been labor inspectors who (either because they are ignorant themselves, or officious, or for reasons which should be investigated by the police) have told small industrialists that their pay rolls must be twenty per cent Negro. We have the testimony of one contract holder who hires Negroes that he was told that twenty per cent of his employees had to be black men—or else.

This industrialist, making delicate precision instruments, replied that he'd be very glad to hire Negroes if the United States Employment Service or any other agency could find Negroes who were capable of the work required—chronometer and watchmakers. The inspector shrugged that off, saying that finding Negro workers of that skill was the employer's problem, not the government's. If the industrialist did not comply, he added, he'd get no future contracts.

Perhaps the old CFEP might have slowed down war production had it succeeded in forcing industry to absorb all locally available labor before importing it from other states, before sending labor scouts to fetch in whites when there were idle blacks in the vicinity. We wouldn't know.

Whoever is to blame, we do know that in major industrial centers like Detroit and Baltimore, the National Housing Administration had those cities in no condition to receive the rush. It was quite necessary that Detroit, for example, call upon the rest of the country for labor. The government knew this, knew exactly what the housing situation was and knew, too, that when nearly 300,000 white immigrant workers surged into Detroit, the already bad housing situation was going to become intolerable.

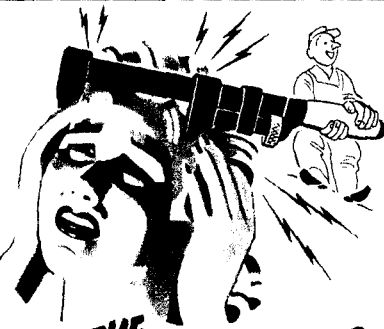
The government knew that one of the most dangerous contributors to riot promotion is inadequate housing. But the Division of Defense Housing, National Housing Administration, was just about as helpless as the War Manpower Commission which, at the same time, was making a terrible mess of enforcing its own edict that no labor be brought in to any industrial district until all available local labor was absorbed.



COLLIER'S

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For quick relief from the sting and pain of mosquito, chigger and other non-venomous insect bites use OIL-O-SOL. It soothes, cools and comforts. This effective inhibitory antiseptic is also valuable in treating sunburn and minor injuries—cuts, scratches, burns. Used by thousands at home and at work. Pleasant to use—combats infection—quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50¢ at druggist's. Must satisfy you or money back. Get Mosso's OIL-O-SOL now.

There are too many collateral reasons for race rioting in these days to expand upon all of them here. Local real-estate owners, fearful of subsequent depreciation in the values of their houses and lands, refused to rent to Negro war workers. Further, they fought bitterly against government housing projects for Negroes in the immediate vicinity of their properties. The church joined in this, pastors protesting publicly that Negro colonies in their parish confines would drive their congregations away, isolate their houses of worship, ruin all their years of building and organization.

The further one goes into the subject, the more one becomes convinced that it is all setting the stage for a mean immediate future. Perhaps Monsignor Haas (who may be given an even more imposing post from which to deal with the postwar race question as a whole) will find a formula to prevent rioting. Perhaps he will create lay committees in many cities to deal locally with the problem. In the meantime, we have asked several governors of Southern states to give us their opinions.

Not a Southern Problem

"There will be no race rioting in Tennessee in my opinion," wires the Honorable Prentice Cooper, governor of Tennessee. "There will be no race rioting in any of the other Southern states. The whole situation is one which calls for confidence and trust rather than suspicion and mistrust. Tennessee has the largest and best equipped state guard in America in proportion to population, but I do not anticipate it will be needed in any interracial disturbances."

"I do not expect race riots in this state," says the Honorable C. W. Darden, Jr., governor of Virginia. "Relationship between the races here has been especially good."

"Do not believe there will be any race rioting or strained race relations in Georgia," says the Honorable Ellis Arnall, governor of Georgia. "In spite of rumors and bunk, I have not been able to find any trouble in this state between the races. I jokingly told some of the governors at the conference in Columbus, Ohio, that race rioting is now essentially a Northern issue. Seriously, I will be surprised if we have any trouble in Georgia."

"Leaders of both races in this state," says the Honorable J. Melville Broughton, governor of North Carolina, "feel that satisfactory relationship can be maintained, provided outside agitators do not stir up strife. We have been disturbed by the recent Detroit situation which again reveals that racial problems are not sectional. We are apprehensive that this situation has created a state of mind that may be provocative of further race riots in other sections of the country. We are taking every step here, including interracial conferences, to avoid such contingencies in this state."

"I would list among inciting circumstances: Inflammatory Negro press, political juggling with Negro vote in pivotal Northern states, oppressive economic handicaps against skilled Negro labor, particularly in the North, ill-advised designs on the part of certain groups and individuals to flout established and respected social conventions and traditions while pretending to seek only economic opportunities for the Negro, and the failure on the part of many states North and South to deal fairly and frankly with such problems as housing, health, delinquency and educational opportunities as affecting the Negro race."

"We people in South Carolina," wires Governor Olin D. Johnston, "have always been able to handle the race question without riots and trouble. We can solve our own problems without outside interference from Washington or from Northern

agitators. We do not intend to mix the races in our state, and the only way to handle this race question is by segregation of the races. As long as Northern states allow white and colored children to attend the same schools, the same churches and the same eating places, they will always have trouble between the races."

"We believe in white man's rule in South Carolina. This policy has been successful for generations and, as governor of South Carolina, I intend to use my influence to run this state as it has been run and ruled by white people in the past as well as in the future. We intend to treat the Negro fairly, but we expect him to keep his place, and this can be done only through segregation. As long as I am governor, there will be no mixing of the races in South Carolina."

"With proper understanding and adequate protection, we can reduce the probability of race riots," says the Honorable Chauncey Sparks, governor of Alabama. "Our recent experience in Mobile shows that incipient rioting can be stopped if the people are shown that the state will act promptly. I conceive the basis for the necessary understanding to be justice, economic security, protection of the rights of all citizens and proper education."

"Alabama has administered and will continue to administer justice, to encourage education and to assist in the improvement of the economic condition of the Negro along peaceful lines and in perfect accord with the white race. If there is to be future race rioting, in my opinion, it will have its roots buried in inflammatory Negro newspapers, the attitude of certain ambitious politicians and misguided and emotional missionaries who place shibboleths above reality."

"The South does not need to be taught morality by prosecutions, by establishment of committees, by preachments and by slogans of parties or political candidates. The people of the South are honest, just and fair, not always perhaps by the standards of some unreasonable agitator. Fundamentals are essential, and when the Negro quits chasing rainbow ends and butterflies, such as social equality and the abolishment of segregation, and confines his attention to fundamentals, such as industry, education, better living conditions, economic security and those things which go to make a civilization, the better off he will be. We are trying to preach this doctrine in Alabama, and I find Negro leaders in sympathy with it."

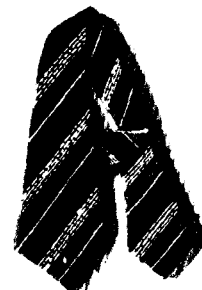
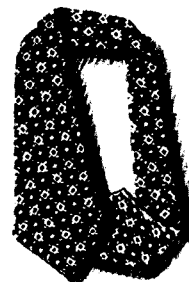
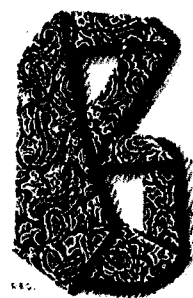
A Demand for Social Equality

"The principal trouble is that a lot of misguided people who do not understand the Negro are doing him a great injustice by urging him to take advantage of the war period to demand social equality," writes another governor who wishes his name withheld. "The inflammatory Negro press is doing a great deal of harm to the Negro. They are inciting the ignorant Negro to do things that are against his best interests. We are striving to keep from having riots or uprisings between the races."

"Under existing circumstances, I prefer not to make any comment about race riots," writes the Honorable Keen Johnson, governor of Kentucky.

Seventy-five per cent of America's 13,000,000 Negroes normally live below Mason and Dixon's line. The war has changed that only a little. It is expected that after the war many of the Negroes who have migrated North for jobs in industry will return to Dixie. Perhaps they may not want to, but economic conditions may dictate it. Therefore, the opinions of these governors are of major importance.

Some of them ascribe the current temper of the Negro to the "inflammatory Negro press." We have been reading these newspapers—not for the first time but to



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a more definite end. Their circulation field is limited, competition keen, news coverage narrow. Almost without exception, their presentation of the Negro's side of the case is high-tension writing—with such headlines as: Drunken Cops Slug Negro, Negro Shot by Jim Crow Motorman, Housing Conditions Unbelievable, We Are Americans, Too. The writers of these captions and headlines have learned their trade by reading white shotgun newspapers.

To balance these torches, there are such sober features as Your Public Conduct, in the Pittsburgh Courier, one of the largest of Negro journals. The Courier carries it prominently on its front page: "Carrying a perpetual chip on your shoulder helps no one, least of all yourself! Watch your public conduct . . . others do."

Even Psychology Unsound

Then there's an editorial in the Los Angeles War Worker: "Some people have a this-is-our-day and let's-get-even psychology. This is not a day for any particular race. It is a day that is to determine whether man will progress or retrogress. With this in mind, the get-even psychology also proves unsound. It is a coward's and defeatist's outlook on life. We believe that prejudice is a sign of immaturity and that understanding is the highest form of maturity."

To supply local facts to what we saw and heard in Washington, we have asked Collier's correspondents in various parts of the country to write us.

From Miami, Florida, we learn that "there is definite trouble brewing between the blacks and the whites." Our Miami man, like the others, is a realist. He knows the value of minor things. Florida's Negroes are shoving Jim Crow out of their way—white men, too, at bus stations. More and more, they're sitting in the white man's seat. In municipal elections, they're voting as a unit.

Los Angeles and San Francisco report Negro rebellion against Jim Crow labor-union locals, against slum life, against exclusion from theaters, bowling alleys, restaurants, skating rinks and so on. No outbreaks yet, but one was narrowly averted in Los Angeles when a traffic cop pumped five bullets into a Negro at close range for allegedly violating a traffic regulation. The Negro died. The cop was not held. Los Angeles says, too: "A lot of the anti-Negro feeling rises from the great middle class of whites. The women hate doing

their own dishes and housework and other tasks formerly done by Negroes. They're holding this against the Negro, who, as far as I can find out, does not want to return to this sort of labor."

From Jackson, Mississippi, and other parts of the South, we hear that Negro women are leaving their jobs in white kitchens, not for war industry but to loaf. Their husbands are in the armed services. They receive from their men and from the United States Treasury, fifty dollars a month. They want to know why they should work for five and six dollars a week. Jackson adds: "I do not anticipate a large number of riots. Common sense among the whites and fear among the blacks will take care of most situations."

Another correspondent who doesn't care to be identified tells us that, in his town, most of the white male citizens have either been sworn in as deputy sheriffs or anyway armed with shotguns. All shotgun ammunition has been confiscated from stores, he adds, and passed out to the apprehensive whites.

In St. Louis, labor and white-collar groups of both races have asked the mayor to call for federal troops on the appearance of "the slightest racial incident." St. Louis is cursed with rumors of Negro and anti-Negro plots.

Opinion of a Racial Leader

The situation in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is "complicated, potentially troublesome but not critical," says Homer S. Brown, state assemblyman and prominent Pittsburgh Negro lawyer. "The general situation here is, I think, good. There has been no organized groundwork laid, as in Detroit. Or if there has been I don't know about it." Mr. Brown, by the way, was voted by the newspaper legislature correspondents in Harrisburg, the state capital, as "the most capable and efficient member of the state assembly."

Portland, Maine, reports from its ship-building water front: "The Negro problem in Portland is the least of our worries. We have others in sufficient number. Want to hear them?"

We're picking the reports at random, hoping to give you the general temper. Says Dallas, Texas, "War wages and wartime living conditions here and in surrounding northern Texas areas have done little to ease the critical tension that has flared from time to time into violence." He mentioned as irritants the influx of Northern Negroes who arouse their



WORLD'S LARGEST

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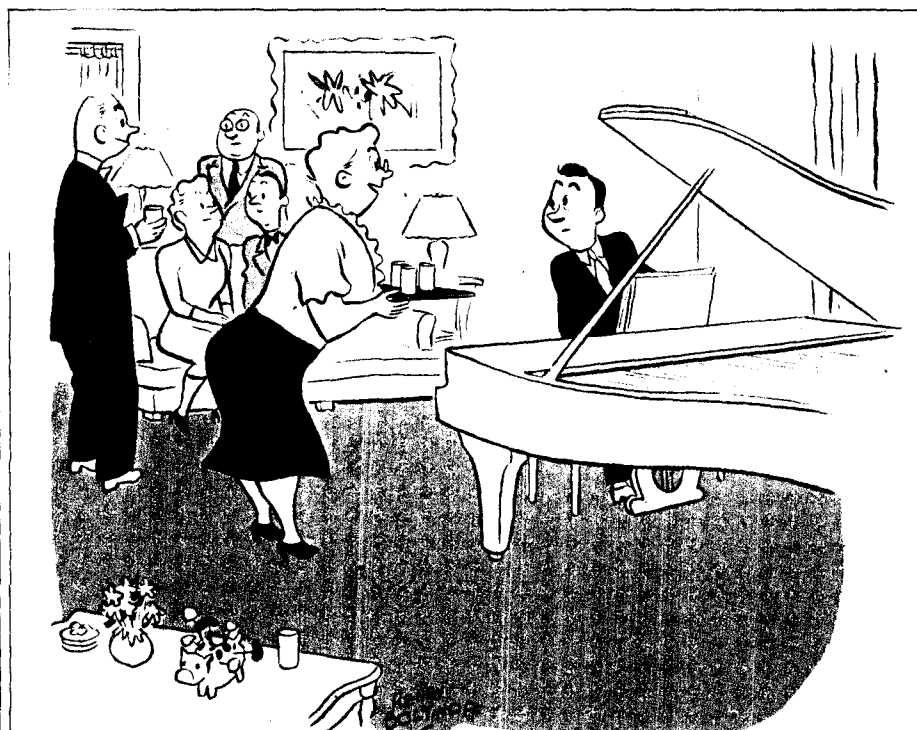
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"Oh, don't worry about the neighbors. Besides, they tried to poison our dog last week!"

COLLIER'S

HENRY BOLTINOFF

Southern brethren with their tales of better wages and general living conditions in the North, and the fact that the vast majority of Texas Negroes who used to work "for a meager existence as farm hands" now regard themselves as having been lamentable suckers.

These black men and women have suddenly found themselves enjoying comparative luxury, their labor being currently vital in industry. On at least six occasions lately, the police have had to break up wild fights in streetcars resulting from seating arguments. Hoodlums, black and white, are asking for and finding trouble. On Emancipation Day, known as "June-teenth," the Negroes did not celebrate as always before.

Dallas quotes a police official: "Instead," said he, "they stood sullenly on street corners. Instead of their usual holiday spirit, they were quiet—too quiet. Their manner was furtive. They indicated that they feared racial trouble—and would accept it if it came."

On that day, at an amusement park, blacks and whites massed prepared for battle. Police arrived in time. Our Dallas correspondent assures us that the Negro has no intention of returning to his prewar low economic estate if he can avoid it. Negro leaders, he says, are demanding immediate racial equality in schools and housing. The Dallas Express, a Negro newspaper, makes the demand.

We could go on at great lengths like this, but these few references give you the picture. If any considerable part of the trouble is traceable directly to Axis agents or to American Communists, we have not found it so. Negroes are not, by their very nature, political radicals. We learn from California, Michigan, Alabama, New York, New Jersey and Indiana that the black workers are listening to the Communists only as they seek additional white friends of their own racial cause.

Neither is there any evidence that Detroit's major riot was clear warfare between the two races. It was essentially a young hoodlum affair. The Detroit Free Press quotes Mr. John S. Bugas, head of the Detroit office of the F.B.I., as saying that seventy-five per cent of the rioters were boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. Army and civilian investigators, making their reports, classify them roughly into two categories. First, there were those who for various reasons have been rejected for armed service. Others have been deferred because they are regarded as essential in war industry.

War nerves may have been responsible to some extent, but there is no one to measure that, although it makes a nice evening's discussion. And perhaps some

of the Army and Navy rejects participating in the affair were motivated by a compensatory bravado, resorting to physical violence to prove to themselves and others that the Army and Navy made mistakes when they were not accepted.

In the second category, the psychologically minded place the kids, who realize that, should the war last, they eventually will be absorbed into the Armed Forces. Their future is most uncertain. They may be killed. They may be physically incapacitated in battle, for work or play. At any rate, they realize the possibility that their postwar lives may be completely changed, and what emotional stability they might have had before has largely evaporated. Their motto has become: "What the hell!"

Rising Sympathy for the Cause

Among the older and among the more responsible white elements in Detroit and other race-riot localities, Negro leaders report a still mounting revulsion. Perhaps nothing that has been written or that will be written has done more for the Negro's cause than the photograph of the Negro with his arms being held by two policemen while he was being struck in the face by a white hoodlum, and a mounted cop watched. This photograph has taken its place in hundreds of Negro headquarters and meeting places. It has been reprinted and rephotographed and broadcast amongst Negroes. It has brought shoals of letters of sympathy to Negro leaders. It has caused many whites to donate money to Negro organizations.

At least two hundred of the rioters have been identified in newspaper photographs. We have been able to find no evidence that more than two or three have been arrested. One rioter, we learn, has been given a prison sentence of ninety days. For political reasons, local authorities in Detroit and elsewhere are not eager to send rioters to prison.

The federal government has not gone even that far. Admittedly it does not want further rioting, and yet it has the power to act against rioting individuals when local authority is reluctant. There are, for example, the amendment to Section 253 and Sections 51 and 52 of the 18th United States Code. They were written to protect blacks and whites alike. Sections 51 and 52 provide for fines of from a thousand to five thousand dollars upon the guilty and imprisonment of from a year to ten years.

Maybe it's just an impractical idea, but a few sentences like that might take a lot of oomph out of race rioting.

THE END

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Heel of Honesty

Continued from page 12

and, anyway, the people were leaving. "Look. This is just about the time I should be saying, 'Can't we slip away from all this and go somewhere for a drink?' I'll improve on the poets. I'll buy you dinner, if you haven't had a better offer."

She pursed her lips and pondered the invitation.

"Two seconds of maidenly reserve are par for the course in these times," he told her. "It will be a very good dinner and I know you came here alone, Miss—er, Molineau."

"You seem to know a great deal about me, Mr. Bolton."

"Not as much as I'd like to," he replied, giving her the stock answer, but as they descended in the elevator to Park Avenue, he wondered whom he really was kidding.

"Is there any particular place you'd like to go?" he asked. He knew where they'd wind up, but it always gave him a kick to see the surprise and sudden interest on a new girl's face when he walked in as though he owned the joint.

"I know a little French restaurant not far from here," she said. "It is quiet and the food really is quite good."

Bolton nodded and they started to walk in silence. He began to ask himself why he, with the grand total of eight dollars in his pocket, was taking to dinner a new dame who was working the same side of the street, and then he said the hell with it. Mrs. Rysdale's Scotch had left him with a mellow party glow and it was very nice to be walking down Park Avenue on an evening in spring with an attractive girl.

They turned off the avenue, and Bolton was aware that she had stopped in front of a couple of steps leading to an entrance just below the street level. It was Le Maison Somebody, it looked clean and comfortable inside and there was a sign, "Table d'Hôte Dinner, \$1.50" in the window, but Bolton shook his head.

"Too expensive," he said. "I know a better place."

He imagined that she was grateful for

the dim-out that obscured her mortification. It must be, he thought, pretty humiliating—and disappointing—to a dame to be told by a man she had just met that he could not afford a middle-class restaurant. After that letdown, the Penguin would be a better build-up. It always was; the Penguin was a joint calculated to impress a dame.

She must know the Penguin was the clubhouse of saloon society. The well-born and the ill-bred were not celebrities until they had posed for pictures grinning toothily against the background of its distinctive décor. It was a frightfully smart, expensive and elaborate boob trap. It definitely was not for people who could not spend one-fifty for dinner.

The girl knew. She resisted in surprise Bolton's pressure on her arm when he turned to the entrance. She hesitated when the doorman hastened to help them and she fumbled with her bag while the hat-check girl gave Bolton a smile, and the obsequious headwaiter found a table in a favored location for them although the place was crowded.

BOLTON chuckled inwardly at her confusion. She looked furtively at the menu for the table d'hôte dinner that wasn't there and he anticipated her startled expression when she glanced at the prices to the right of the card. The waiter had his pencil poised for her order.

"I will have, please, a—a salad," she said in a small voice. It was the cheapest item on the menu.

"Nonsense," he said. "You're a grown woman and you're hungry. You like steak? Sure you do. And how about some hors d'oeuvres?"

She shook her head dumbly. Steak was four dollars a portion.

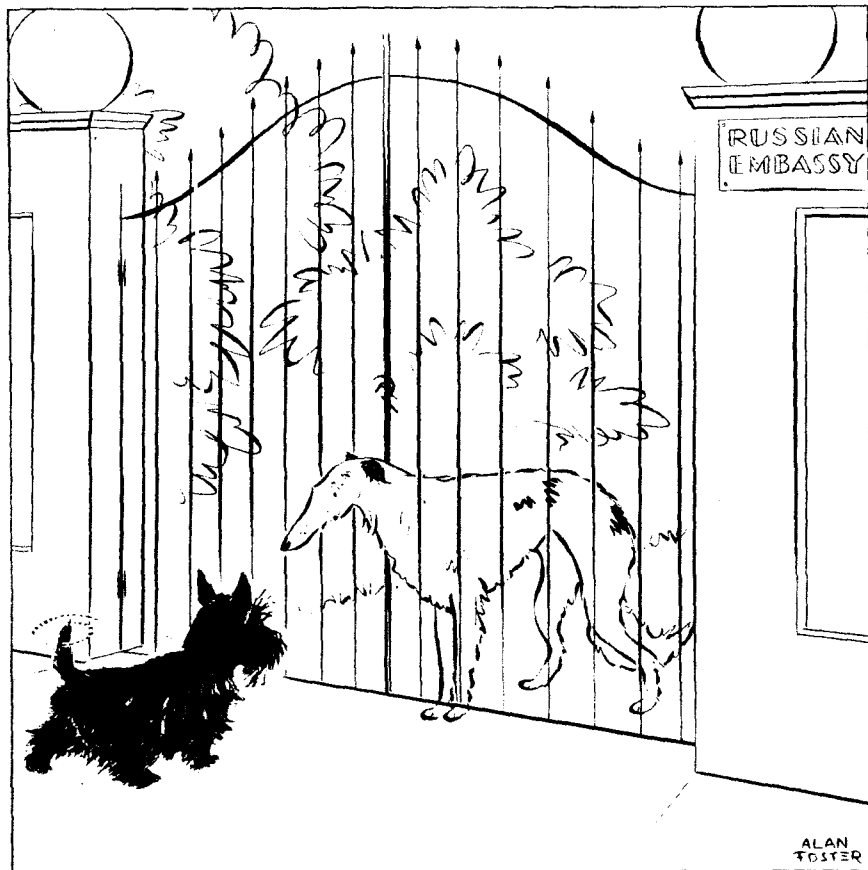
He lit a cigarette and waved it expansively. "A chi-chi joint, no? Or would the French call it soigné?"

"I do not think you are funny, Mr. Bolton," she said with a quaver in her



MR. FALA O! THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"Do you suppose Mr. Stalin is allergic to boats?"

voice. "I may not comprehend American humor, but it was not necessary for you to insult me with a bad joke about my restaurant. In France, a family can live for a month on what you will pay for this dinner."

He carefully crushed his cigarette in the ash tray. "I'm not paying for the dinner. Don't be alarmed—you're not paying either, although," he laughed harshly, "that's been done, too. The house picks up the check."

"Oh. You mean you have an interest in this place?"

Bolton rested his arms on the table and leaned toward her. "If this isn't a line you're giving me, my naïve pigeon, you should stay home after dark. I'm a dying breed; I'm the last of the hall-room boys."

"You probably know the type by another name," he went on rapidly. "I live in a six-dollar-a-week furnished room and my best suit of clothes is a tail coat. I'm the shameless slob they call when there are thirteen at a dinner party or when somebody is needed to lug a battle-ax around a dance floor all night. I'm the guy who cries gaily, 'Let's go to the Penguin,' after the theater when I get a ticket nobody else can use."

"I'm the low, unprincipled character who tells the gossip columnists who's having a divorce or a baby or who's playing about with whom. I do everything but carry a sign on my back advertising this rococo dive; and, for services rendered, the management feeds me for bringing in people who look like money in the bank. I know everybody, but nobody wants to know me, and you can't blame them. I'm a moocher, a parasite and a thoroughly disreputable louse."

She fingered her glass as though embarrassed by his angry humility. "But surely, you must have some profession or regular work," she said finally.

"Sure, I had a regular job. I gouged people by selling them new cars they didn't need every year."

"You can't sell automobiles now. What do you do?"

"The same as you, baby. The best I can."

"And how is—business?"

"Rotten. I'm like a secondhand car."

I've been around so long my gloss is wearing thin. I'm a slightly old hall-room boy who's tolerated only because there are no new models on the market."

The flicker of an understanding smile broke through her grave attention and for the first time Bolton wished she was Mary Maloney rather than Maris Molineau, phony.

"Forgive me, Mr. Bolton, if I am impertinent, but why are you not in the Army? I gather that you are unmarried, and I can see you are within the draft age."

HE SET fire to another cigarette and inhaled deeply, but her eyes penetrated the smoke and regarded him steadily.

"I could," he said, "give you the story I've been using for more than a year. I could tell you I'm trying to get a commission in Army or Navy Intelligence. Sounds very dashing and mysterious, and it stops people from asking too many questions. I also could suggest that you mind your own business and take my word for one thing I've got to say for myself. I'm a consistent heel, anyway."

"It is said that self-pity is the easiest emotion. I do not know what that is, a heel as you say, but I remember another saying about an Achilles heel."

"Without getting too profound, what has all this got to do with me?" he demanded. "And why do you want to know so much about me?"

She became absorbed in the doodle she was drawing on the tablecloth with a long, lacquered nail. "Because I like you, Mr. Joe Bolton."

Someone had picked up the Penguin and hit him over the head with it. "Don't be a sucker. What's it going to get you? I have no money and as much character as a worm. I'm the most ineligible bachelor of the season."

"You have an Achilles heel. It is your honesty and, although you try to run away from it, some day it will overtake you. When that happens, I would like to be there to see it. Honesty is a trait I admire because I have known so little of it."

"So," he said derisively, "you think there is nobility in my soul."

She gave him the merest suggestion of

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THE Guilty



VII

IT IS not that Vidkun Quisling has been a monster of cruelty, visiting his homeland with fire and sword. Murder, torture and pillage is the business of Reichskommissar Josef Terboven, the real ruler of captive Norway. The implacable hatred that Norwegians hold for Quisling proceeds from the fact that he has shamed them as a race, dragging national pride through every wallow of humiliation. Worse than his treachery are the poltrooneries, insane terrors and incompetencies that earn contempt even from his German masters. Norsemen could have stood it better had the evil of the man been backed by any showing of courage and capacity.

On April 9, 1940, the day after the invasion, Quisling called on his countrymen to cease resistance, and proclaimed himself prime minister. His "rule" lasted less than a week. General Falkenhorst kicked him out as a *dumkopf*, and Terboven took over, bringing 10,000 Gestapo agents with him from the Reich. For a full two years Quisling's activities were those of a petty gangster. Confiscating a mansion, he filled it with loot. Calling himself Fuehrer, he recruited several hundred criminals and defectives, and organized a Storm Troop. All of which merely gave the Germans more work, for Quisling had to be guarded both day and night. Even his troopers could not appear in public without the protection of German bayonets.

His restoration to power was ordered by Hitler as a last desperate effort to crush Norway's spirit. Since the stupid people persisted in rejecting the New Order, then jam Quisling down their throats!

Put over them the man most loathed! A gesture, of course, for all power remained in the hands of Terboven. February 1, 1942, was the day appointed for Quisling's induction into office as prime minister. Falkenhorst brought 100,000 soldiers into Oslo for the occasion, and the Gestapo patrolled every house-top. There was no need. In obedience to the "underground's" command, not a Norwegian left his home. And that night, as Quisling rose to announce that Norway was now part of the "greater Germanic international fellowship," saboteurs blew up the power plant, leaving the city in darkness. But not for long. Light was soon provided by the flames from Oslo's railroad stations.

Norwegians massed instantly to make a farce of Quisling's "iron hand." When he ordered Nazi doctrines as part of public instruction, 14,000 teachers resigned. Quisling answered the defiance by sobs and whines and on Terboven fell the job of torturing and killing. Another edict that fell flat commanded every Norse youngster to enroll in an imitation of Hitler's Youth Movement. Seven bishops and 1,000 pastors straightway severed all connection with the government.

Arresting the venerable bishop of Oslo, Quisling cried out against him as a triple traitor who deserved to have his head cut off. "Well, here I am," returned the prelate, and the minister president ran from the room, screaming that everybody was in a conspiracy against him. Again Terboven had to take over the business of punishment, cursing Quisling as a blundering, hysterical coward.

Today the traitor lives behind locked doors for the most part, finding solace in drugs. He goes to and from the palace surrounded by soldiers, a shambling, baggy-eyed man in fear of his life. All of the houses near his seashore villa have been emptied of occupants, and when he bathes, a mile of beach is roped off.

What the Norwegians are at pains to make clear is that Vidkun Quisling enjoyed neither respect nor public standing at the time of his betrayal. Well before that time, Norway knew him and despised him. At the start his future held a fair amount of promise. Brilliant although neurotic, he entered the army in 1911, rose to be captain and served with Fritjof Nansen's famine relief organization in Russia during the early '20s. Eventually there were whispers about misused funds and the sale of old masters entrusted to him by White Russians, and the military authorities asked his resignation.

An embittered, enraged man, Quisling joined one abortive political movement after another, but it was not until 1931 that he managed to pick a winner. Getting on the band wagon of the Farmers' party, he had himself named Minister of Defense, where he lasted exactly two months. Largely due to his own venality and incompetence, both Quisling and his crowd were kicked out of power and into obscurity. Nothing more was heard of him until 1935 when he came back from Germany with money enough to start a paper and a party called National Union, patterned after the Nazis. Another flop, for despite lavish expenditure, it polled less than two per cent of the vote. Dropping from sight completely, he was not seen again until the German invasion, popping up out of nowhere to proclaim himself Fuehrer.

That is what Norway begs of the world to understand. To have Vidkun Quisling regarded as a representative Norwegian is infinitely worse than Terboven's brutalities. ★★

a smile and a shrug, and her silence was exciting to Bolton. The girl gave him a restless exhilaration he had not known for too many years. She made him want something more inspiring than the inevitable embrace in a dim doorway, but not dim enough to obscure the mediocrity they were trying to escape.

"Let's go some place where we can dance," he said. "That's when we vibrate on the same wave length."

"I have a better idea," she said. "There is a rich lady you should meet. A very fascinating lady. I see her often and I would like to take you to her tonight."

"A woman? Is she anyone I know?"

"You have heard a great deal about her, but I do not believe you really know her. Please, as a favor to me, come. It is a short ride by subway."

They got off at the Battery, at the lower end of Manhattan where thousands of people worked and nobody lived. She led him across the desolate, wind-swept park and Bolton began to wonder what went on.

"You better tell this rich, fascinating lady she ought to get a room tonight," he muttered. "It's going to be cold sleeping on a park bench."

Now they were standing at the sea wall, listening to the water below and staring into the black velvet glove that held the harbor.

Bolton didn't get it. She moved closer to him.

"Out there is the rich lady I want you to meet," she said. "The lady with the torch. The Statue of Liberty. My grandmother always told me how she saved her centimes when she was a little girl and the school children of France were raising a collection to buy the Statue. I liked to think I inherited a small part of it. And now the torch is out."

THE wind was running insistent fingers through her hair, and her head was thrown back against his shoulder. Bolton was seized by an impulse. He kissed her on the mouth, full and hard, and for a moment she responded, then turned away abruptly.

"I know one torch you've set on fire, baby, and I'm carrying it," Bolton said. "You do things to me."

"When the lights go on again in the Statue," she whispered.

He grinned and tousled her hair affectionately. "We don't have to make with the corny melodramatics any more. Look, everybody. Here's a girl and a guy. They go for each other. That's all there is to it. I want you, Mary."

Involuntarily, he had called her by the simple, genuine name he wanted to associate with her, not by the clumsy invention she wanted him to accept. Playfully, deliberately, he called her Mary again and leaned to kiss her.

Bolton was surprised by the violence of her resistance. She beat her fists on his chest and then he realized, with a shock that she was sobbing.

"Why do you refuse to believe me?" she cried. "Why must you—you degrade me by applying your cheap standards to me. I accepted you for what you said you are. Why do you not take me at my word?"

The fury of her outburst confused Bolton. "Do you mean you really are a French refugee?"

He intended it as a question, not a challenge, but her shoulders sagged wearily and in the faint reflection of a light he saw she was biting her lip.

"I am French," she said dully, "but I am not a refugee. I came to this country before you began to call us that. My father was in the consulate and he sent me here after Munich because he was certain war would come. I have not heard from him since the Occupation, and I was frightened and lonely and tired of trying to live on the few, miserable dollars I earn in a dress shop. I thought I could get some of the attention and sympathy refugees command, but you saw through my masquerade."

Bolton laughed, and the satisfaction that his intuition had been correct gave his voice an overtone of arrogance. "In other words, you're sore because you couldn't fool me."

She shook her head. "No. Because I permitted you to fool me so very badly. I should have known that a man who has no respect for himself would not have respect for me."

She had found the vulnerability in his vanity, and an injured pride put into operation the defense mechanism of cynicism.

"I suppose," he said, "I would become automatically a great, big hero and a right guy if I had my head blown off fighting a war I didn't ask for or want."

"A man who has not the desire to help himself hardly can be expected to fight, or even work, for his country. I feel sorry for you, Mr. Joe Bolton. You think love and patriotism and every decent emotion is a—a racket that is only for fools."

"A brave speech," he sneered, "but what did you do to win the war, Grandma? You ran away from your own country before things got tough and you wasted no time trying to hool a silly American. Show me the scars you got fighting for an ideal, and that sermon of yours may sound sincere."

She stared at him, then wheeled and fled through the park. Bolton overtook her, but she struggled frantically against his arms. He stumbled against a railing, slowly went erect and

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MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

listened until he no longer could hear the staccato tapping of her heels on the pavement. . . .

A mounting sense of irritation warned Bolton to take it easy, to quit knocking his brains out. He was in the Penguin the next night, quietly minding his own business, which was a determined effort to get drunk, but nothing happened. The free liquor he was consuming freely and steadily, sharpened, rather than dulled, his perceptions. The shapeless, silent blank he was pursuing refused to take hold of his consciousness. One image dominated the inner camera of his eye, and a strained, choked voice was amplified in the echo chamber of his brain.

The core of bitterness that gnawed at him absorbed the whisky and was inflamed by it. Bolton decided to get out of there before it burst and tore him or the joint apart. And then he knew he had to stay.

She was standing in the arched entrance to the dining room. Her eyes brushed him with a veneer of awareness, and then she gave him the back of her fine neck and turned the charm on the guy who was receiving the homage of the headwaiter. The guy was Herbert Jacowen, a stinker of the first water, which he seldom touched. Jacowen had gone through three wives and two or three small fortunes, which had made only insignificant dents in his inherited estate.

Bolton saw what she was trying to do as clearly as though he had seen rehearsals of a staged scene. She had made with the shoulders and she had batted her big, blue eyes, and now she was showing him a thorough, triple-plated heel, not a caricature. She was trying to drive him crazy, and she was succeeding better than Bolton cared to admit to himself. She and Jacowen were taken to a booth on the opposite side of the room, a location reserved for those rich enough to impose their unreserved manners upon others. Bolton made a mental bet of one million dollars that Jacowen would order champagne. Champagne made a loud and impressive noise when the cork was pulled. Champagne provoked nostalgic memories of horse chestnuts in Paris in the spring and horseplay in New York the year 'round.

A bucket of champagne was brought to the booth with an appropriate flourish of napkins and pretentious submission of the bottle for the approval of Mamselle and Monsoor. Bolton told his waiter to bring him another Scotch, double.

He sat there watching her give him the needle and telling himself the injection wasn't taking, but each smile she turned

on Jacowen was another jab that gave him butterflies in the stomach. Jacowen made a pass at her, but she managed to parry it with a laugh. Bolton wondered whether there were merry bells in her laughter now. She wouldn't find it so easy the next time, when the second bottle of champagne came. Bolton knew Jacowen's technique with a new babe.

Someone at an adjacent table called to Bolton and told him a long story, prefaced by the statement that it was screamingly funny. The story drew a loud hush from Bolton. When he turned back to the booth, he could not see her face. Jacowen was pulling her to him with one arm around her shoulders and he was trying to raise her head with his other hand. The second bottle had arrived.

Bolton carefully pushed back his chair and stood up. Quite calmly and precisely, he knew what he was going to do. He was going to punch Jacowen's face. He was going to tear up his meal ticket, and after they had thrown him out he would be marked lousy on every free list in town. But he would have that one punch at Jacowen, and if he hit the bum hard enough, she might feel it.

AS HE walked across the room, he hitched up his pants and batted his nose with his thumb after the fashion of a third-rate pug. He knew the gestures were absurd, but they gave him the assurance he needed. *Me, a tough guy*, he thought. *A hell of a note!*

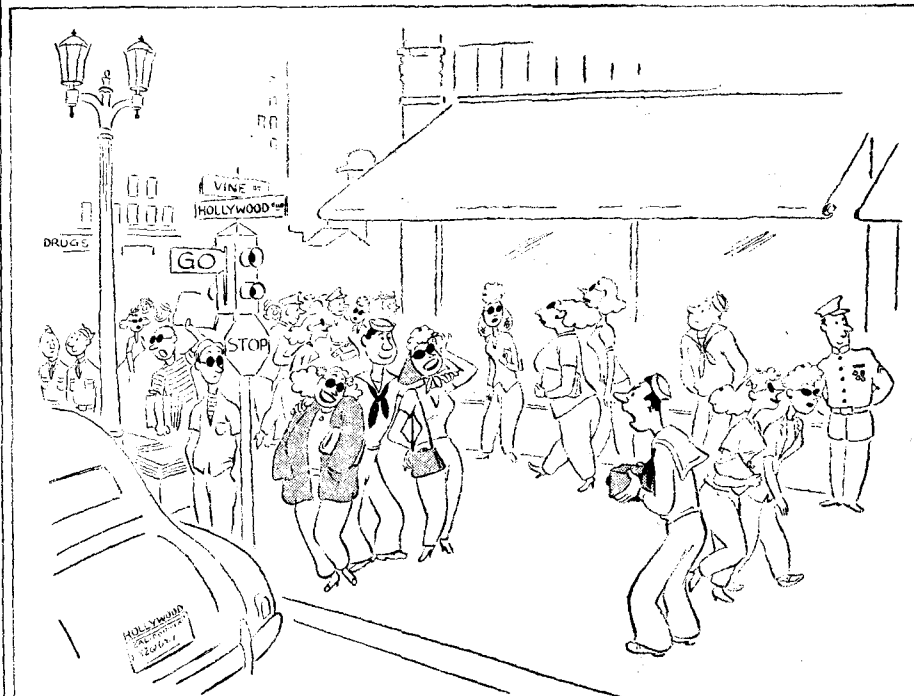
He didn't know what he said to them, but she broke away from Jacowen and slid out of the booth. Jacowen reached for the water bottle. Bolton threw his punch. His fist clipped Jacowen's jaw. Bolton sprawled over the table and tried to get up to throw another punch. Someone was holding his arm. He wrenched himself free and wound up again and a punch connected, but it wasn't his.

The impact of the blow on the side of his head stunned Bolton momentarily and that was all the Penguin's strong-arm squad needed. Bolton's arms were pinned by an authoritative hand twisting the collar of his coat and a purposeful knee in the rear sent him on his way to the door.

Bolton felt good when the gongs stopped banging in his head. He felt fine even though he had not hit Jacowen. He grinned foolishly at the people who were staring at him and he winked at the doorman who was giving him looks of stern disapproval. He gave the man a quarter.

"Just like a regular customer," Bolton said.

He started to walk away and then the bravado deserted him and the butterflies



"This is positively the last picture I'm taking of you, Slim, with any of these natives"

COLLIER'S

CLAUDE SMITH

Keep car radiators cleaned out for
greatest motor efficiency. Use

Sani-Flush 10c and 25c sizes
Directions on can

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ...

WALKING DOWN
TO SHOP TODAY?
ARM YOUR SHOES
WITH HOOD
RUBBER HEELS
FOR LONGER
WEAR



ASK FOR **HOOD**
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

returned to his stomach. He looked up and down the street for her, but she had gone. He thought he knew where he could find her.

She was standing at the sea wall, and she turned quickly when she heard his footsteps.

"Joe! Are you all right? Did they put you out?"

"Like a bum without a dime in a Bowery joint, only faster."

"You did not have to make a scene. I could have taken care of myself."

"Sure, I know, only the situation got a little out of hand." He remembered he had not kissed her for nearly twenty-four hours. He corrected the oversight.

"I—I suppose you cannot go back there again," she said.

"Not even in the unlikely event I went as a cash customer."

"But what will you do, Joe?"

"Well, I may even conquer my will power and go to work for a living. After all, a guy who's crazy about a gal has to make a start to convince her that he's got a little self-respect."

"You must not say such things, Joe. I think I know."

He took her by the hand and leaned against the wall.

"I've got a confession to make, baby. It's a cockeyed twist in the script because I want you to believe I'm not the utter heel I let you think I was. It's not a fancy confession, Maris, but it's the truth."

"I'm 4-F in the draft. I didn't wait to be drafted. I tried to enlist after we got into the war and I was rejected. I'm not a flag-waving patriot, but I tried to get into every branch of the service except the Wacs and the Waves and I was turned down cold everywhere."

"I knew it," she breathed, as though she was thinking aloud.

His words were coming in a rush of abstraction; he didn't hear her. "You don't know how hard it is to be young and to be left out of all the excitement and the hoop-la. You try to ignore the funny looks people give a young fellow who ap-

pears to be as healthy as a horse and isn't in uniform. You look the other way, but it gets under your skin and it does things to you inside. Sometimes those things get you tied in such a knot that you give up fighting them. You can't go around showing everybody your draft card with the 4-F on it, so you cover up the hole that's been kicked in your pride and you put on an act. You say everybody in the war is a sucker, and if you say it often enough, you wind up almost believing it."

"I know, Joe," she said.

"You don't know the half of it. You showed me what a sucker I was and now I'm going to show you. I can do something worth while in this war. I figured it out tonight. I know everything about cars. I'm going to volunteer as an ambulance driver. Those guys really get front-line action. They do a dangerous and important job and I'll—"

"But will they accept you?" she said. "You cannot lift heavy stretchers and live in the open with your back."

BOLTON gawked at her. "My back! How do you know?"

She smiled. "I have been working in hospitals as a nurse's aide and I recognize the symptoms of sacroiliac trouble when I see them. I suspected it when you said you slipped while we were dancing and I was almost positive when you stumbled here in the park last night."

"No, Joe. It does not have to be a dramatic job. You and I are not made for glamor. We are not clever enough or ruthless enough. We are two little people, and the little jobs are meant for us. We will be happier if we are honest with ourselves and admit it."

"I suppose you're right," he said. "Me, a big hero. It's a laugh, at that. If a little job is good enough for my two gals, it's good enough for me."

He saw the widening question in her eyes, and he turned her toward the harbor.

"Sure, didn't you know? The two gals who are carrying torches for me."

THE END



GOVERNMENT RESERVE

Yes, sportsmen, the forests and streams are still open and we're all free to use them. Getting there may be a little tough, and getting the right equipment may be a little tougher.

But the *free right* to use these streams and forests is one of the things for which we're fighting. It's one of the things men are dying for, wherever the United Nations fly a flag.

Men and manufacturers at home fight, too, and in that fight are Pendleton Woolens. Restrictions do not allow us to describe our war production, but we can say—it's *maintained Pendleton quality*—the finest for our forces, the finest for you. After the war, there'll be Pendleton virgin wool shirts, outdoor clothing and blankets in all their famous Western glory—the choice for generations of outdoor men. PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Portland, Oregon.

PENDLETON VIRGIN WOOL SHIRTS



ACME HANDMADE CIGAR CO.

ACME HANDMADE CIGAR CO.

Pvt. Alex Young

"The doctor says it's an eight-pound boy. Roll yourselves a cigar!"

COLLIER'S PVT. ALEX YOUNG



TASTE THE DIFFERENCE TONIGHT!

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE TOMORROW!

"HERE'S HOW I DID" says popular WOODY HERMAN, top-flight orchestra leader

Mr. Herman always insists on White Rock...claims it makes his drinks taste better...helps keep him feeling fit next day. White Rock is mineral water. **SUPER-CHARGED**, with a sparkle that stays to the end of your drink.

He takes a glass of plain, sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake...you see, White Rock is beneficial, more healthful...on the alkaline side.

The beneficial *natural* mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity, help keep you feeling fit next day.

White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Save with the BIG BOTTLE! ...enjoy the best for about 3¢ a highball

White Rock



Backbone of Democracy

GRADE schools, high schools and colleges are opening up about now, all over the United States. It seems a fitting occasion to pay some deep and heartfelt respect to all these institutions, from the humblest to the highest—to our whole system of public education.

Like every other phase of American life, education is feeling the strains of the war. The colleges are given over largely to military activities of innumerable kinds; the public schools have lost many teachers, at least temporarily, to the war or the war plants. Some people, too, have a tendency to feel that education of any kind in wartime is a pretty expensive luxury which might as well be curtailed along with gasoline and shoe leather.

Nevertheless, this popular, universal educational system of ours has been the backbone of our democracy for generations, and if we hope to keep our democratic system we must keep our educational system as nearly intact as may be—and as wide open to improvements and innovations.

Neither our schools nor our colleges are perfect, by a long shot. There are trends in both which alarm many people.

The progressive-teaching movement in the schools, for example, has undoubtedly produced some extremes and some absurdities. But it has at least caused a great deal of healthy soul-searching among teachers and school trustees up and down

the land—and soul-searching is seldom bad for the soul.

In the colleges nowadays, the student demand is mainly for practical studies—chemistry, physics, languages which may come in handy later on in making a living, and so on—and away from classical instruction in literature, Latin, Greek, philosophy. There are people who fear that all this will make more college graduates too materialistic, too hard-minded.

These worries seem to us to be beside the point. What really matters in the American education system, we believe, is the central purpose for which American taxpayers always have maintained it.

The purpose of education in the totalitarian countries is to mold children as early in life as possible into little robots, little automatons, who will think, act and live (or die) as slaves of the state. The purpose of popular education in a democracy is exactly the opposite. Our schools and colleges exist for the sole object of giving the youngsters the best possible chance to develop their characters, personalities and talents, for better or for worse.

As long as we keep that philosophy uppermost in our system of public education, and continue to beat down all efforts to replace it with the totalitarian philosophy, our educational system should be safe for democracy. So should the United States of America.

Moral: Get Married

WE HAD long known that married people live longer on the average than unmarried; but we didn't know how much longer until the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. recently published some figures on the subject, based on researches among a specimen U. S. population group—New York State's 6,000,000 persons outside New York City.

The most striking fact dug up by the Metropolitan in this research is that between the ages of 30 and 44, a married man's chance of staying alive is just about twice the chance of a single man. Among women in the same age bracket, wives' chances are about 1½ times those of unmarried women. And so, with variations, go the findings for the whole span of adult life.

The answer must be that the married state, in addition to being approved by heaven, the church and the body politic, is a generally healthier, better regulated and happier state all around than single not-so-blessedness.

So the moral is: Marry the gal, or marry the man, and do it as soon as you prudently can, and too bad about the grim warnings of pessimists. If you're in the Armed Forces, slant your daily life and conduct toward marrying that grand gal when you get home. If you're in civil life and have a modest competence or better, marry her—or him. The chances heavily favor your not regretting it; and, married, you'll most likely be able to realize your highest potentialities.

Paper Work and Suicide

THE other day, a lady bookkeeper in a Pasadena, California, sheet-metal shop lost her head momentarily because of the brain-racking and largely useless government forms with which she wrestled every working day. Screaming "I couldn't do a thing with them," the poor soul climbed into a bathtub and opened various veins in her wrists with a razor.

This procedure is not recommended to anybody struggling with government forms—or with any other problem. It is recorded here for the attention of (1) bureaucrats who concoct these forms, (2) lawmakers who let the bureaucrats get away with such stuff, and (3) people who think the current talk about the blizzard of government forms is exaggerated.

No Work . . No Woo

IT SEEMS that at the Albina shipyards in Portland, Oregon, some girls have started what they call a No Work—No Woo, or NWNW, movement. The members take the following vow:

I solemnly pledge to our fighting men everywhere that I will not date a man at any time who is not worth dying for. A deliberate absentee from war work is not worth dying for.

Having joined the NWNW, a girl thenceforth refuses to date a boy friend who works in a war plant unless he can show a timecard evidencing a full week's work previous to the desired date, or a valid excuse for any days off. At the Albina yards, absenteeism dropped from 3.1 per cent to 2.85 per cent soon after NWNW got under full steam. The movement is now reported spreading up and down the Pacific Coast.

It looks good to us, because it puts the old sex appeal to work for war production in the bluntest, most forceful way we can think of. To NWNW's originator, a good-looking shipyard worker named Jeannine Christiansen, we think a general vote of thanks is in order.

from Chungking to Kalinin

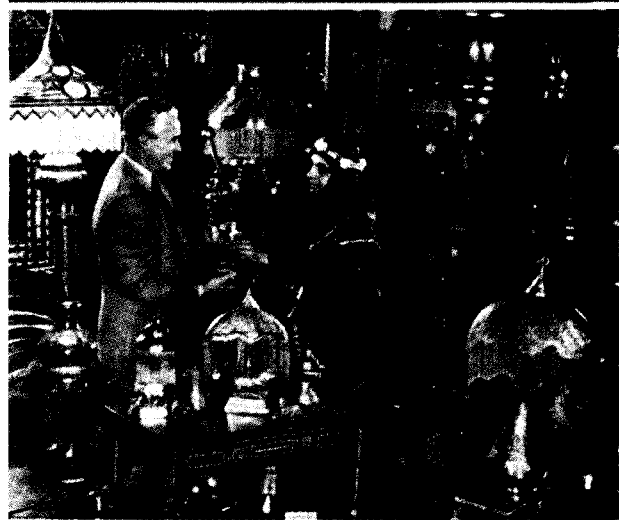


... without ever leaving
the United States!

1 "So you think a round-the-world trip is out of the question these days?" queries a friend. "You don't know how wrong you are! I made a complete tour of the world—in one day—and I wasn't on any secret mission, either! The answer is, I did it in New York City! One of the high-spots was the 600-year-old-play I saw in New York City's Chinatown. I'm sorry I didn't have the necessary time or the stamina to stay for the entire eight hours this Chinese classic ran.



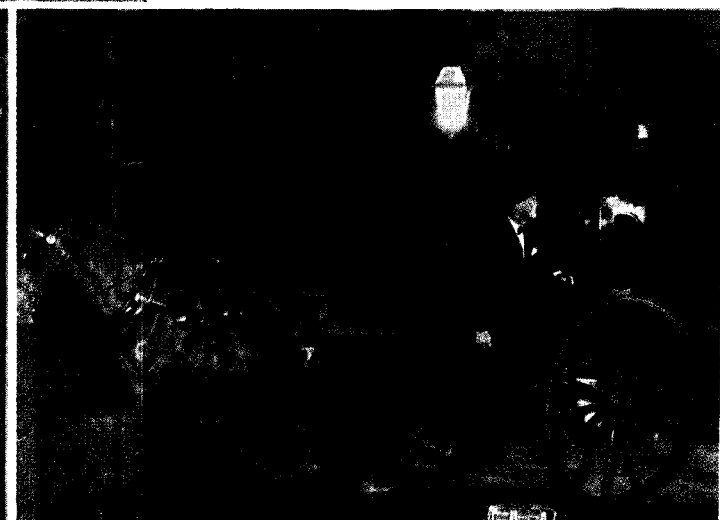
2 "I started my tour with an early-morning visit to Washington Square's famous art-market, where paintings are sold outdoors like vegetables! You have to look twice to realize you're not in the Paris that was.



3 "Next stop—the Near East, via a curio store in the Syrian section. Lots of fancy brass and harem atmosphere . . . followed by superb Canadian Club old-fashioned and lunch in a Syrian restaurant.



4 "On to a Polish war-relief festival, and there I saw a couple of Polish jitter-bugs do a shag that dates back to the time of William the Great. I guess there really isn't anything new under the sun!



5 "Evening—and I started out from Sutton Place in a hansom cab that might have sprung from Dickens' London. Street lamps, and fog—the illusion was perfect!



6 "So to the final treat of all—a Canadian Club highball *à la russe*. You're right—Canadian Club's flavor does speak all languages!"

Because its unique, delightful flavor pleases all tastes, Canadian Club is esteemed (though, today, not always available) the world around. *Light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon, it's perfect for cocktails before dinner—and tall ones after.

The distillery is now making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way and you may sometimes find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

Canadian Club

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada • Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



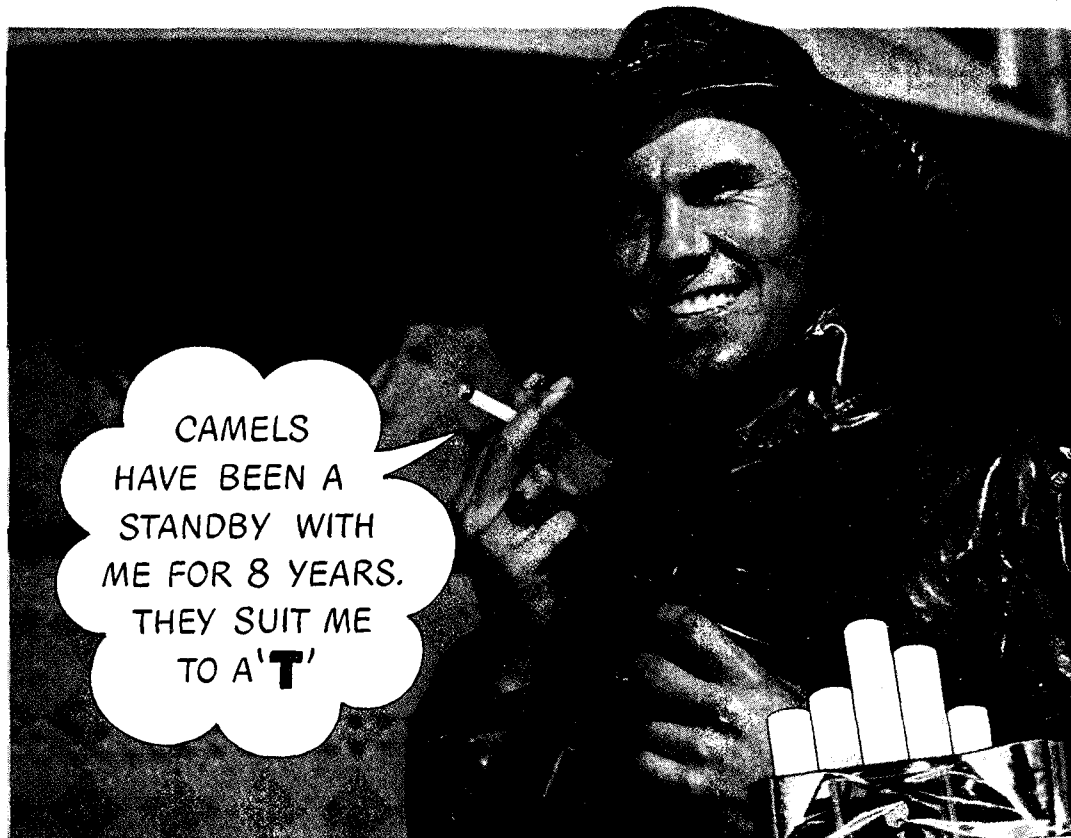
THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES

SUBMARINE SLUGGER—You don't read much about the submarine patrol—the men or their ships. But, you can take it from this lad in the crow's nest (right)—these sub-chasers and the men who man 'em have what it takes. Light up a cool, flavorful Camel with him, and listen as he tells you (below) what it's like.



First in the Service

THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE WITH MEN IN THE ARMY, NAVY, MARINES, AND COAST GUARD IS CAMEL
(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



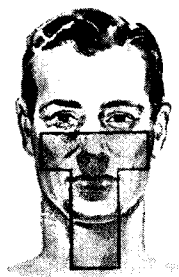
CAMELS
HAVE BEEN A
STANDBY WITH
ME FOR 8 YEARS.
THEY SUIT ME
TO A 'T'

LISTEN to the look-out of the submarine patrol: "You're up there all alone in that pitching, swaying tin can of a crow's nest. Your eyes are burning holes through the mist and rain. Sure, you're glad when your watch is over. Then it's me for a Camel first thing. Man, that full, round flavor says 'all's well' and then some!"

Not only with you, sailor, but with men in *all* the services, the favorite is Camel. They've got what it takes for steady smoking pleasure—the extra mildness and the lasting good flavor of costlier tobaccos, expertly blended.

CAMELS

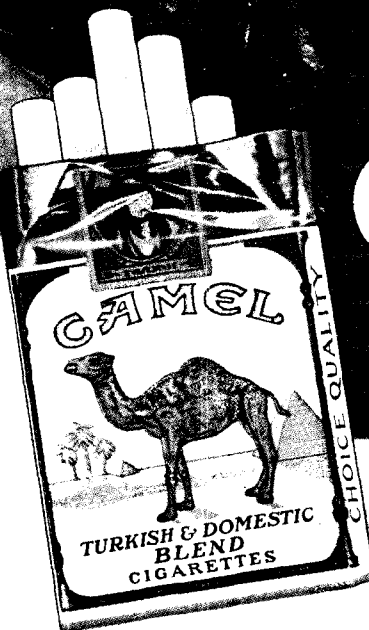
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



The "T Zone"

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."



I FIND CAMELS
JUST RIGHT
FOR ME. EASY
ON MY **THROAT**
AND FULL OF
FLAVOR

"I HELP BUILD SUB-CHASERS," says Inez Dale Myers, naval shipyard worker (above). And the Navy man's cigarette is her favorite, too. "I find Camels suit my throat and they don't tire my taste. No matter how much I smoke, Camels always keep their flavorful appeal."